



FROM THE LIBRARY OF  
REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.  
BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO  
THE LIBRARY OF  
PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Division

SCB

Section

14513

1715 10/10/15  
1715 10/10/15









POEMS AND HYMNS.



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2013

<http://archive.org/details/pohymnem00shar>

✓  
POEMS AND HYMNS.



BY

✓  
JOHN SHARP, M.A.,

VICAR OF HORBURY,  
FORMERLY SCHOLAR OF MAGD. COLL. CAMB.



LONDON :  
GEORGE BELL AND SONS, YORK STREET,  
COVENT GARDEN.

1880.

CHISWICK PRESS;—C. WHITTINGHAM AND CO., TOOKS COURT,  
CHANCERY LANE.

TO THE KIND FRIENDS  
AT WHOSE OFT-REPEATED REQUEST  
THESE UNWORTHY VERSES HAVE BEEN DRAWN  
FROM THEIR HIDING-PLACE,  
THEY ARE NOW  
dedicated  
WITH MUCH DEEP AFFECTION  
BY  
THE AUTHOR.





## PREFACE.

THESE Verses were written at intervals during a ministry of forty-six years in a busy manufacturing parish, merely as an expression of thoughts which were passing through the mind of the writer, and for his own relief, and without any idea of their publication; and they are now put in print only in compliance with the wishes of many dear friends, whose affection for the author has assigned to them a merit which he cannot think they intrinsically possess.

J. S.

HORBURY, *Easter*, 1880.



## C O N T E N T S.

	Page
<b>O</b> N a Wild Geranium, found in flower on a cold day in December . . . . .	1
“The overflowings of ungodliness made me afraid”	2
“Were there not ten cleansed? But where are the nine?” . . . . .	5
Jesus in His Church . . . . .	6
“Marvel not if the world hate you” . . . . .	8
Written in a Latin Psalter given to a Friend . . .	12
“I pray not for the world.”—S. John xvii. 9 . . .	15
Longing for Rest . . . . .	19
“This kind can come forth by nothing, but by prayer and fasting.”—S. Mark ix. 29 . . .	22
“Blessed are the dead which die in the LORD.”— Rev. xiv. 13 . . . . .	24
The Communion of Saints . . . . .	28
My Mother’s Day . . . . .	30
The Soul’s Craving . . . . .	34
Horbury . . . . .	36
“Love as brethren” . . . . .	43
“Abide with us” . . . . .	47
The Mourner Comforted . . . . .	51
“Absolvo Te” . . . . .	56
“My soul thirsteth for Thee, my flesh also longeth after Thee, in a barren and dry land, where no water is.”—Ps. lxiii. 2 . . . . .	59

	Page
“And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me.”—S. John xii. 32 . . . . .	61
“Whom the LORD loveth He chasteneth.”—Heb. xii. 6 . . . . .	62
“Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.”—Psalm xxx. 5 . . . . .	64
“Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile.”—S. John ii. 47 . . . . .	66
“Learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls.”—S. Matt. xi. 29 . . . . .	69
“I will not leave thee, nor forsake thee.”—Heb. xiii. 5 . . . . .	72
Bolton Abbey . . . . .	74
The Eucharistic Presence . . . . .	77
Whitemoss, near Grasmere . . . . .	83
“He could do no mighty works there, because of their unbelief” . . . . .	86
The Passion . . . . .	87
The Agony . . . . .	89
Renewal of Vows . . . . .	93
Hymn.—“Come, Good Christian People” . . . . .	95
Waiting . . . . .	101
La Grotta del Cane . . . . .	104
Almsgiving . . . . .	107
Strength in Weakness . . . . .	108
Retreat . . . . .	110
Earthly Love . . . . .	112
The Love of GOD . . . . .	115
Earthly Parting . . . . .	119
The Cloud of Witnesses.—Heb. xii. 1 . . . . .	122
Autumn Leaves . . . . .	127
“There was no room for them in the inn.”—S. Luke ii. 7 . . . . .	129
“There be many that say, Who will show us any good?”—Psalm iv. 6 . . . . .	133

	Page
Divine Mysteries . . . . .	135
"Who art Thou, LORD?"—Acts ix. 5 . . . . .	137
Faith . . . . .	139
The Holy Cross . . . . .	141
"Peace I leave with you: My peace I give unto you."—S. John xiv. 27 . . . . .	145
Weariness . . . . .	147
"He came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them."—S. Luke ii. 51 . . . . .	151
Beauty . . . . .	155
Freedom . . . . .	158
Hymn.—"When I see Thee, Holy JESU". . . . .	159
The Tempest Hushed . . . . .	162
"There is neither speech nor language, but their voices are heard among them."—Ps. xix. 3 . . . . .	164
Departure . . . . .	167
Mourning with JESUS . . . . .	169
Romans vii. 15-24 . . . . .	171
Genesis xxxvii. 5-12.—Joseph . . . . .	174
Hymn.—"How shall I praise Thee, LORD Most High!" . . . . .	177
Hymn.—"Sweet, Sustaining Treasure!" . . . . .	179
"Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?"—S. Luke ii. 49 . . . . .	181
The Church Robin . . . . .	184
Naaman's Hebrew Maid.—II. Kings v. 2, 3, 15. . . . .	187
Balaam . . . . .	190
Resting in God . . . . .	193
"Little Harrie:" or, the Lay of the Goldfinch of Wragby . . . . .	199
Rest in Weariness . . . . .	201
True Blessing in Prayer . . . . .	202
"Thy father and I have sought Thee sorrowing." —S. Luke ii. 48 . . . . .	203
Nature's Lessons . . . . .	206
Hymn.—"LORD JESU, grant me grace" . . . . .	212

	Page
Hymn.—“’Tis not because I feel my need” . . .	213
The Use of GOD’S Gifts . . . . .	215
S. Matthew xix. 12 . . . . .	218
Genesis xxxii. 24-27 . . . . .	220
“To you it shall be for meat.”—Genesis i. 29 . .	221
“I will sing and give praise with the best member that I have.”—Psalm cviii. 1 . . . . .	228
“What reward shall I give unto the LORD, for all the benefits that He hath done unto me?”— Psalm cxvi. 11 . . . . .	231
Abiding with GOD . . . . .	233
“Haste thee, escape thither; for I cannot do any thing till thou be come thither.”—Genesis xix. 22 .	236
The Depth of GOD’S Love . . . . .	238
Hymn.—“LORD of the Universe, open Thine ear”	240
Mission Hymn.—“Oh! come ye to JESUS, Who yearns to bestow” . . . . .	242
Patient Looking Onward . . . . .	245
Divine Help . . . . .	246
Self-Sacrifice . . . . .	247
The Good Ground . . . . .	249
Unrequited Love . . . . .	252
Resignation . . . . .	254
Hymn.—“LORD, help us in our hour of need” . .	255
Death . . . . .	256
Acceptance . . . . .	262
Suffering . . . . .	270
The Alabaster Box . . . . .	273
Earth’s Burthens . . . . .	282
Holy Church and her Son . . . . .	284
The Rainbow . . . . .	294
Mountain Climbing . . . . .	299
Einsiedeln . . . . .	302
Love and Fear . . . . .	307
“When He was come near He beheld the city and wept over it.”—S. Luke xix. 41 . . . . .	310

	Page
Sleep . . . . .	311
Humility . . . . .	313
The New and Old Command . . . . .	314
Distant Music . . . . .	316
Self-Will Overcome . . . . .	319
Work for GOD . . . . .	323
Youth's Brightness gone . . . . .	326
Gratitude . . . . .	328
Earth's Blessings Trials of Faith . . . . .	331
Dives and Lazarus. . . . .	333
"Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O LORD."	
—S. Luke v. 8 . . . . .	336
"LORD, what wilt Thou have me to do?"—Acts ix. 6	338
Gideon's Fleece . . . . .	339
The Soul's Home . . . . .	341
Renewal of Peace . . . . .	342
On Our Way Rejoicing . . . . .	343
Love . . . . .	344
Endless Praise . . . . .	352
GOD's Presence. . . . .	354
Ingratitude . . . . .	359
Light in the Wood . . . . .	362
Echoes . . . . .	364
"He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them."—S. Mark x. 16 . . .	





## POEMS AND HYMNS.

ON A WILD GERANIUM,  
FOUND IN FLOWER ON A COLD DAY  
IN DECEMBER.

SAY, little harbinger of spring,  
How dar'st thou thus so rashly bring  
Thy flow'rets to the sky?  
The beating rain, the cruel wind,  
The hoary frost, the blasts unkind,  
All whisper, "Thou shalt die."

Thy bright green leaves, thy slender stem,  
Crown'd with this little ruby gem,  
Require a milder clime:  
Thy tiny form was never made  
To deck the cold, unshelter'd glade  
In dreary winter-time.

"Pause, lofty man," she quick replied,  
"Nor suffer thus the thoughtless tide  
Of thy reproach to flow;—

I yield to that Almighty Hand,—  
To Him Who holds supreme command,  
To Whom all creatures bow.

“For some good end, I know full well,  
He call’d me from my winter cell;—  
Be that His care alone:  
I bow to His Almighty sway;  
Whate’er His word, I still obey,  
And cry, Thy will be done.

“Learn then of me, a simple flower,  
To yield to Him alone, Whose power  
No mortal can deny:  
He ever is at hand to spare,  
And none escape the guardian care  
Of His all-seeing Eye.”

WAKEFIELD, *December*, 1833.

“THE OVERFLOWINGS OF UNGODLI-  
NESS MADE ME AFRAID.”

THOUGH faithful hearts be few,  
And scant the number true  
To Thee, kind Mother, in thy hour of need;—

Though fierce the war-note shrill  
Resound from hill to hill,  
And thy devoted towers invite the winged  
reed ;—

Though the strong tide of scorn  
Be daily nearer borne,  
Yet wait we for Thy loving mercy, LORD ;  
And if it be Thy will  
That madmen have their fill,  
Still watch we in Thy Church, and at Thy Holy  
Board.

If so it be that now  
The Pillar of Truth must bow  
Before the god of Heresy and Pride,  
Oh ! grant Thy servants grace  
Still to maintain their place  
Within Thy Temple, with their Saviour side by  
side.

Thou, LORD, canst still restrain  
Man's pride and lofty mien,  
And turn his rage and fierceness to Thy praise ;  
Thou with upraised power,  
In her neglected hour,  
Canst still around Thy Church an iron barrier  
raise.

If such Thy gracious will,  
O LORD, protect her still,  
And keep the Vineyard Thy right hand hath  
made :  
Still let her incense rise  
Serenely to the skies,  
And check the ruffian band that now her courts  
invade.

But if her doom be seal'd,—  
If never may be heal'd  
The wounds that now infest her sacred side ;—  
If persecution's fire  
Must rage and kindle higher,—  
If this the sentence on the Saviour's holy  
Bride ;—

Still to Thine House we'll come,  
Our safest earthly home,  
And there with humble voice Thy care entreat ;  
There still our hands we'll raise  
In songs of prayer and praise,  
Towards Thy holy Temple's sacred mercy-seat.

HORBURY, 1835.

“WERE THERE NOT TEN CLEANSED?  
BUT WHERE ARE THE NINE?”

WHERE are the nine? such the inquiring  
word

Of the Incarnate LORD,  
When He had wash'd away the leprous stain,—  
Were there not ten whose misery was removed?

Yet none who loved  
Save this one stranger, who comes back again,  
To pay the tribute due for his relief from pain?

Picture too true of a degenerate world!

The banner of Grace unfurl'd!  
The fount of Life unseal'd, man wash'd therein!  
Yet where the nine? Alas! they haste along  
To the world's throng;  
And thus their baptism seed, ere it begin  
To ripen into fruit, is check'd by taint of sin.

But thou, lone faithful one, though stranger now  
In this dark world below,  
Immersed in sin and gross idolatry,  
Go on in peace,—thy faith hath made thee  
whole;—

Press towards the goal,  
Nor stain the brow on which the LORD most  
high  
Hath firmly stamp'd the sign of final victory.

HORBURY, 1836.

### JESUS IN HIS CHURCH.

SEE ye yon billows of the deep!  
How madly do they rage on high!  
How proudly do they heap  
Their waters to the sky!

Yon little bark, wherein abide  
The LORD and those whom He foreknew—  
Where, seated side by side,  
Christ and His chosen few

Await the hour ordain'd on high,  
When the tempest shall have raged its fill,—  
When the Great Voice shall cry,  
Ye waters—peace, be still!

Though sleep hath bound the mortal part  
Of Him whom earth and ocean fear,  
Yet can He still impart  
No help when danger's near?

Can earthly slumbers dull the ear,  
Or bind the arm of nature's God,  
    So that He cannot hear,  
    Or, hearing, lift the rod?

Though strong the storm and dark the hour,  
And hearts begin to quake for fear,  
    Still, LORD, Thy boundless power  
    Shall prove Thee ever near.

The wind has spent its angry blast,—  
Forthwith they reach the wish'd-for shore :  
    The danger now is past,  
    They dread its power no more.

LORD, may we ever trust the arm,  
That rescued all Thy saints of old !  
    May we, when storms alarm,  
    Our hearts in prayer unfold !

The tempest now around us swells—  
The voice of scorn, the thoughtless jeer—  
    Yet where Thy presence dwells  
    How can Thy servants fear?

Though veil'd from sight, we know Thee still,  
Within Thy Church to guide and cherish ;  
    Teach us to do Thy will,  
    And save us, or we perish.

“MARVEL NOT IF THE WORLD  
HATE YOU.”

**A**LAS! this painful weariness  
That presses down my frail and  
feeble frame;  
That makes my worn-out spirit sigh  
For its return to Him from Whom at first it  
came!

The world around is blithe and gay,  
And seems to mock my sad desponding soul;  
While my poor feeble voice is lost  
Amid the thoughtless din of those who scorn  
control.

But, Father, check the heedless thought,  
If aught of sinful murmuring harbour here,—  
If this dull, foolish heart of mine  
Should, through excess of grief, forget that  
Thou art near.

How should a sinful mortal look  
For aught but woe and suffering here below?  
How dare he wish a different lot  
From that to which his LORD in mercy deign'd  
to bow?



Yes, blessed Master, joyfully  
I choose the Cross which Thou hast borne for  
me :—

No other hope or wish I have  
Than to be such an one as Thou would'st have  
me be.

Though this poor body's worn and weak  
With the fatigue of speaking in Thy Name,  
And when I vainly dreamt of praise,  
The giddy world bestows its verdict still of  
blame :—

Though scorn'd, unheeded, and despised,  
My voice shall still be heard from day to day :  
Perchance one scorner may be brought  
To kneel before the Cross, and to repent and  
pray.

It is a solemn, awful thing  
To be a chosen vessel of the LORD :  
Wash'd in the Laver of His Blood,  
Fed with the awful mysteries of His Holy  
Board.

It is a solemn, awful thing  
To be ordain'd ambassador for GOD,—  
To hold the keys of Heaven,—the power  
To loose from sin, or wield the LORD's avenging  
rod.

It is a solemn, awful thing  
To feed the flock of Him Whose sheep we are ;  
To be ourselves the shepherds too—  
The keepers of the souls committed to our  
care.

Then what have we to do with ease,—  
With worldly pleasure, or its transient joy?—  
We, who profess to point above  
To pearls beyond all price, and gold without  
alloy?

No ! these cannot be ours !—away  
With all such foolish earthly vanities !  
And welcome sorrow ! welcome pain !  
So we be only His, Whom we are bound to  
please !

To spend and to be spent for Him,  
Who shed His blood to purge our guilty  
stain :—

To follow in our Saviour's path,—  
To tread His humble steps of suffering and of  
pain,—

Should surely be our greatest joy,  
Our choicest privilege ; and if it be  
That the frail thread of life should snap  
Beneath our burthen's weight, we take it joy-  
fully.

Though the rude world still vent its hate,  
And our best deeds are treated scornfully,  
We think upon our Master's words :  
“ Ye know it hates not you before it hated Me.”

O blest Example ! holy LORD !  
How can we view the world so wistfully ?  
How dare we seek the love of those  
By whom Thy sacred side was piercèd on the  
tree ?

Saviour, Thy Cross be mine ! upon  
My willing neck Thy easy yoke be bound,  
To bear it up this steep rough hill,  
Which, through the narrow gate, conducts to  
holy ground.

Do Thou but stretch Thine arm of help,  
And lead me in the way that Thou hast gone ;  
Through weal or woe,—through grief or  
joy,—  
I bow submissively, and say, “ Thy will be  
done.”

HORBURY, 1838.

WRITTEN IN A LATIN PSALTER  
GIVEN TO A FRIEND.

PEARLS, dearest brother, though of little  
size,

Yet for their lustre oft are valued much.  
Small though this offering, yet 'twill prove a  
prize

Of countless worth, if thou but make it  
such.

Accept it then, and let it prove  
The greatness of a brother's love ;  
Nor deem it less

A worthy offering for my deep unworthiness.

'Tis not a token only of the love

I bear to thee ; but 'tis a tribute, too,  
Of gratitude to Him Who reigns above,  
And orders all things in this world below.

Praise to His Name that once again  
He has removed thy trying pain,  
And at our prayer

Restored thee to thy flock, thy proper earthly  
care.

Oft, when alone at midnight's silent hour,  
When the dull, drowsy world is hush'd in  
sleep,

And things invisible with wondrous power  
Are seen by those who wakeful vigils keep :  
Then will I cheer me with the thought  
That I and thou, together brought,  
In spirit stand  
Before the throne above, among that glorious  
band.

When in that solemn hour my voice I raise  
In these sweet songs of Sion, it shall cheer  
My dull, cold spirit in its song of praise,  
To feel that then in spirit thou art near :  
Nor only thou, but with thee too,  
Pure holy spirits come and go,—  
Spirits of those  
Who from this wicked world are gone to their  
repose.

Oh blest communion ! who, that knows the joy  
Of this mysterious intercourse with Heaven,  
Can dwell with pleasure on the base alloy  
Of this world's gifts, however freely given ?  
Ah ! who would thus exchange away  
The purest gold for vilest clay ?  
Who, who would sell  
Sweet fruits of Eden for the bitter gall of Hell ?

Not I nor thou. No, brother, we have learn'd  
A better lesson from our holy LORD ;

How through His Blood rich blessings may be  
earn'd,

In His own House and at His Holy Board.

The holy sign is on our brow,

And ever as we trace it now,

It brighter shines

With the increasing light of those first holy  
lines.

Thus may it ever be as life flows on,

And nearer home our footsteps daily tend,

Till each dark stain of sin be purged and gone,

Wash'd in the Blood of Him, the Sinner's  
Friend :

And thus the bond of brother's love

May firmer still and firmer prove ;

And I with thee

Be one in Him who died on the accursèd tree.

We may not look in these blaspheming days

For peace and ease,—men have no common  
hope :

The Church's Sun has hid His brightest rays,

And left us one by one our way to grope.

There is no helmsman's hand to guide

Our vessel through the angry tide ;

No voice to cheer

Or sympathize with those whose hearts are  
sunk in fear.

The Almighty Framers of the universe  
Is visiting for sin ;—and if there be  
One ground of hope amid the general curse,  
It is that He doth scourge us bitterly.  
The days are dark, and friends are few ;—  
This should not daunt good men and  
true :  
Suffice it me  
That I have GOD in heaven,—on earth, that I  
have thee.

Oh ! grant me, then, the blessing of thy prayers,  
For pity's sake to my poor sinful soul—  
That GOD may breathe around refreshing airs  
And heavenly love each passion to control ;  
To guide me on by ruin's brink,  
And save me when about to sink :  
And as for me,  
I ask thy prayers, so I will ever pray for thee.

HORBURY, *June 10th*, 1844.

“ I PRAY NOT FOR THE WORLD.”

S. JOHN XVII. 9.

AND is it thus ? The LORD of Life  
Has He denied His holy prayer ?  
His intercession—is it seal'd ?  
His anxious care

For the salvation of man's sinful race—  
Has it for ever fled, and anger fill'd its place?

We never dare have said it. Love,—  
That hopeth all things, nor despairs,  
E'en at the last,—would still believe  
The Saviour's prayers  
Might rise before the Father's Throne above  
For pardon of the sins He suffer'd to remove.

But still, alas! it is not so!  
His own most solemn word has said  
That some there are, who have in truth  
Already paid  
The forfeit of their own unholy ways:—  
Forgotten in His prayer, Who only life conveys.

“I pray not now for them,—no more  
For them is heard at Heaven's high throne  
My intercession,—no! their day  
Of grace is gone!  
They sinn'd away the choicest gifts of God;  
And now in death-like sleep they wait the  
avenging rod.”

Such is the sentence, not of man  
Against his fellow-man pronounced  
In wrath or hate, but solemnly  
By Him denounced,  
Whose intercession opens Heaven's high gate  
For those who strive to pass before it be too late.



“Not for the world,” the Saviour said,  
“The busy, thoughtless, giddy world,  
By pleasure and the din of mirth  
Still onward hurl’d

Adown the maddening path of carnal joy,  
Away from holy deeds and thoughts that never  
cloy;—

“No, not for them My prayer is heard;—  
They are not Mine;—for those alone  
Whom Thou, O Father, gavest Me—  
(They are Mine own,

For Thine are Mine, and Mine are ever Thine,  
And ever in Thy saints My glory still shall  
shine)—

“For these I pray, who in the world  
Yet are not of it;—who delight  
To tread the narrow, thorny path,  
Cheer’d by the sight

Of those bright realms to which it safely leads  
Him who, by grace sustain’d, with caution  
daily treads.

“And first for those whose task it is  
To be ambassadors for God,—  
Those whom I send with awful power  
To wield the rod

Of wrath or mercy, to release or bind,  
To speak the unfailing Truth of the Eternal  
Mind.

“ For these I pray, and next for those  
Who through their word believe in Me :  
For all who shall be faithful found,—  
For all who see  
In those I send them in My Father’s Name,  
My grace, My power, My wisdom, acting still  
the same.

“ For these I pray, that they may all  
In Thee and Me be ever one ;—  
I one in Thee and Thou in Me :  
Nor thus alone,  
But they in Us ; for if they lose the tie  
Offellowship with Us, what else can life supply ? ”

Thus for each member of His Church  
The Saviour’s holy prayer was said,  
His intercession pour’d on high,  
Before He laid  
His thorn-pierced Head upon the accursed earth,  
Which thus received the seed of its new holy  
birth.

Oh ! may we never break the bond  
That binds us firmly to the LORD !  
But ever led by Holy Church,  
In deed and word,  
Receive through her our souls’ life-giving food,  
The Body of our LORD, and His most precious  
Blood !

Thus shall we ever be the LORD's,  
Ever the children of His grace ;  
The blessing of His prayer be ours :  
Nor from His face  
Shall we be cast with those He will not own,  
Those who shall have their doom when saints  
receive their crown.

HORBURY, VIG. STÆ. CRUCIS, 1844.

### LONGING FOR REST.

OH ! mercy, LORD ! this aching brow,  
These weary limbs, are sorely tried.  
Oh ! save me now,  
Nor let me fall, for whom the Saviour died !

Oh ! that I might for peace and ease  
Quit this dark world of woe and strife ;  
If it but please  
Thee, the whole Source of all my joy and life !

The voice of discord and debate  
Is daily raging loud and high.  
Oh ! how I hate  
These angry strivings for the mastery !

Oh ! that in some calm retreat,  
Beyond the reach of strife and pride,—  
Some shelter meet  
For meditation with Christ's Holy Bride,—

Where day by day the constant round  
Of holy prayer—sweet sacrifice !—  
Might still be found,  
Rising in sevenfold order to the skies !

Oh ! that in such quiet spot  
I might but shun this world of madness !  
Oh ! that my lot  
Were cast in some sweet home of holy gladness !

Father, forgive me ! Oh ! my soul,  
It is not meet thou shouldst repine.  
Wouldst thou control  
The will of Him Who gave His life for thine ?

Wouldst thou,—when He has mark'd thy way,  
And gives His hand to lead thee on,—  
Wouldst thou then stray,  
And trust to thine own guidance all alone ?

Canst thou desire another road,  
Than that He chooses ? wilt thou dare  
To shun the load  
That in His love He giveth thee to bear ?

Father, forgive ! nor grant the prayer  
Of this poor sinful, murmuring heart !  
O LORD, forbear  
In judgment to withdraw the chastening smart !

I need it all ;—so deeply stain'd  
Is my poor soul with spot of sin,  
So deep ingrain'd,  
That nothing of myself is clean within.

Oh ! do Thou cleanse me, blessed LORD !  
And make me worthy to be Thine !  
Thy grace afford,  
That in Thy holiness my soul may shine !

And if it be that stain of sin  
In my soil'd heart ingrained be,—  
So deeply in,  
That naught but suffering can master me,—

Then scourge me, Father, as Thou wilt,  
Nor spare the rod in mercy given ;  
So that my guilt  
Be purged away, and I prepared for Heaven.

Pain, sorrow, sickness, scorn, defeat,  
I joyfully embrace them all ;  
And at Thy feet  
A suppliant sinner I would ever fall.

Here sorrow from Thy mercy springs,  
Hereafter from Thy dreadful wrath:

O King of kings !

Afflict me to the full, and keep me in Thy path !

HORBURY, 1844.

“THIS KIND CAN COME FORTH BY  
NOTHING, BUT BY PRAYER AND  
FASTING.”—S. MARK, IX. 29.

AND have they, then, so great a power—  
A grace so rare—

That Heaven cannot shower  
Its blessings down without our fast and  
prayer?

To fast is but a formal thing ;  
How should it claim  
More blessing than can spring  
From simple faith and trust in JESU’S name ?

They who through faith already have  
True grace obtain’d,  
Have nothing more to crave ;  
Nothing to do but hold what they have  
gain’d.

What more can legal deeds effect  
In the cleansed heart ?

How banish one defect?  
How further grace or virtue still impart?

Thus boasts vain man : the carnal mind  
Is enmity  
With GOD : all disinclined  
To love His law, and so must ever be.

Man's pride would spurn the humble way  
The LORD hath trod ;  
And, blinding, bids him stray  
Far from the lowly path that leads to GOD.

There is a grace in fast and prayer  
Naught else can give :  
Such work we must not spare,  
If by the Spirit's aid we hope to live.

The Saviour, both in word and life,  
This lesson taught ;  
How full this holy strife  
Of mystic virtue, past all human thought.

Without its aid, bad spirits reign  
Within the soul :  
No help but through this pain  
The tide of evil passions to control.

“ This kind alone by fast and prayer  
Are driven out ; ”

So does our GOD declare :  
Faith calls us to obey ; we dare not doubt.

And they who, leaning on their LORD,  
His Word obey,  
Find it no idle Word  
Which taught His people they must fast and  
pray.

HORBURY, *Tuesday in Holy Week*, 1845.

“BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHICH  
DIE IN THE LORD.”

**B**LEST dead ! nay, dead I'll call you not,—  
Spirits blest !

Living, though disembodied ! living the  
more  
Because from earthly labour ye have rest,  
And clearer see through Heaven's open door.  
The Holy Father grant you peace,  
And, if it please Him, quick release ;  
That, judgment o'er,  
You may receive the joys that are for you in  
store.

For surely yet ye lack of fullest joy,  
Though ye have rest from earthly pain and  
toil ;<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Rev. vi. 9, 10, 11.



Though past your time of trial, some alloy  
Of imperfection may your souls assoil :  
Your final state is fix'd for aye ;  
Across the gulf ye cannot stray ;<sup>1</sup>  
And ne'er can they  
Who sleep in JESUS be the wicked spirit's prey.

We little know of that, your middle state,  
Between this world and the eternal one :  
Return to earth ye cannot, to relate  
What joys they are to which you now are  
gone ;  
And what as yet ye lack, and why ;—  
How far an earthly sinner's cry  
May still avail  
To hasten or increase the bliss that cannot  
fail.

Whether it be that, pure though now ye be,  
Ye must be purer ere in power ye reign ;  
Or that your Father waits to set you free  
But till your brethren be released from pain,  
And all the ransom'd host on high  
Shall meet their Saviour in the sky :  
Corruptible  
With incorruption clad,—life indestructible.

<sup>1</sup> S. Luke, xvi. 26.

Whether it be that, though yourselves have  
    peace,  
A brother's course ye wait with anxious  
    care;  
And till from trial all shall have release,  
Ye have not leave your perfect crown to  
    wear;  
Or what of hindrance else there be  
That holds you back from joys you see:  
    All this is seal'd,—  
And man may not be wise above what is  
    reveal'd.

At least your bodies yet corruption see,  
And ye have hope for them of life to come :  
If nothing else imperfect still there be,  
At least your bodies are not yet at home.  
And if for hope there still be ground,  
Then surely prayer must still be found,  
    That what ye need,  
God may in mercy grant, and may in mercy  
    speed.

Oh! ne'er may we, with cold and faithless  
    heart,  
Omit the sweet remembrance of the dead!  
Oh! never let us dream that death can part  
Our souls from them who from this world  
    have sped!

They meet us in a thousand ways,  
And though on them we may not gaze  
    With earthly eye,  
Yet faith can never doubt that they to us are  
    nigh.

They meet us in each holy mystery,—  
    Each hour of prayer, each solemn, awful  
        hour,  
When at the Throne we kneel with deepest cry,  
    And feel indeed the SPIRIT'S searching  
        power;  
    And most whene'er we sacrifice  
    The Mystery of mysteries,—  
        Then, spirits blest!  
We feel you nigh, and long to join you in God's  
    rest!

Ye lie beneath the altar up on high,  
    Awaiting patiently the appointed hour,  
Uttering with lofty voice your urgent cry,  
    “How long, O LORD! how long, in mighty  
        power,  
    Dost Thou not judge, and vengeance  
        take  
    For those who, hated for Thy sake,  
        Were bathed in blood,  
Because they kept Thy word, and to their  
    witness stood!”

Oh! may the LORD in mercy hear your prayer!  
Soon may your robes of purest white be  
given!  
That, being meet to mount the eternal stair,  
With all the ransom'd ye may enter Heaven!  
And what our prayers may yet avail  
To that blest end, they shall not fail,  
That you and we  
May mutual aid afford our Father's Throne to  
see.

HORBURY, *2nd Sunday in Lent,*  
*February 28, 1847.*

### THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

O H! blessed solace of our earthly life!  
Sweet intercourse of friend with  
friend!

First-fruit of joys that never end—  
A shadow from the world, that knows nor woe  
nor strife!

Sweet is the pressure of the friendly hand,—  
The assuring look, the kiss of love,  
That draws its blessing from above,—  
Proofs of the cord that binds us in one common  
band.

Nor only these, but other proofs there be  
Of our supernal lineage ;  
Nor rank, nor sex, nor youth, nor age  
But own the conscious sense of heavenly  
sympathy.

'Tis sweet, when kneeling side by side,  
To hear each brother's voice unite,  
Till all in one are blended quite,  
And mount aloft their prayer within the veil  
to hide.

And most of all, when, at the Altar's rail,  
We come to eat the Holy Bread,  
And drink the Blood that JESUS shed ;  
Then most our brother's presence with delight  
we hail.

In every act of grace by others wrought  
We own the work of JESU'S Dove,  
Dear purchase of His dying love,  
And each in other's sight before the Throne is  
brought.

And is there no communion with those  
Who in the body meet not now ?  
Whose likeness we no longer know ?—  
No fellowship with those who in the grave  
repose ?

Oh yes! they too, though lost to human sight,  
Are with us still in that sweet bond  
Which stretches onward, far beyond  
The boundary of this world's dreary, darksome  
night.

Their life is ours, for it is He alone,  
Who is the Life, that makes us live  
With life which He Himself doth give,  
And all are one in God through His beloved  
Son.

Oh, blessed day when we can fail no more!  
No blight on love's expanded flower!  
No lessening of its full-grown power!  
But all are safe for aye upon that blissful  
shore!

HORBURY, *February*, 1851.

### MY MOTHER'S DAY.

WHAT heavenly airs are breathing round  
The stillness of this blessed day!  
The ever-present soothing sound  
That seems to say,  
Peace—blessed, endless peace—from voices far  
away!

Far up on yonder heavenward shore,  
Where live the spirits of the blest,  
In perfect safety kept in store  
For their true rest,  
Which each shall have in Heaven, when by their  
LORD confess'd.

Far up in that remote abode  
My longing spirit dwells to-day,  
The holy paradise of GOD,  
Where wise men say,  
The beloved ones departed unceasing praise  
and pray.

What treasures have we there on high,  
Awaiting each the final hour  
Which shall each child of Adam try—  
When GOD shall pour  
Destruction on the damn'd, and give the bride  
her dower!

Deep in my heart of hearts ye dwell,  
Blest spirits of the sainted dead!  
Nor aught shall break sweet memory's spell.  
Heaven gently shed  
Soft dews of endless blessing o'er your quiet  
bed!

And chiefly thee, my mother dear,  
Whose presence now on this thy day  
I seem to feel as ever near,  
Like a bright ray  
Of burning hope and love from the Kingdom  
far away;—

Thee, to whose love and care I owe  
The choicest blessings I possess—  
God's instrument His way to show—  
Thee will I bless,  
Thy pure, unfailing love before the Throne confess.

Twelve summer suns have gone their round  
Since our Father call'd thee to His side;  
He came this day, and thou wast found  
A servant tried,  
And meet to be a jewel for the Saviour's bride.

Oh! dost thou, in thy peaceful home,  
Forget the son thou lov'dst so dear?  
Nor car'st thou if I wildly roam,  
And mock at fear,  
Where error, serpent-like, is creeping ever near?

Love surely dies not—cannot die—  
With change of place, but liveth ever:  
'Tis the essence of the LORD most high,



And dieth never,  
Nor aught in life or death its holy bonds can  
sever.

Our God is Love, and through the Son,  
Who took our nature to His own,  
With Love Himself hath made us one ;  
And thus was sown  
The seed of Love eternal, which no death can  
drown.

Yes, mother dear, thou lov'st me still !  
And as of old, while here below,  
Thou didst a mother's task fulfil ;  
So surely now  
Thine offices of love with daily increase grow !

Baptized into the One True Vine,  
Whose Root is one, nor can be more,—  
One Root, that is both thine and mine ;  
Him we adore,  
Our Saviour, LORD, and King, exalted evermore.

And though to present gaze unknown,  
'Tis not that we have lost the tie ;—  
'Tis but that thou, being riper grown,  
Art raised on high,  
Whilst, trailing here on earth, I still in weakness  
lie.

Each several members, I and thou,  
Of the Sacred Body of our LORD ;  
Thou hid in Abraham's bosom now,  
And safely stored ;  
I labouring yet to have GOD's Image quite re-  
stored.

But I am thine, and thou art mine,  
And the bond that binds us yet in one  
No evil spirits can untwine ;  
'Tis stronger grown,  
As we have closer drawn to the Eternal Son.

Oh ! cease not then a mother's part !  
But aid me at the Throne of Grace !  
And still my dull and wayward heart  
Shall keep meet place  
For love of thee, and prayer that we may meet  
in bliss.

HORBURY, *Eve of S. James's Day*, 1852.

### THE SOUL'S CRAVING.

WHY droops my weary spirit thus,  
As if 'twere lost in hopeless sadness?  
Why does it thus reject the smiles,  
The pure sweet joys, of innocent gladness?

The blessings that surround my path  
Are bounties from the God of Love ;  
How is it, that in this cold heart  
No chord responsive they can move ?

Am I ungrateful ? do I scorn  
The love that tracks me day by day ?  
Do I in wayward madness turn  
To other loves my heart away ?

No ! FATHER, 'tis not thus, Thou knowest ;  
It is not that I scorn Thy gifts ;  
The boundless measure of Thy love  
In daily praise my soul uplifts.

I love Thee for Thy bounties' sake,  
Yet for Thyself I love Thee more ;  
And, if this store of mercies fail,  
To satisfy my hearts' deep core,

It is not that I thankless turn  
From Thy pure gifts, for love of self ;  
Not so, dear LORD, I humbly trust ;—  
'Tis but that they are not Thyself.

Great store of friends Thou hast vouchsafed  
me,  
More firm and constant none can boast,  
Each seeking to impart a blessing,  
Regardless of the price it cost.

Yet though I love them,—deeply love ;—  
Though many an one hath round my heart  
The cords of deep affection drawn,  
Which time or trial ne'er can part ;—

They cannot fill the aching void,  
Nor still the spirit's deepest cry ;—  
The soul that came, O LORD, from Thee,  
None but Thyself can satisfy.

Then fill me with Thine own dear Self !  
And let me be absorb'd in Thee !  
That naught of earth may be my stay ;  
Naught but the Triune Deity !

HORBURY, 1854.

### HORBURY.

DEAR Horbury ! Thou sweetest home  
Of my highest hopes and fears !  
I love thee ever more and more,  
With my increasing years !

It is not that thy fields and lanes  
With richest beauties shine ;  
For many, many other lands  
Are lovelier far than thine.

Thou hast no statelier mansions now,  
Where old ancestral pride  
Displays its bright heraldic shields,  
That glitter side by side ;

And yet the sound of ancient fame  
Lingers around thee still,  
In many a mullion'd window deep,  
And on thy Castle Hill.

Thy cottages, they cannot claim  
The simple charm, that seems  
The outward mark of peace and joy  
Where love for ever gleams.

The toil of man hath marr'd the ground,  
Which God in beauty made,  
And scatter'd dust and ashes o'er  
The bright and sunny glade.

Nor can thy Temple's holy walls  
A tale of centuries tell ;  
They have a new and garish look  
That breaks the magic spell.

And yet I love its sacred shade,  
For mercies found within,—  
For holy food, and holy words,  
And sweet release from sin.

For I have met my FATHER there,  
And found my Saviour too,—  
Have found Him precious to my soul,  
In many a grief and woe.

And I have met my people too,  
In many a holy prayer ;  
And taught them how to mount on high,  
Up the Eternal Stair.

For these it is,—Thy people, LORD,  
Entrusted to my care,—  
That I am chiefly drawn to fix  
My deep affections there.

There is no bond that earth can bind  
Around the Christian heart  
Like that which binds the heart of those  
Who do the true friend's part.

And I have many loved ones here,  
And much response of love ;  
Nor ever could I willingly  
To other climes remove.

It is a holy, gladdening sight,  
'To view the deep blue sea !  
Its rippling wave, its foaming surge  
Have a wondrous charm for me !

To linger on the mountain side  
And hear the torrents roar,  
As they seek their home in the ocean bed,  
Full a hundred miles or more.

To wander alone through the tangled wood,  
Where stateliest oaks abound,  
And muse on the endless mercy of Him  
Who has scatter'd His bounties around.

Or with chosen friend to trace the steps  
Where the nations of old have trod,  
Where they raised their temples of cunning work,  
Some to Dagon, and some to God.

To scan the ways of skilful men,  
Who wondrous things have done,  
Where science rears its proud forefront  
Before the Almighty One.

To sit at ease, and join the mirth  
Of joyous friendly homes;  
And take our fill of earthly good,  
As in daily measure it comes.

All these have a charm in their several way,  
But never like that which grows  
In the place where duty bids us work,  
The home of our God-ward vows.

It is there, in the daily, hourly round  
Of duties not self-imposed ;  
In the Vineyard and Field of the LORD Most  
High,  
Which not man, but GOD hath enclosed ;—

It is there, where we labour side by side,  
With the Master, through Whom we live,  
That we find a happiness deeper far  
Than earth at its brightest can give.

And such is the joy that around me here  
Wells forth from the fountains of GOD,  
And brighter grows, as I closer tread  
In the steps my Saviour trod.

I feel the blest Presence of GOD's sweet Love,  
That breathes in the love of those  
For whom I have labour'd, as best I could,  
In daily and nightly throes.

They are treasured deep in my heart of hearts,  
With many a grateful tear ;  
I would not exchange their precious love  
For all that the world holds dear.

Yet it is not all that are faithful found,  
Nor can it ever be so ;  
The wheat and the tares in the LORD's great  
Field  
Must all till the Harvest grow :



But the wayward ones may change, please God,  
Ere the day of their judgment come ;  
And so may at last be gather'd safe,  
In the barn of their final Home.

And so they claim my anxious prayers  
That God may grant them grace  
To seek the better part e'en now,  
While their sand flows out apace.

And should my prayers seem all unheard,  
I will not slack them still ;  
'Tis perhaps that not enough as yet  
I have scaled the Sacred Hill.

Or though perchance the prayer is heard,  
And wins some share of blessing,  
The sinner needs a larger grace  
Before he kneels confessing.

I cannot know ;—but my prayer shall still  
On wings of angels rise ;  
And for good and bad I'll never cease  
To pierce through the darkest skies.

I love them all,—e'en those who give  
A bitter cup to me ;  
But, oh ! how dear are they who serve  
Our FATHER faithfully !

God only knows how close a bond  
Has bound our hearts in one,—  
A bond that angel hands have tied  
In the Eternal Son.

Oh ! that I had but skill to draw,  
Within the same sweet chain  
The wayward ones, who wander yet  
In sin's unblest domain !

Oh ! FATHER, let no sin of mine  
Thy Holy Work impede !  
But bid it prosper in my hand,  
And let it have God speed !

'Tis all in Thee my strength, my hope,  
My joy, my glory, lie ;—  
I cannot do one deed of power  
Except Thou, LORD, be nigh.

Then come, LORD JESUS, quickly come,—  
Yea ! ever dwell with me,—  
That I may draw Thy people still  
More closely unto Thee !

And so will this dear earthly home  
A Paradise become ;  
A foretaste of the brighter joys  
Of our Eternal Home.

And when our FATHER comes at last  
To take us one by one,  
We soon shall meet to perfect there  
The bliss that's here begun.

HORBURY, *November 25th*, 1856.

“LOVE AS BRETHREN.”

HOW sweet the love of those dear hearts  
With whom we've walk'd in JESU'S  
way ;

Who kneel with us before the Throne,  
And seek the gifts of grace alway !

No earthly boon so great as this,  
No treasure half so sweet and fair,  
As that abounding love that guides  
A Christian brother's daily care.

The tender, soft, consoling voice,  
That steals like sweetest music round ;  
That whispers peace when storms are nigh,  
And lulls to rest each jarring sound.

The calm, sweet, sympathizing look  
With which true saint-like faces glow ;  
The deep, abiding, certain fruit  
Of hearts that most of JESUS know.

The gentle, kind, supporting arm,  
That hides itself, yet seeks to stay  
The tottering knees and feeble step,  
When other help is far away.

The manly grasp of friendship true,  
When palm to palm is closely press'd ;  
The chaste and holy kiss, in which  
True virgin love is aye confess'd.

And most of all the bursting tear,  
Like that which flow'd o'er Lazarus' grave,  
The wondrous fruit of His deep love,  
Who came this guilty world to save.

Most dear are these Thy mercies, LORD,  
For all their sweetness comes from Thee ;  
Naught in themselves, they win their power  
But from the reconciling Tree !

All good is gather'd up in One,  
The only Fount of grace and blessing !  
All else is false, delusive show,—  
All else is earthly, vain caressing.

But God can use the things of earth,  
And make them channels of His Power,—  
Can fill them through and through with  
strength  
That springs from the Almighty Tower.

Oh! let us meekly own His gifts,  
And use them for our LORD's dear sake,  
Who knows our want, and never fails  
True help meet for our wants to make!

But oh! let us remember still,  
That in His gifts we love Him most!  
Grasp not the shadow, lest, perchance,  
Through God's displeasure all be lost.

In Thee alone, my Saviour dear,  
Immortal souls can find their rest;  
'Tis Heaven on earth if Thou be here,—  
If Thou be gone, all stands unblest.

I dare not love my dearest friend  
If Thou be not within him still;  
I dare not taste one cup of joy,  
If Thou disdain'st the cup to fill.

I will not take the husks of earth  
If Thou be not the kernel there;  
'Tis food for swine, and not for saints,  
Unless I find my Saviour dear.

Oh! fill me with Thine own sweet love,  
That I may Thee in all discern;  
And let me only use Thy gifts  
That I may more Thy goodness learn.

But give me, LORD, Thine own dear Self,  
And never from my bosom fly;  
I cannot rest in aught but Thee!  
Naught else my soul can satisfy!

The best, the purest, holiest gifts,  
That Thou in mercy givest me,  
Are not enough, but still for more  
My soul cries out unceasingly.

Yet deem me not ungrateful, LORD!  
Nor think I scorn Thy deeds of love!  
Thou knowest!—and with strictest eye  
My inmost soul and reins dost prove.

And I will boldly onward press,  
To seek Thy saving presence, LORD!  
That Thou may'st ever to my soul  
Thine own most Precious Self afford!

Come, Blessed JESU, quickly come!  
And fill me ever through and through,  
That I may daily feel Thy Power,  
In all I think, and say, and do!

And so Thine all absorbing Love  
May make me quite conform'd to Thee,  
That I may lose myself in GOD,  
And live in Him eternally.

HORBURY, *Ember Week, December 15th, 1856.*

“ABIDE WITH US.”

JESU, Fount of every blessing,  
Open wide Thy wounds to me !  
LORD, I come to Thee confessing  
All my guilt and misery.

I am sinful,—do Thou heal me,  
Wash away my sin's deep stain ;  
Let Thy Blessed SPIRIT seal me  
With Thy promised help again !

What am I, if Thou forsake me,  
Light and Life of my poor soul !  
Come, and to Thy Bosom take me,  
And my ceaseless foes control !

Who but Thee can e'er defend me ?  
Who can stay my faltering feet ?  
Shepherd of shepherds, do Thou tend me,  
And support in pastures meet.

Come to me when day is dawning  
With the first faint streams of light ;  
Come, when with its sable awning  
Steals around the stilly night.

Come to me when gentle slumber  
Steals across my weary brain ;  
As the hours tell out their number,  
JESU, come to me again !

Come, whene'er I leave my dwelling,  
And be with me in the way ;  
Let Thy voice be sweet words telling,  
That my steps go not astray.

Come, when all around is dreary,  
And support my sinking heart ;  
Give me strength when I am weary,  
And Thy gracious help impart.

Come, when earthly friends forsake me,  
And with Thy Love comfort me ;  
Draw me close to Thee, and make me  
Ever seek Thee lovingly.

Come, whene'er the world around me  
Draws its soft, enticing chain ;  
Lest its vanities surround me,  
And with sin my spirit stain.

Come, when earthly friends caressing,  
Steal my heart away from Thee ;  
Bring me back, Thy Love confessing,  
Which hath sought me wondrously.



Come whene'er my footsteps wander  
Far away from Thy dear Side ;  
Scourge me when I basely pander  
To the sons of sin and pride.

Come whene'er I kneel before Thee,  
At Thine earthly Mercy-Seat ;  
When with meekness I adore Thee,  
And my humble vows repeat.

Come when in my secret chamber  
I unfold my heart's dark load ;—  
Oh ! do Thou Thy word remember,  
And sustain me in the road.

When I close my doors about me,  
And dispose my soul to pray,  
Let no evil spirits flout me,  
And entice my thoughts away.

Come and place Thyself beside me,  
When I study Thy pure Word,  
That the Light be not denied me,  
But Thy Voice be clearly heard.

Come and bless my priestly function  
With an impress all Divine,  
That the fulness of Thine unction  
May in every action shine.

Let my word, Thy Peace bestowing,  
Gently greet the sinner's ear ;  
And in graces ever growing,  
Bid him lay aside his fear.

And most of all, when, at Thine Altar,  
I Thy Sacred Presence seek,  
Oh ! never let my faint heart falter !—  
Never let my faith grow weak !—

But come and fill me with Thy Presence,  
That my ministry be Thine ;  
Absorb me in Thy Sacred Essence,  
So that naught is merely mine.

Come when death is o'er me stealing,  
And my spirit hastes away ;—  
When the Archangel's trump is pealing  
Which shall wake our mortal clay ;—

When the Judgment is revealing,  
And I stand before Thee there,  
May I then, to Thee appealing,  
Find Thee still my Saviour dear ;

And in Thee be then accepted,—  
Thee, the sole Beloved One ;  
When the wicked are rejected,  
And their day of grace is gone.

Come to me whate'er betide me,  
And with love inhabit me ;  
Nothing else I'll love beside Thee,  
Thou my all in all shalt be.

All the brightest joys and pleasures,  
That are most esteem'd on earth,—  
All its richest gold and treasures,  
Without Thee are nothing worth.

Then come to me, my dearest Saviour !  
Come and make me all Thine own !  
That my God-like, pure behaviour,  
May through Thee receive its crown.

HORBURY, *Ember Week, December, 1856.*

### THE MOURNER COMFORTED.

JESU, let me kneel beside Thee,  
And unfold my griefs to Thee ;  
Thou alone, when ills betide me,  
Canst afford true sympathy.

I have pass'd the fleeting hours  
In my daily toil away ;  
And my feeble wasted powers  
Fail with the departing day.

My spirit droops, and I am weary,—  
None on earth can comfort me :  
All is cold and dark and dreary,  
If I may not come to Thee.

Earthly friends, they cannot enter  
Into this strange heart of mine,  
All my hopes and pleasures centre  
In the sympathy Divine.

Thou, my JESU, Thou canst read me  
Through and through and through again ;  
Thou—the Bread of Life—canst feed me ;—  
Thou alone canst heal my pain.

Thou didst cross the flood to meet me  
When I was estranged from Thee ;  
In Thy holy Arms didst greet me,  
And enfold me lovingly.

Thou didst tread this world of sorrow  
With Thy holy, sinless Feet,  
That from Thee I too might borrow  
Strength for all my dangers meet.

I come to Thee, Who ever knowest  
All my woes before I speak :  
'Tis Thou Who every day bestowest  
More than we can think or seek.

And as I tell my tale before Thee,  
And unbosom all my woe,  
Thou dost draw me to adore Thee,  
And Thy sympathy to know.

Each grief, as from my lips it passeth,  
Is buried in Thy sacred Side ;  
And each new gift in love surpasseth  
All Thy other gifts beside.

I am lost in awe and wonder,—  
I, Thy weakest, frailest son,—  
As I sit and meekly ponder  
What Thy boundless love hath done.

Thou didst pour that Precious River  
Of Thine own most sacred Blood,  
When—of every grace the Giver—  
Thou didst hang upon the Rood.

'Twas for me that, there suspended,  
On that sad, accursèd tree,  
Thou didst win, when all was ended,  
Power from sin to set me free.

Precious Stream ! That flow'd to save me,  
When all other hope was gone !  
Let its cleansing virtue lave me,  
For I cling to it alone !

But one drop from that sweet Fountain,  
Gushing from the heart of GOD,—  
Stored upon the Holy Mountain,  
Where the Feet of JESUS trod,—

One little drop all life possessing,  
For the weary, sin-sick soul,  
Can, more than all this world's caressing,  
Pain and weariness control.

Then, let me kneel where, ever flowing,  
Gushes still that Stream for me ;  
There let me linger, surely knowing  
That Thou workest wondrously.

All the mourning, all the sorrow,  
All the pain I feel to-day,  
Shall be wholly wash'd to-morrow  
In that precious Stream away.

Blessed pain ! that draws me nearer  
To the sympathy divine !  
Blessed woe ! that makes Thee dearer  
To this stricken heart of mine !

Though I tread the path of mourning,  
And my life drags heavily ;  
Though Thou seem in judgment scorning  
All the gifts I bring to Thee ;—

Though my labours win no blessing,  
And a blight be over all ;—  
Yet I'll come Thy truth confessing,  
And Thy justice in my fall.

It is but my own deserving ;—  
What am I that Thou shouldst deign,  
From Thy perfect justice swerving,  
With Thee here to make me reign !

Yet, my JESU ! I will ever  
Cling to Thee, whate'er befall ;  
For I know that naught can sever  
Those who love Thee most of all !

Though at times Thou seem to hide Thee,  
And to turn Thy face away,  
Yet if still I kneel beside Thee,  
There will come a brighter day.

And though, perchance, Thou long delayest,  
It will all the sweeter prove,  
When Thou at length in mercy sayest,  
“ Come and taste My Endless Love.”

Let me wait Thy loving pleasure,  
And submit in faith to Thee ;  
Thou knowest best whene'er the treasure  
May be safely granted me.

But keep me where the cleansing Fountain  
Opens wide its springs for me ;  
Feed me on Thy holy Mountain :  
I resign all else to Thee.

HORBURY, *Epiphany, January 23rd, 1857.*

### ABSOLVO TE.

AH! who can tell the sweet delight,  
That Christian brothers know,  
When deeds of sympathy abound,  
And heart with heart together bound,  
Reflects the genial glow?

And ever as they sit and speak  
Of common words and ways,  
There is a secret mystic charm  
That puts to flight the thought of harm,  
And every fear allays.

E'en though the words "I love thee true"  
Have never yet been spoken ;  
Each feels the vow has pass'd to Heaven,—  
The solemn pledge devoutly given,—  
Which never can be broken.



And yet there is a deeper joy  
Than thoughts like these can prove,  
When, on the attentive, longing ear,  
There fall those accents still and clear,  
“I love thee,—deeply love !”

Oh ! sweet assurance, doubly sure !  
That seals the inward vow ;  
That bids the last faint spark of fear  
In faith undoubting disappear,  
That naught is wanting now !

And if so be in earthly love  
We prize the spoken word ;  
If man with man is not at rest  
Until the sweet assurance blest  
His longing ear hath heard,—

What must it be when man with God  
In converse deep is held !  
Is he content to dwell with fear ?—  
To ask not in the Saviour’s ear  
The Love His Blood hath seal’d ?

The love of JESUS is for all  
That meekly seek His Face ;  
Oh ! do *I* love Thee, Gracious LORD,  
That Thou to *me* wilt still afford  
Thy gift of pardoning grace ?

How sweet it is, 'mid hope and fear,  
To come before the Judge !  
To tell the bitter tale of sin,  
And all the festering wounds within,  
Nor aught of penance grudge !

'Tis sweet to hear the counsel true,  
To wavering steps a stay,—  
The mild rebuke, the tender voice,  
That bids us make the better choice,  
And turn from sin away.

And best of all, that healing drop  
From the Life-giving Tree—  
The balm that softens every wound,  
As in the ear the accents sound,  
“ My son, I pardon *thee*.”

All praise to Thee, most gracious LORD,  
That in Thy Church are found  
Those healing words of pardon still,  
The sovereign cure for every ill  
Which stains the accursèd ground !

Oh ! do Thou gently touch me, LORD,  
With that sweet balm for aye !  
Apply to me Thy Saving Blood,  
Which Thou didst shed upon the Rood,  
And say, “ Absolve Te.”

HORBURY, *Sunday, March 22nd, 1857.*

“MY SOUL THIRSTETH FOR THEE, MY  
FLESH ALSO LONGETH AFTER  
THEE, IN A BARREN AND DRY  
LAND, WHERE NO WATER IS.”

I LOVE Thee more, my dearest LORD,  
Than all this world beside ;  
And I will seek Thy perfect way,  
Whatever may betide.

I cannot find one resting-place—  
One spot for sweet repose—  
Except Thou draw me to Thy wounds,  
And there my soul enclose.

The world is cold and dark and drear,  
And storms are raging round ;  
And only while we walk in Thee  
Safe footing can be found.

Oft as I mix in earthly things  
I feel a stranger there ;  
And 'mid the din of earth, Thy Voice  
Is ringing in my ear.

I cannot learn that foreign tongue ;  
So harsh its accents sound :  
'Tis so unlike the songs that through  
My FATHER'S House resound.

Sweet, pleasant music is that Voice  
That sings my soul within ;  
It softens all the jarring notes  
Of this world's angry din.

For Thou art with us as we go  
Along earth's slippery way ;  
Thou, LORD, dost dwell and walk within  
Our very soul always.

Speak to me, LORD, in that recess  
Of my very inmost soul ;  
Nor let me ever want Thy voice  
My passions to control.

Thy life is ours, Thy strength our stay,  
Thy righteousness our trust :  
'Tis only Thou canst quicken, LORD,  
With life our lifeless dust.

Attune my every sense and power  
In harmony with Thine,  
That I may learn the wondrous way  
In which Thy saints combine.

And thus the bliss of Heaven begin,  
Ere yet I leave earth's shore—  
Hasting unto the perfect day,  
That wanes and fades no more.

HORBURY, 1859.

“AND I, IF I BE LIFTED UP, WILL  
DRAW ALL MEN UNTO ME.”

O H! mystic power! What is it, LORD,  
That draws me tenderly to Thee?  
What is the strength of that sweet cord  
That binds me to Thine Altar-Tree?

I gaze upon Thy Body broken,—  
Thy Life Blood flowing piteously;  
And, as I gaze, I own the token  
Of Thy wondrous love for me.

What, blessed JESU, couldst Thou give  
More precious than Thine own dear life?  
GOD deigns to die that man may live  
Unvanquish'd by this earthly strife.

Thy lifting up upon the Tree  
Is that which draws me to Thy side:  
Oh! let me daily nearer be,  
That I may in Thy love abide!

Thou, Brightest, Holiest, Best of all !  
For us, the worst of sinners, given !  
God deigns to drink of earthly gall,  
That man may drink the dews of Heaven !

Thou lovest all that I may gain  
The all that Thou didst lose for me !  
And as I watch Thee, I would fain  
Lose all if I may but have Thee.

Oh ! blessed sacrifice of self !  
The richest fruit of Love Divine !  
Teach me the lesson which Thyself  
Didst set for all that would be Thine.

HORBURY, 1860.

“ WHOM THE LORD LOVETH, HE  
CHASTENETH.”

A N aching heart, O LORD, prepares  
A cleansèd temple meet for Thee ;  
And when the iron deepest tears,  
Then Thou art nearest unto me.

And oft the deepest, bitterest woe  
That gathers round the morning hour,  
Will brighten ere the shadows go,  
And end in deeds of wondrous power.

Tw'as love that drew Thee, LORD, to woe,  
And woe now draws Thee on to love :  
The more our earthly comforts go,  
The more Thy mighty power we prove.

We do not seek Thee as we ought,  
Until Thou take our staff away :  
We do not feel how wholly naught  
Is every hope of earthly stay.

Oh ! let Thy sun's enlivening ray  
Pour forth its heat upon my heart !  
What though it scorch me day by day,  
And make my every member smart ;

Yet I will love the needful pain,  
Because it fits me for Thy Balm :  
I will but ask, and ask again,  
That Thou wouldst all my murmurs calm.

Deal with me, JESU, as Thou wilt,  
Be it through earthly weal or woe.  
If Thou but cleanse me from my guilt,  
I ask no further boon to know.

HORBURY, 1860.

“HEAVINESS MAY ENDURE FOR A  
NIGHT, BUT JOY COMETH IN  
THE MORNING.”

**M**Y heart is full of sorrow,  
And it shuns the blithe and gay ;  
But I think me of the morrow,  
And it puts my grief away.

This present day may linger,—  
The day of this cold earth ;  
But Faith directs her finger  
To the day of heavenly birth.

And when the hours of sorrow  
Drag on their weary length,  
I think of that bright morrow,  
And God renews my strength.

Morrow without a morrow !  
One glorious, endless day !  
Whose growing glories borrow  
Their light from God for aye !

Each hour the earth draws nearer  
To the end of its short span ;  
And as we move, the clearer  
We should *its* treasures scan.



It is dark, and will deceive us,  
If we lose our faith and love,  
But the light will soon relieve us,  
If we seek it from above.

And although we feel the pressure  
Of this heavy earthly chain,  
Yet it comes not in full measure  
When we turn to God again.

The pang of deepest sorrow,  
The darkest vale of woe,  
Before it reach the morrow  
Is bathed in Eden's glow.

The overflowing glory  
From the land beyond the skies  
Reveals the Prophet's story  
Of the day that never dies.

And so, whate'er betide us  
As we pass along the way,  
We still can meekly hide us  
In the glories of that day.

HORBURY, *Sunday, October 14th, 1860.*

“BEHOLD AN ISRAELITE INDEED, IN  
WHOM IS NO GUILE.”—S. JOHN II. 47.

**B**EHOLD an Israelite indeed !  
A saint from guile and falsehood freed,  
Meet for an Angel's place !  
Such was the sentence pass'd in love  
By Him Who would His servant prove  
By loftier gifts of grace.

Chosen a humble place to hold  
Within the Elder Church's fold,  
Where type and shadow yet  
Were all that GOD vouchsafed to man,  
Who might not then the wonders scan  
Which in His Book were set :

True Israel's son—a son indeed !  
With ready mind and anxious heed  
Following His FATHER's Voice ;  
He sought no soft, self-pleasing ways,  
Through love of ease or earthly praise,  
God's will his fullest choice.

Each holy rite—each holy word,—  
It claim'd obedience, as he heard

Its accents soft and clear;  
Whatever GOD vouchsafed to tell  
It was by him remember'd well,  
It was to him most dear.

He linger'd not, but onward press'd  
In loving meekness still, nor guess'd  
How dear he was to GOD;  
Who watch'd his every nearer tread  
As on his way he meekly sped,  
And bless'd as on he trod.

At length, with calm, inquiring mind,  
Seeking, if he perchance may find,  
Led by a brother's hand,  
Before the long-sought Israel's LORD—  
The King by heaven and earth adored—  
He now is drawn to stand.

Nor faintly does the Saviour own,  
But sweetly with His own love crown  
The love that sought His Face:—  
“Behold My son that truly served,  
Nor ever from My guidance swerved,  
Nor left the appointed place.

“Come, honour'd child, and I will show  
Far greater things than thou canst know—

Far mightier deeds of power ;  
Come thou with Me and share My store,—  
An angel-guard, Heaven's open door :—  
All this shall be thy dower.<sup>1</sup>

“ Doubt not, nor wonder that I knew  
The heart that beats both high and true,  
Nor thought of guile would dare ;  
Before that Philip callèd thee,  
When thou wast seated 'neath the tree,  
I saw, and loved thee there.”

Such is the Heavenly rule for aye :—  
The gifts of grace vouchsafed to-day  
Are each an earnest true  
Of nobler gifts that lag behind,  
And only wait to be untwined  
From God's exhaustless clue.

Grace answers grace, and, rightly used,  
Is like a hidden life infused,  
Increasing more and more ;  
Or like the soft, refreshing rain,  
Which, drawn in clouds to heaven, again  
Returns with richer store.

Oh ! FATHER, make us timely wise,  
And help us that we rightly prize

<sup>1</sup> S. John, ii. 51.

Thy smallest gifts of grace ;  
That we may never miss our way,  
Nor e'er with wayward footsteps stray  
From our appointed place.

And when the time at length shall come  
That Thou wouldst call us to the Home  
Prepared by Thee, dear LORD,  
May we be found beneath the Tree—  
Thy Holy Cross—awaiting Thee,  
And ready at Thy word.

HORBURY, *S. Bartholomew's Day*, 1867.

“LEARN OF ME, FOR I AM MEEK AND  
LOWLY IN HEART, AND YE SHALL  
FIND REST UNTO YOUR SOULS.”

HOW beautiful is meekness !  
How difficult to learn !  
I look at Thee, dear JESU,  
And would the art discern.

I see the shafts of hatred  
Expend their force in vain ;  
No arrow Thou returnest  
To Thy cruel foes again.

As when the fierce wind rageth  
Against the flowery spray,  
By yielding it o'ercometh,  
When the storm has pass'd away.

So before Thy foes Thou bendest,  
And dost meekly suffer wrong ;  
When one sharp word would scatter  
And confound the wicked throng.

With lies they do confront Thee,  
And Thou answerest not a word ;—  
The judge condemns Thee falsely,  
Nor yet Thy Voice is heard.

Oh ! why am I unlike Thee ?  
So much unlike Thee still ?  
Why learn I not Thy meekness,  
According to Thy will ?

I hear the word of slander,  
And I feel its cruel sting ;  
'Tis hard to pass unheeded  
The darts that foemen fling.

I know that God in wisdom  
Will justify His own ;  
But it wounds my spirit sorely  
When I meet the scornful frown.

Weak nature loves to witness  
To its fancied power and skill,  
And tries to hide its weakness  
In the assertion of its will.

And hence no rest it knoweth,  
For it has not learnt the spell  
Which all the storms that vex us  
Hath magic power to quell.

What is it, LORD, that hinders  
From learning Thy blest way?  
What holds us back from following,  
And leads our steps astray?

'Tis love of self that blinds us,  
And makes the lesson hard;  
All would be well, if only  
We would but Thee regard.

The scornful look or gesture  
Destroy our long'd-for rest,  
Because we take the dagger  
Within our own proud breast.

However rank the poison  
Which gives the barb its stain,  
It cannot wound the bosom  
Save through an open'd vein.

But if we press it to us,  
There is danger lest we find—  
E'en though we soon remove it—  
A festering wound behind.

Oh! JESU, help us ever  
All love of self to kill,  
That love of Thee may wholly  
Our wayward bosoms fill!

And as we watch Thee meekly  
Doing Thy Father's will,  
So may we meekly follow  
Thy steps up Sion's hill.

HORBURY, *July 8th*, 1870.

“I WILL NOT LEAVE THEE, NOR  
FORSAKE THEE.”

O H! leave me not, sweet JESU!  
What else, if Thou be gone,  
Can save from evil doing,  
Can cleanse from evil done?

No rest my nature knoweth,  
No joy my heart can fill,  
If Thou do not vouchsafe me,  
Thy Blessed Presence still.



I know that none can force Thee,  
Against Thy holy will,  
To leave the soul Thou lovest  
With precious gifts to fill.

Yet I myself can drive Thee  
Thy Presence to remove,  
If to Thy foe—the devil—  
I give my heart's true love.

Then guide my steps, sweet JESU,  
Nor ever let me stray  
'Mid aught that leads me from Thee  
To other paths away.

Fill me, that I may love Thee  
With love that soon may gain  
Fresh gifts of love responsive  
From Thine own Self again.

And so the still increasing  
Flow and re-flow of love  
May be a bond that binds me  
For aye to Heaven above.

HORBURY, *July 9th*, 1870.

## BOLTON ABBEY.

I STOOD where Wharfe pours forth its amber  
stream,

And listen'd to its music sweet and clear,  
Seeming, as wafted by the wind it came,  
Now soft and distant, and anon more near.

'Tis hallow'd ground; for it was given to GOD  
By one who mourn'd the brightest, costliest  
gem,

As by one stroke of the avenging rod,  
Snatch'd from the midst of her heart's dia-  
dem.<sup>1</sup>

She gave it to the LORD, that there the sound  
Of holy voices, or 'mid gloom or gleam,  
With nature's harmonies might aye resound,  
And sing her son's unceasing requiem.

The holy men are gone, and where they sang  
The sacred quire is desolate and bare,  
Save where festoons of ivy sweetly hang,  
And wrap it gently with their mantling care.

Nature alone prolongs the ceaseless song,  
And tells unbroken still the mournful tale;

<sup>1</sup> The Lady Adeliza, daughter of William de Meschines, and widow of William Fitz-Duncan, whose son, "The Boy of Egremound," was drowned in the Wharfe at a narrow place called "The Strid."

The sweet wind murmurs all the trees among,  
And joins the waters in their endless wail.

Base man with robber-hands hath proudly trod  
Where angels erst had veil'd them and  
adored ;

But Nature still is true to Nature's God,  
And owns His bidding aye with glad accord.

I stood and mused where Wharfe pours forth  
its strength  
Within the narrow bed which it has made  
Through the hard, gloomy rock, until at length  
It bounds in wider course the verdant glade.

I gazed upon its waters, as they flow  
With endless, changeless course, still on and  
on ;

Through summer, winter, day and night they  
know

No end, no pause, no rest from labour won.

I listen'd to the murmur as it sway'd  
Hither and thither in the buoyant air ;  
And on, and on, and on it went, nor stay'd  
One moment since the waters gather'd there.

Endless the waters' flow, endless the sound  
Which their unceasing motion wafts on high ;  
To-day their voices through the woods rebound  
As when they sported in their infancy.

Their labour wearies not, but changeless still  
Flows on unceasing, nor takes note of time ;  
Obeying only His Almighty will  
Whom heavenly voices laud with ceaseless  
chime.

And this methought may help our mind to  
reach  
Some little jot of that profoundest thought  
Which naught to us can ever fully teach  
Until within its mystery we are brought :—

The thought of what is that Eternity  
Which hath nor ending, nor beginning ;—yea,  
Which with a limitless infinity  
That knows not measure—is for aye and aye :

That none can fully know, save only Thou,  
Who art Thyself the Infinite ;—yet, still,  
Though all we cannot fathom, we may know  
Some little of the mystery, if we will.

All Nature is herself, if duly read,  
Stamp'd with the mark of Him Who gave it  
birth ;  
And all who are by Heavenly wisdom led,  
May Heavenly treasure find in things of  
earth.

LORD, let me never miss one blessed sign  
Of truths eternal thus to man reveal'd,  
But let me always sound the earthly mine,  
And win each treasure that lies there conceal'd.

Purge Thou mine eyes from darkening films of  
earth,  
That nothing may escape my earnest gaze ;  
But, using well the gifts of my new birth,  
I may be daily learning more and more Thy  
ways.

BOLTON, *June 21st*, 1870.

### THE EUCHARISTIC PRESENCE.

MAY I draw near, dear LORD, to gaze ?  
Is it presumption thus to raise  
Mine eyes to Thee,  
And ask how Thou dost here afford  
Thy Presence at the Holy Board ?  
Let it not be !

I will not ask, if Thou disdain ;  
If doing thus I overstrain  
Thy mercy's bound :  
Yet Thou hast taught me to draw near,  
And gaze on Thee, my Saviour dear,  
With search profound.

I know Thee present, when on high  
Thy Priests uplift the Mystery  
    In Holy Bread :  
“ This is My Body—This My Blood,”—  
The same I offer on the Rood ;—  
    So Thou hast said.

But how, dear JESU, can it be,  
That here Thy Presence we may see  
    More than elsewhere ?  
As Thou art GOD, so Thou must fill  
All space ;—Thy Sacred Presence still  
    Be everywhere.

If into Heaven I ascend,  
Or down to Hell my footsteps bend,  
    I find Thee there ;  
If on the wings of morn I roam,  
And seek the ocean's utmost home,  
    Still Thou art near.

Then how, if all things through and through  
Thine all-pervading Presence know ;—  
    If Thou dost fill,  
With Thy Essential Entity,  
A limitless Infinity,  
    How dost Thou still

More present be in Holy Rite,—  
More manifest to mortal sight,  
    Where saints adore  
Thy Presence on Thine altar Throne,  
To faith and meekness ever known  
    Yet more and more ?

Not, surely, that Thy Being dwells  
More fully in those earthly veils  
    That shroud Thee there !  
For fulness knows nor more nor less,  
And perfect Presence no increase  
    Can ever bear.

But though Thy Presence everywhere  
Completely dwells—yet here and there  
    In different mode  
It is vouchsafed, that they may know  
Who meekly in Thy Presence bow,  
    The Heavenly road.

In Heaven in glory Thou dost dwell,  
That glorious saints may know Thee well,  
    And lowly bend :  
In Hell Thou reign'st the Judge severe,  
Though none can see Thy Presence there,  
    Time without end.

When Thou didst to the Virgin's womb  
In lowly condescension come,  
    Thou dwelledst there  
Incomprehensible contain'd,  
Though free, yet to the creature chain'd,  
    Beyond compare.

And when in Human Nature born,  
Upon that blessed Christmas morn,  
    And gently laid  
Within the manger's narrow bound,  
While holy angels watch'd around,  
    And worship paid,

'Twas GOD Almighty,—He who fills  
The boundless Everlasting Hills—  
    The Infinite,  
Unlimited Immensity  
Of space profound,—Who there did lie  
    In mortal sight !

And so in Holy Eucharist :  
While sceptics wrangle, all unblest,  
    In scornful pride,  
Thy faithful children feel Thee near,  
And take the Gift their Saviour dear  
    Doth there provide.



And as Thou, LORD, didst sanctify  
Thine ever blest Humanity  
    The means to be  
Through which Thy Presence in its power  
Should gifts of grace on others pour  
    Perpetually ;—

So in Thine own true Sacrament,  
Whole God in sacred symbols pent,  
    Thou dost impart  
The Fount of virtue, full and free,  
Enshrined in Thy Humanity,  
    To each true heart.

The forces of Thy Presence there  
Are gather'd up beyond compare,  
    And Thou dost give  
Thy very Self, the Source to be  
Of all the Life that wells from Thee,  
    And makes man live.

If there could be one smallest spot  
Where Thy Real Presence dwelleth not,  
    Thou wouldst not be  
True God ;—for Omnipresence is  
Essentially and wholly His  
    Perpetually,—

Who claims to be in nature One  
With GOD the FATHER, as His Son  
Eternally ;—  
And if an atom could be left  
But once, of Very GOD bereft,  
Its entity

That instant must be nothingness :—  
So they, who do not Thee confess  
In all Thy Gifts  
Present to do what be Thy will,  
Lose hold of all that 'mid earth's ill  
The soul uplifts.

And when Thou comest lovingly  
To show Thyself so very nigh  
By deeds of Power,  
Then more than ever should we come,  
And draw Thee to our soul's best home  
In that blest hour.

Then make me when I venture near,  
Discern Thy Sacred Presence there,  
Upon Thy Throne !  
And let me meekly first, before  
I claim Thy Precious Gifts, adore  
Thyself alone.

Thou only, JESU, art my LORD ;  
Thou only canst true life afford ;—  
    Thy Sacrifice  
The only Gift, through which I may  
To heavenly portals find my way,  
    And glorious rise.

And I will plead it more and more ;—  
And as I lift it up before  
    Thy Mercy Seat,  
Look, Holy FATHER, on the Face  
Of Thy loved Son, and through Thy grace  
    Give answer meet.

Oh ! let me never doubt nor fear,  
Though my sin's load draw many a tear  
    Of penitence :  
I only ask Thee to fulfil  
Whatever be Thy Blessed Will  
    In fullest sense.

HORBURY, *S. Swithin's Day*, 1870.

## WHITEMOSS, NEAR GRASMERE.

I SAT upon a rocky mound,  
    Where Grasmere spreads its placid lake,  
And watch'd the shadows as around  
    The clustering hills their flight they take.

It was a lovely sight to see  
The ever-varying mountain side,  
Now sloping down in verdant mead,  
Now lifting up its crags of pride.

And down below, in sweet repose,  
Where sheltering woods are gather'd round,  
The lovely lake in silence lies,  
Fringed by its verdant grassy bound.

I sat and drank these beauties in,  
In all their varying forms of joy:  
It was an endless cup of bliss,  
Which, earthly, knew not earth's alloy.

For not of earth its lessons are,  
They carry us beyond the bound  
Of this world's transitory things,  
To realms where deeper joys are found.

If earthly sights can fill the soul  
With such intense, unwearying bliss,  
Oh! what the bright, unclouded sight  
Of God to those He owns as His!

To look upon that Glorious Face,  
Unchangeable, yet ever new,  
And with unwearying rapture still  
To drink its fulness deep and true!

All Nature's beauty is a ray  
That issues from the Fount Divine ;  
It is but lent us to portray  
The sweetness which in GOD doth shine.

And as we view the mountain side,  
Unchanging, yet from hour to hour  
With ever-changing beauty clad,  
As sunlight works its deeds of power :

So may we from this earthly sight  
Gain a distincter thought of GOD ;  
How, when through ages on and on  
We see Him in His Blest Abode ;—

The beaming brightness of His Love  
Will play around that Glorious Face,  
Unchangeable Itself, while yet  
Its varying sweetness we can trace.

No weariness the soul can know,  
If it but gain that wondrous Sight,  
Which, still Itself for ever new,  
Imparts the power of new delight.

HEUGH FOLDS, GRASMERE, *Sunday, August 21st, 1870.*

“HE COULD DO NO MIGHTY WORKS  
THERE, BECAUSE OF THEIR  
UNBELIEF.”

I WATCH'D the rain-cloud gather round,  
And fill the ethereal main ;  
And as it sought the parchèd ground,  
'Twas driven back again.

It seem'd as if the precious gifts  
Were waiting up on high  
Only until the earth uplifts  
Her breast to draw them nigh.

The ground is dry ; its failing wells  
All need the moistening showers,  
And yet its very drought repels  
The rain-cloud as it lowers.

So hangs the cloud of God's free grace  
Above our faithless land,  
Its dewdrops wait to fall apace,  
Till we in fitness stand.

God cannot forth in mercy move  
If we with wayward will  
Reject the offers of His Love,  
And scorn His Mercy still.

Our very dryness craves the boon  
One moistening shower would give,  
And yet itself drives backward soon  
That, which would make it live.

How strange that often man's true need  
Should be his bar to grace!  
How strange that God should natheless heed  
Man's lost, ungrateful race!

And stranger still that God should wait  
Upon His creature's will!  
And man have power to close Heaven's Gate,  
When God his cup would fill!

LORD, let us never be unmeet  
Thy gifts of grace to claim,  
But let our ready bosoms greet  
The precious dewdrops soft and sweet,  
And praise Thy Loving Name!

HORBURY, *March 17th*, 1871.

### THE PASSION.

LORD, when I lift mine eyes to Thee,  
And see Thy bitter woe,  
I ask, Why should the Holy One  
Such sorrows undergo?

I see Thee bending to the ground  
In dark Gethsemane,  
And pouring blood from every pore,  
In Thy deep agony.

I see Thee scourged, reviled, condemn'd,  
And forced Thy Cross to bear,  
Which soon on Calvary's sacred mound  
Shall lift Thee outstretch'd there.

LORD, who are they that thus inflict  
Those oft-repeated blows  
Upon Thy virgin Form that still  
No human sin-stain knows?

Who are the foes that drag Thee on  
To undeservèd woe,—  
That will not, or for shame, or fear,  
One vengeance stroke forego?

I wonder at the awful sight,  
And as I deeper gaze,  
I see but two that foremost stand  
In all that wildering maze.

The first of all, Thy boundless Love,  
That could not rest within  
While man remain'd apart from God;—  
The next, my own deep sin.



'These two, dear LORD, have drawn Thee on  
Through all Thou didst endure ;  
Let not Thy Love be spent in vain,  
The curse of sin to cure.

Oh ! never let me wound again  
The Love that set me free ;  
Nor ever crucify afresh  
The GOD Who died for me !

HORBURY, *Passion Sunday, March 26th, 1871.*

### THE AGONY.

O SOUL of JESUS ! What a woe  
Has gather'd round Thee ! None can  
know

How deep its inward goad !  
No mortal eye could bear the sight  
Of Thee, dear LORD, in such a plight,  
So bow'd beneath its load.

Not even they, Thy chosen three,  
Those most of all beloved by Thee,  
And closest drawn to share  
The hidden thoughts that deepest lie  
Within Thy human sympathy,  
To see Thee thus might dare.

Mercy for them, lest they should die,  
If to such sorrow brought too nigh,—  
    Was that the reason, LORD,  
That Thou didst bid them stand apart  
While Thou didst feel this keenest smart  
    In sin's dark treasury stored?

Or was it thus that all alone,  
When for man's sin Thou didst atone,  
    The winepress Thou wouldst tread,  
Apart from all sustaining power  
Of human aid in that dread hour,  
    To raise Thy drooping head?

Or this, or that, it was Thy will  
That Thou shouldst so Thy task fulfil,  
    Unseen by mortal eye;  
It was not till Thy Crown was won  
That Thou didst, when Thy work was done,  
    Reveal the mystery.

Yet only, LORD, the outer part  
Of that intensest inward smart  
    Couldst Thou to us expose;  
Our finite senses cannot strain  
Enough an inward glance to gain  
    Of Thy most secret woe.

We see Thee bending to the ground,  
Bow'd by the load that gathers round,

And sweating Drops of Blood ;—  
Blood forced to leave its usual flow,  
Finding new ways in which to go ;—  
Each pore an open road.

O soul of JESUS ! sadly torn  
By weight of sin for sinners borne !  
What agony untold  
Had wrapt around Thee more and more,  
Racking Thy Bosom's inmost core  
With anguish manifold !

Oh ! let us learn the lesson true  
Thesé Precious Drops set forth to view,  
As on the ground they fall !  
What sorrow fills the Saviour's Breast,  
When men forsake His high behest,  
And wallow in sin's thrall !

Only by what we see in Thee  
Can we discern the mystery  
And depth of human sin :  
How great a hatred Thou dost feel  
We only learn as Thou dost kneel  
With anguish torn within.

Let it not be that Thou in vain  
Shouldst suffer, LORD, in untold pain,  
And water with Thy Blood

The earth which man had cursed by sin,  
And thus for it true blessing win  
And store of Heavenly Food!

Earth's dewdrops falling on the ground,  
With quick return of gifts abound  
In harvest's choicest store :  
Oh ! what the worth of those sweet drops—  
The shower whose virtue flows nor stops  
Till time shall be no more !

Earth's barrenness has pass'd away,  
Its briars and thorns no longer stay,  
Unless we plant anew  
The very weeds that from the soil  
The LORD uprooted with such toil,  
As where He knelt they grew.

O JESU, let us not undo  
The work that cost Thee such deep woe  
In dark Gethsemane !  
But let Thy people, LORD, sustain  
The victory Thou for man didst gain  
By that dread agony !

HORBURY, *Wednesday in Holy Week*, 1871.

## RENEWAL OF VOWS.

'TIS sweet, as each successive year  
The several days come round,  
To mark the times in which we drew  
Most near to holy ground.

When rapt in love or fear, to God  
We bared our suppliant brow,  
And meekly at His Footstool made  
Each solemn holy vow.

The precious moments when He took  
Each offering at our hand,  
And bid us onward come, and still  
In closer union stand.

When too in sweet response of love  
And sure acceptance given,  
The precious drops of blessing fell,  
As dewdrops fall at even.

'Tis sweet to trace anew the way  
By which our FATHER'S care  
Has led us up and upward still,  
To mount the Heavenly stair:

And as we move along to weave  
A garland for our LORD  
Of flowers that breathe of thankful love  
From every petal pour'd.

'Tis well to search with anxious thought  
How stands our offering now ;  
Whether or no we would retract  
Our once too eager vow.

Or whether still with fervour meet  
We offer on and on ;  
As each fresh sacrifice of self  
Brings gifts of fervour won.

For love must grow as its true claims  
By us are each confess'd ;  
Or else 'twill end a soulless thing,  
Unblessing and unblest.

And love must be the mainspring true  
Of all we do for GOD ;  
Its holy flame must brighter burn  
As we pursue our road.

Once mark'd for GOD and made His own,  
We may not take away  
The gift which now is not our own,  
But must be His for aye.

To think of this, as day by day  
Our duties we fulfil,  
Will aid us as we onward press  
In faith up Sion's Hill.

Thus Love Divine with deeper glow  
Around our heart entwines,  
As we keep bright upon our brow  
Those first baptismal lines.

HORBURY, *Lent*, 1871.

HYMN.

COME, good Christian people,  
Join our festive throng,  
And unite your voices  
In our thankful song.

'Tis the Triumph Story  
Of our Glorious King ;  
Let no voice be wanting,  
All your tribute bring.

He with GOD the FATHER  
Reign'd in bliss on High ;  
God Himself Coequal  
From Eternity.

But He left His Glory,  
And came down to earth,  
That He might to sinners  
Give a Heavenly birth.

He, the LORD Eternal,  
From His Throne did come,  
And took Human Nature  
In the Virgin's Womb.

And in that our nature,  
He did all fulfil  
Which was due from sinners  
To the FATHER's will.

Sadly was He wounded,  
As from day to day  
He pursued His journey,  
All along life's way.

But He meekly bore it,  
Even to the end,  
For no weight of sorrows  
His resolve could bend.

And when by each sorrow  
He had thus been tried,  
Upon the Cross extended,  
He gave His Life, and died.



Then His Holy Body  
Laid they in the Tomb,  
But It could not tarry,  
That was not Its Home.

It could not see corruption ;  
For It belong'd to God ;  
And God had never left It,  
Though laid beneath the sod.

Its Holy Soul was sever'd  
From Its House of clay,  
And now to other regions  
Had briefly pass'd away.

The Soul had gone to Hades,  
Where holy souls were stored,  
And in that prison show'd them  
The Glory of the LORD :

Then, soon to earth returning,  
To Its own Body came,  
And in that Body rising,  
O'ercame both death and shame.

Now He reigns in Glory,  
Up above the sky,  
Where bright choirs of angels  
Sing His Victory.

And He lets us join them  
In their Triumph Song,  
Though not yet ascended  
To their glorious throng.

And He tells us surely  
We some day shall come  
To our place appointed  
In that Blessed Home.

Only we must follow  
Him, our LORD and Guide,  
And must learn to conquer  
All our sin and pride.

So we try to please Him,  
Though we often fail ;  
But He greets with mercy  
Our penitential wail.

Thorns and briars sadly  
Wound us as we go,  
But we think of JESUS,  
And it soothes our woe.

And when with faltering footsteps  
We stumble in the road,  
We plant our feet the firmer  
Where He, our LORD, has trod.

Thus, ever pressing onward,  
We mount the Holy Hill,  
Though now the sunbeams scorch us,  
Now the nights are chill.

Tedious seems the journey,  
Yet 'twill soon be done ;  
And then we shall be blessèd,  
When our crown is won.

So we will never linger,  
Nor cast one look behind ;  
Our hearts are fixed on JESUS,  
And only Him we mind.

And oh ! what glorious triumph  
Shall ours be in that day  
When we go home to JESUS,  
To be with Him alway !

And then with GOD the FATHER,  
And His Blessed SON,  
And the HOLY SPIRIT,  
Blessed Three in One,—

We shall reign victorious  
In our Victor King,  
Rich in Heavenly Blessings  
Past imagining !

There again shall meet us  
All we've lost on earth,  
Raised with us in fulness  
Of our second birth.

Naught of smallest value  
Shall be left behind,  
All shall come together  
In one LORD combined.

And the one True Body  
Of our Glorious LORD  
Shall in perfect stature  
Stand with one accord.

Oh ! what joy and glory  
When, our waiting past,  
We go Home to JESUS,  
Wholly His at last !

Come then, Christian people,  
Join our festive throng,  
And unite your voices  
In our thankful song !

HORBURY, *Easter*, 1871.

WAITING.

WAITING makes one weary,  
For it brings a chill  
To the spirit's ardour,  
Which would have its fill.

Anxiously we look for,  
Nor can brook delay,  
Things which we have chosen  
In our wilful way.

Yet we cannot have them  
Simply as we will;  
For the Great Creator  
Rules Creation still:

And we must wait His pleasure,  
Nor yet complain of this:  
He only waits to better  
What we would do amiss.

And what is life but waiting,  
Still onward more and more?  
The looking on to treasures  
Which we had not before?

The labourer to the furrow  
Commits the scatter'd grain,  
And waits till rain and sunshine  
Bring it to sight again.

The mother clasps her baby  
Within her sheltering arms,  
And waits and watches daily,  
As youth unfolds its charms.

The maiden waits her lover  
With many a long-drawn sigh,  
And counts the weary moments  
As they loiter slowly by.

Nothing on earth is certain,  
Nothing perfect here,  
But ever we are waiting  
Till perfection draweth near.

And so the little intervals  
Of this our present home  
Are brighten'd by the prospect  
Of something yet to come.

We cannot cross the bosom  
Of this world's angry sea ;  
There is a time appointed,  
Till then it cannot be.

But we look across its waters  
And strain our eyes to see  
The Land, that lies beyond them,  
Where the Light shines gloriously :

And ever as we watch them,  
And wait our FATHER'S will,  
The clouds are lifting upward  
That hide the distant Hill :

And we catch some faintest outline  
Of the glories that are there,  
And it cheers our spirits onward,  
And drives away despair.

It is a glorious region,  
Where the sun doth never set ;  
We have read of all its beauty,  
But we cannot reach it yet.

We are learning now its language,  
But 'tis hard to know it well ;  
It is so unlike the discords  
Which earthly letters spell.

And the music too is glorious  
Of its harmonious song,  
As it swells in mighty chorus  
From all that ransom'd throng.

Faith, hope, and love support us  
As we try to gain the prize,  
And when earth's storms would daunt us,  
They make our spirits rise.

And so in patience wait we,  
Till our FATHER clears the way  
To the bright and blessed Country,  
Which is very far away.

And we watch the shadows lengthen  
As we near our setting sun,  
And think of that bright morrow,  
When all our work is done.

YACHT "ZARA," CIVITA VECCHIA HARBOUR,  
*March 12th, 1872.*

### LA GROTTA DEL CANE.

I PASS'D along from Naples' noisy din,  
To the sweet spot where, stretching  
peacefully  
Lake Agnano spread its placid face  
To catch the sunbeams as they flitted by ;  
Reflecting beauties manifold ;—  
Its simple mission, as of old,  
To shadow forth,  
In sweet return of love, the love that gave it  
birth.



There God sits still, and smiles in beauty round,  
The sheltering hills are lovely as of old !  
They do not hide their beauties, as in wrath  
Frowning on those who come with footsteps  
bold  
To mock their rich luxuriant joy,  
Which innocence without alloy  
Pours forth to Him  
From Whom all loveliness and beauty have  
their spring.

I rambled long amid these lovely scenes,  
Feasting on all their beauties; mounting now  
The tangled hillside copse-wood, and again  
Descending to the plain which lies below,  
And gathering flowers which spread  
their hue  
Of brightness for no earthly view;  
Nor thought that morn  
That they should be, ere night, from their  
seclusion torn.

And as I pass'd along the mountain side,  
A little dog was lying at the door  
Of a dark cavern, fill'd with noxious fumes,  
That gather'd heavily upon its floor :  
So dense the pestilential air,  
Nor light nor life could flourish there :

But instantly  
All light and life must fail, and yield itself to  
die.

Yet, cruel fate ! The dog, to satisfy  
The curiosity of man, who fain  
Would gain experience from another's woe,  
Rather than in himself incur the pain,—  
The helpless dog is placed within,  
And soon the poisonous fumes begin,  
With deadly thrall,  
To quench his little life, and make him prostrate  
fall.

Anon—the trial o'er—he comes again  
To the sweet air, and, lying prostrate still,  
With deep convulsive breathings pants and  
pants,  
Thus striving to undo the unmerited ill :  
Then quickly with returning life,  
Forgets at once the cruel strife,  
And licks the hand  
That just before had bound him in that deadly  
band.

Go home, proud man, and learn the lesson true,  
So difficult in all thy boasted pride :  
Learn from this gentle creature to forgive  
The hand by which thy very life is tried :

And then the sight of all the ill  
Done to this helpless brute may still,  
As life flows on,  
Remind thee more and more how virtue may  
be won !

YACHT "ZARA," NAPLES, *March 25th*, 1872.

ALMSGIVING.

WHO, then, are these that crowd my door?  
What claim have they upon the store  
Which I have won  
By careful strife, or love of those  
Who now have pass'd to their repose,  
Their labour done ?

I yield to none in watchful care  
For those who ask what I can spare,  
If only they  
Can reason show which gives them right  
To stand as suppliants in my sight—  
Nor turn away.

But who are these that now I see ?  
Nor kith nor kin they claim of me,  
I own them not :  
Let them depart among their own—  
Where natural ties have clearly grown—  
To aid their lot.

Poor sinner, who canst reason so !  
Thou in Thy blindness dost not know  
    Whom Thou hast turn'd  
Back from thy door, when suppliantly  
He came to ask an alms of thee,  
    And proudly spurn'd.

In each poor wretch that sought thy aid  
Thy Saviour ask'd a crust of bread,  
    Or clothing meet,  
To shield Him from the cruel blast ;  
And thou hast spurn'd His cold and fast  
    With aid to greet.

In JESUS all mankind are one,  
All brothers in the Eternal Son ;  
    And every cry  
A brother lifts to ask for aid  
Is but the Voice of Him who said,  
    “ 'Tis surely I.”

HORBURY, *June 1st*, 1872.

### STRENGTH IN WEAKNESS.

POOR human race ! how weak it is !  
Ever seeking greater bliss,  
And failing yet to find !

Pressing onward in the race,  
Seeking always higher place,  
Yet lagging still behind !

Failing ever, yet upborne,  
Rising up amid the scorn  
Of our earthly foes !  
Dying, yet behold we live,  
With the life which He doth give  
Who our weakness knows.

Sorrowing, yet joying ever,  
As in bonds which none can sever,  
We hold on to Thee,  
Who art ever in the hour  
Of temptation's greatest power  
The Strength to which we flee.

Poor indeed, yet fill'd with treasure,  
Dealing out in boundless measure  
Riches from above !  
All unknown and counted vile,  
Yet well known, and proved the while  
By our deeds of love !

Oh ! the blessed, glorious hour  
When our weakness, fill'd with power,  
Shall have pass'd away !

When we stand complete in Thee,  
And that Glorious Vision see  
Of Thy Face for aye !

What will all the troubles then  
Which were caused by wicked men,  
Or bad spirits' hate,  
Seem but steps by which we rose,  
Mounting upward through our foes  
To the Heavenly Gate ?

Welcome, then, my dearest LORD,  
What in love Thou dost accord  
As my portion here !  
All is best, if to Thy will  
I yield myself, through good or ill,  
And know Thee ever near !

HORBURY, *Sunday, July 7th, 1872.*

### RETREAT.

COME ye yourselves apart, and rest awhile,  
Ye cannot bear incessant toil ;  
Then come apart  
From the world's noisy strife, and rest on Me  
your heart.

Such were the words of tenderness and care  
Which He, Who knew what flesh could bear,

## Spake in His Love

To those on whom He pour'd His unction  
from above.

And surely, LORD, 'tis meet that such as I  
Should from the busy turmoil fly,  
And come away,  
That I may rest on Thee, Who art my only stay.

This bad world blinds my vision—dulls my  
ear ;  
So that the things around appear  
Not as they are,  
For lack of better light, and Thy kind guiding  
Star.

Then let me come in faith awhile to rest  
Upon Thy tender, loving Breast,  
And there renew  
My wasted strength again, and gather wisdom  
true.

Let all earth's cares and joys be left behind,  
So that with free, unfetter'd mind,  
In sweet repose,  
I come to drink the Balm that from Thy Pre-  
sence flows.

And do Thou there shed forth Thy Heavenly  
Light,  
To aid my feeble earthly sight,

That I may see  
All things in that true Light which hath its  
Fount in Thee.

I long to know Thy will, and meekly bend  
My will to Thine, its rightful end.  
Then speak Thou, LORD,  
That I may learn Thy way, and follow at Thy  
word.

CUDDESDON, *July 23rd*, 1872.

### EARTHLY LOVE.

O LORD, I fear lest earthly love  
Should be a bar 'twixt me and Thee,  
And mar the force of that Sweet Dove  
Which draws me to Thee lovingly.

Say, is it wrong to let one's heart  
Flow out in sympathetic bound  
Towards those who play the true friend's part,  
And with their warm love wrap one round?

I try to think what is the bond  
That binds me closer to their side:  
And surely 'tis that they are found  
From stain of sin more purified.



May I not say that Thou, dear LORD,  
    Hadst one of Thine more dearly loved  
Than all the rest who round Thy Board  
    In sweet familiar converse moved?—

Whom Thou didst draw in fondling love,  
    To lay his head upon Thy breast ;  
That there in safety he might prove  
    The sweetness of that priceless rest ?

And other two Thou hadst beside,  
    Whom, more than all the other nine,  
Thou didst draw closer to Thy side,  
    To see Thy Mysteries Divine.

Then, is there harm if I should take,  
    More than the rest, some best-loved son  
Home to my heart, and let him make  
    His resting-place with me alone ?

Yet not alone as far from Thee,  
    But only from the world apart ;—  
There could be nothing that might be  
    Love's home alone in my bad heart.

Love draws us on to love again,  
    And put away all cold restraint ;  
And each advance draws in its train  
    The heart that else would fear and faint

And when true hearts are met in Him,  
Who ever seeks to draw them near,  
Then surely do they learn from Him  
The love that casts out chilling fear.

But, if I draw some loved one home  
To lean his head upon my breast,  
Oh ! let him not as darkness come  
Between me and my own true rest !

And guard him, LORD, lest he should be  
Wholly absorb'd in me alone,  
And so the less Thy glory see,—  
Thou only best-belovèd One !

So frail our hearts, and apt to miss  
The prize which we desire to have,  
That we are sure to go amiss,  
Unless Thy help in all we crave.

Oh ! guard me, JESU, from all love  
Which makes me ever love Thee less :  
I would not give my heart to aught  
Which hides from me Thy loveliness.

I wish to be as free to soar  
As feeble natures fitly may ;  
Leaving all else, that I the more  
May catch the fulness of Thy ray.

Oh! let it show its brightness now,  
That I may see, with vision clear,  
The worth of all things here below  
As in Thy Presence they appear!

HORBURY, *December 1st, 1872.*

THE LOVE OF GOD.

OH! the deep, fathomless abyss  
Of God's eternal Love!  
How can I know its boundless depth,  
Or all its sweetness prove?

'Tis infinite as God Himself,  
And doth all creatures fill;—  
Pours forth from its eternal Fount,  
And knows no lessening still!

Creation's self is but the fruit  
Of its almighty Power;  
Love spake by the Eternal Word  
In that first opening hour.

And all Creation from the womb  
Of Love its being had,  
In all the beauty of that Love  
With rich luxuriance clad.

What marvel, then, that things of earth  
Have such a wondrous charm,  
When view'd in His sweet Love that nerves  
Creation's feeble arm !

All Nature doth itself illumine  
With radiance not its own :  
With light Divine Creation glows,  
In lovelier richness grown.

The Sun, with its absorbing beams,  
Gathers the mists of earth ;  
And rain-drops soon draw from the ground  
A rich luxuriant birth.

The sweet air, floating all around,  
Revives each withering frame ;  
And as the dying embers wane,  
Fans up the flickering flame.

The patient lyre in silence waits,  
And seems a lifeless thing,  
Till the soft air upon it breathes,  
And wakes its mystic string.

And how unspeakable the power  
Of music's magic spell !  
Which lifts the soul to highest Heaven,  
And calms the powers of Hell !<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 1 Sam. xvi. 23.

The very brutes that creep the ground  
Own its resistless sway !  
And yet whence is it ? what the power  
That works its own deep way ?

And who shall tell the wondrous force  
Of words, which thought convey  
From mind to mind in quick response,  
Ere they have pass'd away !

Nor only so,—more wondrous still,  
How soul to soul is brought,  
When from the eye the lightning flash  
Conveys the secret thought !

And oh ! the mystery passing thought  
That earthly Bread and Wine  
Should be transform'd beyond themselves,  
Instinct with Life Divine !

Throughout all Nature runs a cord  
Of Harmony Divine,  
Which in its mystic circle all  
Creation doth entwine.

And what the bond that binds in one  
All things that else must part ?  
What is it, but the Love that flows  
From God's all-loving Heart ?

Love made the world, and Love directs  
Its every movement still ;  
And while all creatures seek that Love,  
Of Love they have their fill.

All beauty is the Love of God  
Which through the creature shines,  
And with a lustre all Divine  
Its earthliness refines.<sup>1</sup>

What man can do his kind to charm,  
Or aught of woe relieve,  
God works in one to give, and moves  
The other to receive.

'Tis God that interpenetrates  
All creatures as they move,  
And uses each as instruments  
In working out His Love.

Only to those who know Him not  
Is earth a dreary place ;  
'Tis full of untold joy to those  
Who seek His glorious Face.

The Light that from that Fountain springs  
With life and sweetness grows ;  
And overmasters all the ill  
Which man's weak nature knows.

<sup>1</sup> Ecclus. i. 9, 10.

And though upon each flower of earth  
Is cast the Serpent's trail,  
Yet more abounding is His Love,—  
The Love that cannot fail.

HORBURY, *August 11th*, 1872.

### EARTHLY PARTING.

HOW sad from those dear friends to part  
Whose sympathy and loving heart  
Are here our richest store!  
The thought how full of bitter pain,  
That we perhaps shall meet again  
No more!

How sad to leave a happy home,  
Where we for years have loved to roam  
And count its treasures o'er!  
To think that we again shall pace  
That ever dear familiar place  
No more!

No more!—no more!—that bitter word  
Through all our after-joys is heard,  
And mars them more and more:  
For other bliss we look around,  
But yet there comes that mournful sound,  
“No more!”

We try to put it far away,  
Amid the objects of to-day  
Which lie around our door ;  
But still there sounds an undertone—  
The echo from those loved ones gone ;—  
“ No more ! ”

There is no love so strong on earth  
As that which is the primal birth  
Of our heart's deepest core ;  
And when that tenderest cord is snapt,  
By such-like love our soul is rapt  
No more !

The wounded spirit bears its load  
Still onward as life's path is trod  
Towards the final shore :  
There hangs around a darkening gloom,  
Which now for other joy makes room  
No more.

And yet 'tis surely but of earth  
This blighting sorrow hath its birth ;—  
'Tis not the Heavenly lore  
Which saints in fulness then shall see,  
When time itself shall longer be  
No more.



No more of bitter parting then,  
No sorrow for immortal men,  
    No lessening of their store :  
Love will have found its perfect home  
Where human fears and shadows come  
    No more !

No past, no future, then shall be ;  
But one unchanged Eternity,  
    Where all one GOD adore !  
One ever-present joy be found,  
And darkening vapours gather round  
    No more !

All safely gather'd into one,  
We, when our earthly work is done—  
    With those who went before—  
Enwrap't for aye in GOD's embrace,  
Shall leave that hallow'd, blissful place  
    No more.

Oh ! let no earthly love enslave  
The souls which GOD hath formed to crave  
    For Heaven's nobler store !  
For JESUS ever waits to fill  
All souls with Love which earth can chill  
    No more.

## THE CLOUD OF WITNESSES.

HEB. XII. I.

THE evening Star had mounted high  
Up in the vast ethereal main,  
And softly had the setting Sun  
Descended to the west again ;  
And twilight grey  
Stole fast away,  
As deeper sank to rest the shining orb of day.

Yet all the glory was not gone  
Of that sweet Sun, which mortal eye,  
With all its keen and eager gaze,  
Could now no longer there descry ;  
There linger'd yet,  
Where it had set,  
The trace of its pure light, which Earth could  
not forget.

Soft mantling clouds, that gather'd round  
The pathway where its course had been,  
Were bathed in radiant brightness still,  
Dazzling with all their glorious sheen ;  
And telling forth  
To sons of earth  
The hidden source from whence their lustre  
had its birth.

And yet what were they in themselves  
But vapours drawn from earth's cold breast?  
Lifted on high by that same Power  
Which made them yield to its behest,  
And fill'd them now  
With that bright glow  
Which, by their own mere nature, they could  
never know.

How rich their beauty, as they shine  
With ever-varying lustre round!  
So changed in all their nature now,  
They scarce belong to this cold ground!  
So light they seem,  
One scarce could deem  
That they were aught akin to earth's material  
stream!

How do they witness to the Power,  
Which, though withheld from present sight,  
Had drawn them first from ways of earth,  
Then fill'd them with its own true light!  
How do they tell  
The wondrous spell  
That changes earthly natures, if they heed it  
well!

There is a Cloud that gathers round  
The pathway of that glorious Sun,

Which rose upon this fallen world,  
And by its warmth new graces won;  
    It stretches far,  
    Past many a star,  
And all its radiant brightness naught on earth  
    can mar.

It gathers where the Sun did set,  
And hangs in intermediate space;  
Between the earth, from whence it came,  
And Heaven above is now its place;  
    Seeking to soar  
    Still more and more,  
To that bright glorious region which lies on  
    before.

Though of the earth, not earthly now—  
For this cold earth is not its home—  
It waits to follow its dear Sun  
To the Land whence all its glories come:  
    It waits in rest  
    On His behest  
Until the morning dawn,—the birthday of the  
    blest.

And now it bears its witness true  
To Him who made it what it is:  
It tells how willing natures rise  
And change their nature like to His,

Whose quickening Love  
Doth bid them move,  
And, leaving their own weakness, all His wonders prove.

It bears its witness to the power  
Of Him Who saves from every sin ;  
Whose mercy stays the avenging rod,  
And, pardoning all, gives peace within :  
Whose justice too,  
With answer true,  
Rewards with promised glory whom in love He knew.

To us it bears its witness too,  
That feeble natures, like our own,  
May rise above themselves in power,  
As they in God have stronger grown :  
These ran the race,  
So we may trace  
The steps in which they trod towards that glorious place.

Young men and maidens, brave and strong,  
Who used for God their twofold power ;  
Old men and children, frail and weak,  
Yet strong in their salvation's Tower,—  
Each holding fast,  
And safe at last,  
Though they have not as yet to their full glory pass'd.

Oh! may no earthly weights impede  
Our rising to those Realms above!  
No dear besetting sin destroy  
The marvellous work of God's deep Love!  
He shines around,  
Still ready found  
To draw our feeble natures up to holy ground.

But we must yield ourselves to Him,  
And cling no more to earthly things;  
He will not lift us up on high,  
If we reject the help He brings;—  
We cannot shine  
With gifts Divine,  
Unless they have free course our nature to refine.

Oh! may the Cloud that wraps us round,—  
The witnesses of God's dear Love,—  
The holy Saints who sweetly rest  
Within His Paradise above,—  
Their witness bear,  
And with meet prayer  
Assist our faltering footsteps up the Heavenly  
Stair!

HORBURY, *All Saints' Day*, 1872.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

THE Autumn leaves were falling fast,  
And strewn along the ground they lay;  
While all their hue and beauty seem'd  
More beautiful in its decay.

The gifts which, through their little life,  
In hidden vessels they had stored,  
Were now upon their outer form  
In sweet profusion richly pour'd.

As if to make us realize  
The lavish blessings scatter'd round,  
Which only while they pass away  
Are in their own true value found.

Thus saintly lives, while yet on earth,  
In all their saintliness and power  
Are scarcely known till, ripening fast,  
They hasten to their final hour.

'Tis sad to see sweet Nature fade,  
And cast her jewels all away;  
It seems a waste of precious things  
That they should not prolong their stay.

Yet God has still a deeper view  
Than what may charm the outer eye ;  
Each smallest creature has its task,  
Which done, it must consent to die.

And death is not the final end  
Of all that ends its primal life,—  
'Tis but the path that leads us on  
To life beyond this present strife.

These leaves, that now lie scatter'd here,  
Matured the sap, that it might be  
The source of increase and of strength  
To each part of its parent tree ;

And now that all their work is done,  
They meekly cease their loyal strife ;  
And fall to shelter and to feed  
The roots, which gather'd all their life.

And if their beauty seem to fade,  
And pass like other charms of earth,  
'Tis only that they deem it so  
Who measure all by outer worth.

True martyrs do not seek their own,  
But spend their little lives and die  
To do the will of Him, Whose Love  
Fill'd them with power from on high.



And though they fall, and suffer loss  
Of outer loveliness and grace,  
Yet are they still the hidden worth  
Of God's elect and chosen race.

The ground which drinks their saintly blood  
Shall yield ere long a richer store ;  
And all shall be more glorious life  
Where death and darkness reign'd before.

All Beauty is the pure sweet will  
Of Him Who made it what it is,  
And all is but deformity  
When our proud will would hinder His.

Work follows work, and if we yield  
Ourselves to follow at His call,  
All will be well, and lovely too,  
In life, or death, whate'er befall.

HORBURY, *S. Martin's Day*, 1872.

“THERE WAS NO ROOM FOR THEM  
IN THE INN.”

**I**T was a cold December day,  
And Bethlehem's pools and gardens lay  
Wrapt in the gathering gloom.

There came two strangers, travel-worn,  
To seek a lodging ;—yet with scorn  
Men found for them no room.

The crowd was gathering more and more,  
And press'd around the open door,  
For shelter in the inn ;  
The rich and mighty had their way,  
But, where the poor his head might lay,  
No room was found within.

Ah ! how men miss, for lack of love,  
The knowledge which would surely prove  
The door to further bliss !  
Full of the narrow thought of self,  
And bent on search of earthly pelf,  
They know not what they miss.

Blest Saints and Angels come and go,  
And only those who love them know  
That they have pass'd that way ;  
The foolish world is drown'd in sleep,  
And cannot now its vigil keep,  
Before the opening day.

So<sup>1</sup> while all things were wrapt in gloom,  
And Silence, quiet as the tomb,  
Had cast her mantle round ;

<sup>1</sup> Wisdom xviii. 14-16.

As that great night, with stealthy force,  
Was in the midst of her swift course,  
And few were wakeful found :

Thine Own Almighty Word leap'd down  
From Heaven, out of Thy Royal Throne,  
As a fierce man of war,  
Into the midst of this world's sin,  
That He might here the victory win,  
And drive man's foe afar.

But when, my JESU, Thou didst come,  
Among man's race to seek a home,  
Men turn'd away from Thee !  
E'en Bethlehem's city found no place,  
Though Thou wert of the Royal race,—  
A stem from David's tree !

No stately palace, meetly dight  
With varied trappings rich and bright,  
Received the Royal Child !  
No robe of purple to enfold  
The infant limbs of princely mould !—  
No welcome on Him smiled !

He came—the Bread of Life from Heaven—  
The Bread through which all Life is given,  
Into the House of Bread ;<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Bethlehem = The House of Bread.

But men had lost the Heavenly mood,  
The relish for that Living Food  
By which true souls are fed.

So was it then. The world in pride  
Had push'd the LORD of Life aside,  
And found for him no room !  
And is the treatment better now,  
Which He receives, when, stooping low,  
He seeks in us a home ?

The busy crowd of worldly dreams,  
And passion's rage, which ill beseems  
A Temple built for God,—  
These fill the soul, and thrust away  
Our JESUS, when He fain would stay  
And make us His abode.

Though standing meekly at the door,  
And seeking entrance more and more,  
We will not let Him in ;  
We listen not to His sweet Voice,  
We will not make the better choice ;—  
We love too well our sin.

And so He turns in grief away  
From those who will not own His sway,  
To seek a lowlier home

In some meek soul, which opens wide,  
And draws Him gladly to its side,  
As He vouchsafes to come.

And though 'tis but a lowly shed  
Where He vouchsafes to lay His Head,  
Enwrapt with tenderest love,  
There gathers soon the saintly throng,  
And angel-voices raise the song  
Of peace from realms above.

O LORD, do Thou anoint our eyes,  
That we may never miss the prize  
Thou bringest from on high!  
Purge from us what is not of Thee,  
And make us meet in faith to see  
When Thou to us art nigh.

*HORBURY, Christmas Day, 1872.*

“THERE BE MANY THAT SAY, WHO  
WILL SHOW US ANY GOOD?”

AH! who will show us any good?  
For since the world hath stood,  
We see nor rest nor peace,  
But care and trouble still their burthen never  
cease.

We read of rest to labour given,  
And blessed peace from Heaven,—  
But if the LORD of all  
His Word remember still, why does it fruitless  
fall?

Earth is a sad and dreary place  
To man's neglected race;  
We cannot find true joy;—  
That which begins in pleasure ends in base  
alloy!

'Tis so with all who seek amiss,  
With all who blindly kiss  
The golden calves of earth,  
And seek not that reward which is of Heavenly  
birth.

But not with those who have the key  
Which Heavenly mystery  
Unlocks to all who seek  
True riches from the LORD, who loves the  
good and meek.

The brightness of Thy Glorious Face,  
Thou Fount of every grace,  
Casts its sweet Light around,  
On every woe that now infests the sin-stain'd  
ground.

Thus gladness masters every ill,  
If but the human will  
Be meekly made to bow  
To Him from Whose sweet will all peace and  
    . blessing flow.

To-day another year begins ;  
    LORD, cleanse us from our sins,  
    That we throughout its span  
May walk in Thy full Light, and so Thy  
    counsels scan.

That when its little course is run,  
    And all our labour done,  
    We may lie down in peace,  
Thus further on our way to joys that never  
    cease.

HORBURY, *New Year's Day*, 1873.

### DIVINE MYSTERIES.

I NFINITE Beauty ! How shall we attain,  
    With smallest stain  
Of imperfection, to the grasp of Thee ?  
And with unclouded vision all Thy lustre see ?

However we may reach toward the Throne,  
    Where, all alone,

Thou in Thy glorious Majesty dost reign,  
Yet of Thy naked Form the sight Thou wilt not  
deign.

In clouds of earth Thou hast Thyself en-  
shrined,  
In Love design'd  
To hide from us the full unclouded blaze  
Which in our present weakness would our  
spirits daze.

The leaves which gather round each lovely  
flower  
Have wondrous power  
To deck the beauty which they partly hide,  
And though themselves are naught, give grace  
to all beside.

But men would strip the Tree and make it  
bare,  
That they may there  
Look, as they deem, upon the naked flower,  
In all its undisguised simplicity and power.

As if it must not soon, stript of its shade,  
Wither and fade,  
And all its beauty seen by our frail sight  
Fail to afford its perfect measure of delight.



We may not cross GOD's Law, and seek to  
hide,  
In wanton pride,  
The feebleness of our imperfect sight;—  
The Infinite alone can see the Infinite.

And we must guard, and ever keep intact,  
The word and holy act  
That shields the Sacred Form of Truth  
Divine,  
And makes it more and more in truest lustre  
shine.

Who strips the Tree of leaves, and makes it  
bare  
In the world's glare,  
Endangers that which they enshrined within,  
And opens wide the door to unbelief and sin.

BRIGHTON, *Jan. 22nd*, 1873.

“WHO ART THOU, LORD?”—

ACTS IX. 5.

“WHO art Thou, LORD?” And is it so?  
That Saul the zealot doth not know  
The accents of his LORD?  
Full of the learned lore, which he  
Had learned of strictest Pharisee,  
Could this no light afford?

Not in the lore of earthly schools —  
For earthly wisdom makes but fools,  
    If it be found alone ;  
Not in the fierce, self-seeking fire,  
And keenness of sectarian ire,  
    The Voice of God is known.

'Tis only those who, train'd in love,  
Can, as in turn they come, approve  
    The things most excellent ;—  
Who, meekly walking in God's way,  
Receive with gladness, and obey  
    The Word in mercy sent.

Let it not be, my dearest LORD,  
That when on me Thy Light is pour'd,  
    And on my palsied ear  
The Voice of Thy remonstrance falls,  
And to my inward spirit calls,  
    In accents strong and clear ;—

Let it not be that then in fear  
I need, while all amazed I hear,  
    To ask, " Who art Thou, LORD ? "  
But let that sweet familiar Voice  
Awake in me the ready choice  
    Of hearts where Love is stored.

'Tis sad indeed when those who seem,  
And who in pride of learning deem  
    Themselves the chosen seed,  
Who, while they know the Prophet's word,  
In which the hidden Truth is stored,  
    Yet fail that Truth to read.

LORD, grant us day by day the grace  
To know Thy Truth, that we may trace  
    Its hidden mystery ;—  
Nor let us while we daily tread  
The courts where Thy true Light is shed  
    E'en there in darkness lie.

BRIGHTON, *Feast of Conversion of S. Paul*, 1873.

### FAITH.

I SAT upon a verdant lawn,  
    Where Nature spread her loveliest charm,  
And near my feet a squirrel play'd,  
    Then fled lest I should do it harm.

Nay, timid creature ! start not thus ;  
    I would not hurt one single hair  
Of all that gay and ruddy coat  
    Which makes thee look so bright and fair.

How shall I make thee understand ;  
And trust thy safety to my care ?  
'Tis lack of knowledge makes thee fear  
A woe which is not really there.

But Faith is not of sudden growth,  
Nor springs it of itself alone ;  
It builds on love, whose proof is found  
In former favours richly done.

The soul ere it can trust its lot  
To other care outside itself,  
Must know that he to whom it trusts  
Is love without one thought of self.

Thus human nature, groping on  
Through many an age of doubt and fear,  
Knew not as yet the saving truth  
That it was then to God most dear.

'Twas not until by deeds of love—  
Love strong as death—the Son made known  
The boundless depth of that abyss,  
The FATHER's mercy and His own :

'Twas not till then that man could yield,  
With full surrender, trust supreme,  
His very being up to God,  
For aught His Love might worthiest deem.

And all creation groans e'en yet  
    Beneath the burthen sin has cast  
Around what else had sinless been,  
    If man to GOD had but held fast.

But hope leads on to better days,  
    When fear shall be absorbed in love,  
And all shall rest together free,  
    Upon the Breast of GOD above.

POWDERHAM CASTLE, *S. Swithin's Day*, 1873.

### THE HOLY CROSS.

WHY should the godless mock and jeer  
    With upraised voice and scornful leer,  
When saints with loving mind  
Trace on their brow the Holy Sign  
Which speaks to them of Love Divine,  
    And sin's thrall left behind?

Men cannot truly love Thee, LORD,  
Unless they come with glad accord  
    And kiss the holy ground  
Whereon Thy Blessed Feet have trod,  
Endearing thus the earthly sod  
    Where'er Thy mark is found.

There is no treasure half so dear,  
Nor to a true son's heart so near,  
    So rich beyond compare,  
As that which was in days of yore  
A part of his own mother's store,  
    Oft used with reverent care.

And if it tell of suffering too,  
And bring again the picture true,  
    In memory loved so well;—  
The patient, calm, enduring face,  
Where earthly woe had left its trace;—  
    Ah! who its price can tell?

And Thou, with more than mother's love,  
Thy care, dear LORD, for me didst prove!  
    Thou gav'st Thy life for mine!  
Then how should not, in glad return,  
My heart with holy fervour burn,  
    And love whate'er was Thine?

Thy Holy Cross—that painful bed,  
Where Thou didst meekly bow Thy Head,  
    And give Thyself for me:  
How should I not revere it now?  
And love beyond all things below  
    That reconciling Tree?

I will not heed the mocking world  
Which on its wayward course is whirl'd

Mid passion's angry din ;—  
However it may fume or whine,  
And blindly hate the Holy Sign  
Of victory over sin ;—

Thy Cross, dear LORD, shall ever be  
My joy and crown through this world's sea  
Of trouble and unrest ;  
And as I trace those lines anew  
Which first in bright baptismal dew  
Thy Holy Church impress'd

Upon my young, unconscious brow,  
And think of all that solemn vow,  
Which then was made for me,  
I feel a holy vigour stirr'd  
Within me to obey Thy Word,  
And serve Thee lovingly.

It is my creed, my hope, my stay,  
When other help is far away,—  
Sweet solace 'mid earth's woe ;  
My guardian when the tempter's snare  
Is spread around with restless care,  
Where'er my footsteps go.

Oh ! let me cling to that blest Sign,  
And stamp it on me, that it shine

With still increasing light ;  
That it may mark me as Thine own,  
By all, dear JESU, fully known  
As with Thy glory dight !

I'll mark it on me when I come  
Across the threshold of my home,  
And pass or out or in ;  
That I may feel Thy sheltering Arms  
Around me 'mid the world's alarms,  
Or evil darts of sin.

And when I take my daily food,  
The emblem of Thy Holy Rood  
Shall bless both it and me,  
That it may nourish as Thou wilt,  
And teach me how through all my guilt  
Thy child I still may be.

And when again the day is past,  
And clouds of night around me cast,  
I lay me down to rest ;  
Or, rising up at break of day,  
I issue forth upon my way,  
With cares of earth opprest ;—

Or when I enter on my prayer,  
Or close it with a reverent care,  
Or in Thy Holy Word



Seek the deep treasure there conceal'd,  
To faith and love alone reveal'd,  
As Thou vouchsafest, LORD ;—

I will renew the Holy Sign,  
To tell me I am always Thine,  
And Thou alone my all ;  
That in Thy presence I may dwell,  
Safe mid the wakeful powers of hell,  
That seek my daily fall.

Oh ! let me never falter, LORD,  
In my allegiance to Thy Word,  
Nor lose my steadfast hold  
Of Thy dear Cross, till, dangers past,  
I come and lay me down at last  
Within Thy Heavenly Fold !

HORBURY, *Holy Cross Day*, 1873.

“PEACE I LEAVE WITH YOU: MY  
PEACE I GIVE UNTO YOU.”

S. JOHN XIV. 27.

A S dew that fell on Gideon's fleece,  
When all around was sear and dry,  
So LORD, Thy Peace  
Brings comfort nigh.

When tempests rage and will not cease,  
And strife and hate around I see,  
Still have I peace  
Always in Thee.

When sin's dark load finds no release,  
Nor man can aid to set me free,  
I come for peace,  
Dear LORD, to Thee.

When sore temptations rack and tease—  
No tower at hand wherein to flee—  
All may have peace  
Always in Thee.

When slander's base, detracting voice  
Scatters its poison recklessly,  
Truth finds her peace  
Always in Thee.

When worldly projects do not please  
And disappointments harass me,  
Still have I peace  
Always in Thee.

When earthly comforts bring no ease,  
And all my life drags heavily,  
Still have I peace  
Always in Thee.

And when at last earth's labours cease,  
And I have cross'd death's gloomy sea,  
Then, LORD, what peace  
Ever in Thee !

Teach me the more as years increase,  
In hope and patience lovingly  
To seek my peace  
Only in Thee.

HORBURY, *Christmas Eve*, 1873.

### WEARINESS.

FATHER, I am weary  
Of this earthly life ;  
All seems dull and dreary,  
Full of endless strife.

All my strength is passing  
From this worn-out frame ;  
Sadness drowns my spirit,  
And my step is lame.

I would gladly labour  
More unceasingly  
For thy laud and glory,—  
But it cannot be.

Though I struggle onward,  
All seems hopeless now,  
For I faint and totter  
At the slightest blow.

I am nearly useless,  
And what still remains  
Of my little life-span  
Naught of profit gains.

Oh ! that I could hide me  
In Thy sheltering arms,  
Where no harm could reach me,  
Where no foe alarms !

Gladly I would listen  
To Thy Voice of Love,  
If Thou wouldst but call me  
To the realms above.

Nay, My son, be patient,  
Do not hurry on ;  
Leave not this world's labours  
Ere Thy work be done.

Dost Thou wish for freedom  
From all earthly ill ?  
Free Thyself from choosing  
Of Thine own self-will.

Dost thou wish to rest thee  
Where no harm can come?  
Put to rest thy murmurs,  
They cannot lead thee home.

Dost thou wish to lighten  
This world's weary load?  
Bear it meekly onward  
In the strength of God.

Art thou fit to hasten  
Up the Heavenly stair?  
Art thou meet to enter  
With acceptance there?

Is there no pollution  
That needs purging still?  
Naught that lacks subjection  
In thine earthly will?

I am not unmindful  
Of thy bitter woe;  
I do not forget thee,  
Though thou deem it so.

All the pain I send Thee,  
All thy weakness too,  
Is the way I lead thee  
Whither thou wouldst go.

Though thy path be thorny,  
And thy feet grow sore,  
I with balm will heal them,  
From My endless store.

I have felt the suffering,  
And I feel for thee,  
Those very thorns have torn Me  
On the bitter tree.

I need not thy labour  
To work out My will;  
Should all the world be helpless,  
It would not thwart Me still.

Trust thou to My Mercy,  
Come within My Love,  
I will bring thee safely  
To thy rest above:

But thou must not hurry  
Faster than I will,  
I will measure meetly  
All thy good and ill.

Only trust Me fully,  
Give thyself to Me,  
Nothing then can fail thee,  
I thy all will be.

The work to which I call thee  
Is but in love to bear  
The portion which I send thee  
With meekness and with prayer.

And if in active labour  
Thou canst not work for Me,  
At least through thine own weakness  
My strength shall brighter be.

Thou canst not be victor,  
And receive the crown,  
Ere the race be ended  
And the winner known.

If thou leave the contest,  
And thy place resign,  
Thou wilt lose for certain  
All that might be thine.

HORBURY, *Christmas*, 1873.

“HE CAME TO NAZARETH, AND WAS  
SUBJECT UNTO THEM.”

S. LUKE II. 51.

DEEP in Nazareth's lone seclusion,  
Far away from lordly pride,  
Safe from all this world's confusion,  
By which saints are sorely tried,

Dwelt the lowly mother mild,  
And her dear obedient Child ;  
With him who sought so well to do  
The part of spouse and father too.

Naught of discord marr'd the dwelling  
Of those Holy Saints of God,  
No angry passions needed quelling  
As their daily path they trod.  
One thought alone each bosom sway'd,  
Nor hindrance found ;—but each obey'd  
With ready mind, at duty's call,  
The Voice of Him, the LORD of all.

How art Thou blest, O Virgin Mother,  
In Thy gentle, duteous Child !  
No earthly spouse has known another  
So sweet as Thine, and undefiled !  
In meek subjection to thy will,  
A true Son's part He doth fulfil,  
Nor fails to yield submission true  
To His adopted father too.

But who is He thus meekly sitting  
At Thy feet in lowly frame,  
All in the attitude befitting  
One, who owns Thy rightful claim



To a Son's obedient love,  
And in daily acts doth prove  
How the love should be return'd,  
Which in thine own breast hath burn'd?

Thou scarcely knowest, Blessed Mother,  
Who He is, that at thy call  
Submits His will, and heeds no other,  
But will follow thee in all!  
He is the LORD of Heaven and earth,  
And though in time thou gav'st Him birth,  
Yet He was GOD before all time,  
Fount of Creation's opening prime.

Then why should He in meek oblation  
Bend Himself so low to thee?  
He, the LORD, whose rightful station  
On the Throne of GOD must be?  
He made at first, and He sustains  
The life-blood in thy fragile veins;—  
Then why, as if sustain'd by thee,  
Bends He obedient at thy knee?

He came and took our Human Nature,  
Uniting it with His Divine,  
That from His birth to manhood's stature  
In every duty it might shine;

Man did by disobedience fall,  
And, seeking more, made wreck of all,  
And He as man for man would win  
The prize, which man had lost by sin.

His will was one with GOD the FATHER,  
And His Human Nature too  
All its precious prize must gather  
From the duties it would do.  
Strict obedience meekly paid  
To each claim that GOD had made,  
That alone could put away  
The curse, which else on man must stay.

Blessed JESU, I will ponder  
Ever o'er thy duteous life,  
That in deep adoring wonder  
I may emulate Thy strife !  
Thou hast taught me, Holy SON,  
How my duty must be done ;  
In Thee a Pattern true I see  
Of what my daily life must be !

Draw me, then, to Thee, dear Saviour,  
Plant my feet securely down  
In Thy steps, that my behaviour  
Win in Thee its priceless crown !

Let me, as through life I go,  
'Thy sustaining Presence know,  
That, partaking of Thy strength,  
I may reign with Thee at length!

HORBURY, *January 11th, First Sunday*  
*after Epiphany, 1874.*

BEAUTY.

BEAUTIFUL is Thy Throne on High,  
Where Thou reignest, O Ancient of  
Days!

Beautiful is the minstrelsy,  
With which choirs of angels sing Thy praise!

Beautiful is the Rainbow bright  
Which is spread above Thy Glorious Seat!  
Beautiful in its golden light  
Is the crystal sea beneath Thy Feet!

Beautiful art Thou, Fount of Love,  
Shedding around Thy glorious sheen,  
And filling Thy creatures as they move  
With what Thyself for aye hast been!

Beautiful is Thy Footstool here,  
The earth where Thy Beauty around is spread,

The place where Thou drawest Thy people near  
To the Beauty that wells from the Fountain  
Head!

Beautiful is its vault of blue,  
Spangled with stars of transcendent light!  
Beautiful is the varied hue  
Of its carpet of flowers, so gloriously bright!

And beautiful too are the varied forms  
Of mountain and valley and animal life,  
Displaying around us their manifold charms,  
With contrast and harmony gloriously rife!

For Creation itself is the beautiful thought  
Which was hid for aye in the Infinite mind,  
And in time in a visible form was brought  
From the womb where in secret it lay con-  
fined,

As within the breast of some beautiful hill  
Are fathomless wells ever ready to flow,  
Each charming the eye with its sparkling rill,  
As it gushes to water the meadows below.

Thou teachest us thus, most Glorious LORD,  
That Beauty delights Thee in all Thy ways;

And the worship we bring Thee must meetly  
accord

With the Beauty that dwells in Thyself  
always.

We bring of Thine own, and bending low  
In the place where Thy Presence vouchsafes  
to rest,

We give Thee of things in this earth below  
Whatever is costliest, brightest, and best:—

Whatever in Nature and Art combine  
To manifest Beauty to ear or eye,  
The work of the SON and the SPIRIT Divine,<sup>1</sup>  
With that do we honour Thee, LORD most  
High.

And while of such outward adornment we bring  
Whate'er is most beautiful, most Divine,  
Oh! let not the stain of pollution cling  
To the souls which Thou wouldest make  
wholly Thine!

But fill them with graces that make them glow  
With the radiant light of Thy Beautiful Face,  
That from them in fulness may meetly flow  
The praise, which befits Thy sweet dwelling-  
place.

<sup>1</sup> S. John i. 3. Exod. xxxi. 1-12.

So that each may be learning while here on  
earth

The glories in store for the saints above,  
When each in perfection of his new birth  
Shall be bathed in the light of unclouded  
Love.

HORBURY, *Epiphany*, 1874.

### FREEDOM.

O H! FATHER of Mercies, I pray Thee re-  
ceive

A soul that bewails its departure from Thee!  
Oh! let Thy blest word of forgiveness relieve  
The sinner that would from his burthen be  
free!

Not freedom alone do I ask from the load  
Of sin, that already has over me come,  
But freedom from that which still comes in  
the road

Along which I must pass to my Heavenly  
Home.

Oh! pardon the past, Dearest LORD, and  
restoré

The free gift of Thy SPIRIT, my soul's  
sweetest Guest,

And give me the courage that I may no more  
Depart from the love that would bring me  
to rest.

I long that my will may completely incline—  
Nor suffer one hindrance to stand in the  
way—

In its every affection, dear FATHER, to Thine,  
Till all that is in me be under Thy sway.

'Tis the Glory of Heaven to see and adore  
The Glory, which has its perfection in Thee ;  
Oh ! help me to see Thee on earth more and  
more,  
That nothing may mar Thy blest working  
in me !

*HORBURY, Palm Sunday Eve, 1874.*

### HYMN.

WHEN I see Thee, Holy JESU,  
Lifted on that bitter tree,  
All my sin-stains seem more grievous,  
As I kneel beholding Thee.

That Blest Face, so sweet and loving,  
Looking tenderly on me,

How does it reproach my coldness,  
And my want of love for Thee!

Those Holy Wounds, from which is flowing  
All Thy Life-Blood piteously,  
How they show Thy Heart's Door open,  
Pouring out Itself for me!

And I hear Thee gently speaking  
Words of pity and of love,  
Such as surely e'en the hardest  
Must to love and sorrow move:

“FATHER of Mercies, oh! forgive them,  
For they know not what they do;  
Lay not all the burthen on them  
Of the sins which cause My woe.

“Sinner, if Thou come repenting,  
And cast all thy sins away,  
All thy guilt shall fall from off thee,  
Thou shalt rest with Me to-day.

“Thou forlorn and lonely wanderer,  
Widow'd heart, and orphan lone,  
I will cheer thy desolation:—  
Behold again thy mother!—Son!



“ Heavy is this mournful burthen  
Which, O man, I bear for thee :—  
Oh ! My GOD, it wounds Me sorely,  
Why hast Thou forsaken Me ?

“ Learn, O sinner, from My sorrow  
All the blackness of thy sin ;  
How it dims the light and brightness  
Of the soul that lets it in.”

Once again I hear Thee speaking  
Words that draw me close to Thee ;—  
“ How I thirst for man’s salvation,  
That they all may come to Me ! ”

Weary with Thy life-long trial,  
Thou must lay Thee down at last ;—  
“ It is finished ! ” now Thou criest,  
“ All My mournful labour past ;—

“ Now is wrought the full salvation  
Of man’s wayward, sinful race,  
Now above, in GOD’s own glory,  
He may surely find a place.

“ I commend to Thee, My FATHER,  
My free Spirit, till the hour  
When My Body, raised in Glory,  
Stands renew’d in endless power.

“Then, complete in Human Nature,  
I will come to Thee on High,  
Opening wide for all My kinsmen  
A free passage to the sky.”

Let Thy words, my dearest Saviour,  
Draw me ever after Thee,  
That I gain my promised treasure,  
And Thine unveil'd glory see.

HORBURY, *Good Friday*, 1874.

### THE TEMPEST HUSHED.

**H**USH'D is the storm! and all around  
Nor breath nor sound  
Disturbs the ear of him, who loiters still  
Amid the scene, where just before  
The tempest sore  
Was raging in its fury round that mournful  
hill.

There is a calmness, still as death:—  
With bated breath  
Each passer-by awaits what still may come;  
While some in triumph, some in woe,  
With deep heart-throe,  
And all in doubt, have sought the shelter of  
their home.

Love only dares its work to do  
    With service true,  
Nor heeds what danger may its steps await;  
    And reverent hands have meetly laid,  
    In earth's cold shade,  
Their Treasure in the keeping of that closed  
    gate.

How sweet and lovely is the grace  
    Of that Blest Face!  
So marr'd of late with suffering's darkest lines!  
    Upon Its Form there still remains  
    Those sad Blood-stains,  
Yet now a blessed peace in every feature shines.

How fares it now with those hard hearts  
    Who play'd their parts  
So sadly 'gainst their Victim in the fight?  
    Can they look back, and rest in peace?  
    Are they at ease  
As shadows in their stillness deepen into night?

During their dark and short-lived day  
    They had their way,  
And they have bound their Foe with deathly  
    band;  
    But soon the LORD will snatch away  
    Their ill-gain'd prey,  
And leave them naught but loss and ruin in  
    their hand.

So is it ever if we stray  
From GOD's own way,  
And float on sin's dark ocean all alone :—  
A reckoning comes, and soon the joy  
Of our loved toy  
Is turn'd to gall and wormwood ere its sweet  
be gone.

Through sorrow met in duty's way  
Is found alway  
The pure abiding joy and rapture high :—  
As His Obedient, Holy Life,  
Through Death's hard strife,  
Open'd the way at length to glorious victory.

HORBURY, *Good Friday Evening*, 1874.

“THERE IS NEITHER SPEECH NOR  
LANGUAGE, BUT THEIR VOICES  
ARE HEARD AMONG THEM.”—Ps.  
xix. 3.

ONE Word alone hath all things made,  
And all things speak the same ;  
They tell the greatness and the love  
From which at first they came.

These mighty rocks, severe and wild,  
With stern and rugged brow,  
Have stood the storms of ages past,  
And show no failure now.

So stands in Greatness and in Power  
The Majesty of God,  
Though ceaseless storms of human sin  
Invite the avenging rod.

But God is patient, and delays  
To strike the sinner down,  
He hides His Justice in His Love,  
And shields His threatening frown.

So here, where Nature's wildest forms  
Inspire the soul with awe,  
And all around the quivering heart  
A darkening mantle draw,

He clothes the rugged mountain side  
With verdure bright and fair,  
And soothes the awe-struck soul, which else  
Would find no sweetness there.

For 'tis in Nature's varying form  
True loveliness is found,  
And where its lines of contrast meet,  
There truest joys abound.

So if we would enjoy our God,  
And seek to know the peace  
Which from Himself, the Fount of all,  
Flows on, and doth not cease,—

It cannot be, save as we know  
God in His Fulness One,  
In all the attributes that dwell  
Complete in Him alone.

And as in deeper gaze we dwell  
On Him, with single eye,  
What seem'd at first the most opposed,  
Blends into harmony.

But how can we, poor worms of earth,  
Attain to that deep thought  
Of what our Great Creator is,  
Save as Divinely taught?

Two Books there are, which each unfold  
The Mystery we would know:  
The Book of Nature, and His Word,  
Stored in His Church below.

We gaze upon His wondrous works,  
And learn what Goodness is,  
When there we see what Goodness does  
For all His Creatures' bliss.

And so of Wisdom and of Power,  
And all that else is Thine,  
We read them, LORD, as oft we scan  
Creation's every line.

Help us to know Thee more and more  
As in Thyself Thou art,  
That we may with Thy Saints adore,  
And give Thee all our heart.

SAGGENDAL, NORWAY, *July 12th*, 1874.

### DEPARTURE.

THE cold north wind was whistling shrill,  
And as it came with its piercing tone,  
It seem'd to utter but one sharp word,—  
Gone.

It changed anon to the genial south,  
And though it had now more gentle grown,  
Yet it brought back the echo of that sad  
word,—  
Gone.

The waves dash'd heavily on the shore,  
And surged on the pier with a hollow moan,  
And their sound was only the echo still,—  
Gone.

I lifted me up and look'd above  
To the place where the sun in his brightness  
    had shone,  
But the sky was leaden and deepen'd the  
    thought,—

Gone.

I turn'd from these saddening sounds and  
    sights,  
And took refuge within myself alone,—  
But there haunted me still the same mournful  
    sense,—

Gone.

Such is the nature of all earth's joys ;—  
No sooner are they in their sweetness known,  
Than we wake from our dream as we hear the  
    sound,—

Gone.

How sweet to look on to the joyous time  
When our treasures shall multiply on and  
    on,  
And we hear no more the dread echoes  
    return,—

Gone.



When time shall not be, nor change, nor loss,  
And all around shall have perfect grown,  
When possession is sure and all boding fear  
Gone.

BRIGHTON, *February*, 1875.

### MOURNING WITH JESUS.

WHY dost thou mourn, as if on thee  
Had fallen some great flood of woe?  
Why dost thou put away sweet joy,  
And thus in gloom and sadness go?

There is enough that dulls our life,  
And robs it of its joyous tone:—  
Why seek you these self-chosen griefs,  
And mourn in silence all alone?

Thus mocks and jeers the giddy world  
At those who mourn for JESU's pain,  
And who with shame remember too  
What caused it was their own sin's stain.

Who can but mourn when father dear  
Is snatch'd away by Death's cold hand?  
How should he joy who feels the loss  
Of some devoted bosom friend?

And how should faithful spouse rejoice,  
As if she lack'd no spring of life,  
When the dear partner of her joy  
Has fallen in the mortal strife?

Then how, dear JESU,—Who to me  
Art more than Father, Husband, Friend,—  
How should I lose the thought of Thee,  
And all my days in gladness spend?

And ever as the time comes round  
When Thou didst suffer on the Tree,  
How can I help but melt in tears,  
As in Thy woe I think of Thee?

If in the body's unity  
A thorn prick some remotest part,  
Throughout the body quick is felt  
The puncture of that wounding dart.

And if a limb should senseless be,  
Untouch'd by that responsive chord,  
'Twould prove that it had lifeless grown,  
Seal'd unto death in sad accord.

So, LORD, within Thy Body's bound  
Pang answers pang, and most of all  
The wounds that strike the Sacred HEAD,  
Upon each member hardest fall.

Then let me come and mourn with Thee,  
And something of Thy sorrow know,  
That I may dread the path of sin,  
Which brought on Thee this bitter woe.

BRIGHTON, *Lent*, 1875.

ROMANS VII. 15-24.

DEAR LORD, may I make bold to say  
I love Thee more than aught beside,  
When earthly things of baser mould  
So often draw me from Thy Side?

I am so weak that, though I know  
There is no good except in Thee,  
I cannot hold my soul in hand  
From wandering after things I see.

The outer sense is drawn away  
By things that touch its kindred frame,  
And thus the evil comes within,  
And burns like a devouring flame.

'Tis not so much some flagrant sin,—  
Or what, at least, the world would call  
By that hard name,—that I deplore,—  
Not surely such as this,—but all

That dulls the inward sense, and stands  
A barrier 'twixt the soul and Thee,  
And blinds it, that it cannot grasp  
The things eternal as they be.

And what is all which separates  
The soul from Thee, its only good?  
What can it be but sin, which stretch'd  
Thy Limbs upon the bitter rood?

But though 'tis sin,—may I not say,  
It is not surely all my own?  
There is a law, despite myself,  
That works within, and drags me down.

It is the fruit of that first sin  
Which soil'd the loveliness and grace  
Of man's pure life, which erst had shone  
With all the Brightness of Thy Face.

I cannot do the things I would,  
They lie beyond my finite way;  
I cannot hold me back from all  
That I would gladly put away.

I do not think I love the ill  
That keeps me back from Thy dear Face;  
I follow it,—but not because  
It ever can supply Thy place.

I yield to its persuasive force,  
And seem as if I needs must go ;  
Though I resist, I follow still,  
Whether I freely will or no.

It may be that I do not strive  
As well as Thou wouldst have me do ;  
Perhaps I do not meetly use  
Thy Grace, that I in power may grow.

Open mine eyes, then, dearest LORD,  
And brace my ever-faltering will,  
That I may see what I should do,  
And in Thy strength my task fulfil.

But come what will, though sadly weak,  
And worthless ever in Thy sight,  
I humbly dare to say, that I  
In Thy most holy ways delight.

And though I fail to prove my love,  
If it by worthy deeds be tried,  
Yet will I dare to tell Thee still,  
I love Thee more than all beside.

BRIGHTON, *Lent*, 1875.

## GENESIS XXXVII. 5-12.

LORD, is it pride, if, when we hear  
The gentle breathing in our ear  
Of the Blest SPIRIT'S Voice,  
We tell how GOD His Love hath shown,  
And, marking us for high renown,  
Hath made of us His choice?

The world would have us deem it so,  
And visits often with its woe  
The simple souls that tell  
How GOD hath pointed out the way  
In which, if true to Him, they may  
Work out His Glory well.

'Twas so when Joseph's brethren heard  
His twice-repeated Dream, nor fear'd  
To thrust him from their side;  
They hated him for what he dream'd,  
And for his out-told words, which seem'd  
To them the boast of pride.

Yet if, in no self-seeking way,  
Thou showest us, with clearest ray,  
That we must upward rise;

And fill some place, which, but for Thee,  
We could not deem that it should be  
For such an one meet prize ;—

Yea, if it be, that Thou dost call,  
And bid us clearly, leaving all,  
To dare some forward part ;—  
We may not shrink, through craven fear,  
Turning to Thee a deafen'd ear,  
And from our duty start.

It is not meekness to refuse  
When Thou our feeble self dost choose  
To work Thy Blessed Will ;  
To say—“ Let others take the place,  
We are but men of little grace,  
And lower ranks must fill.”

'Tis well that we should clearly test  
Our inmost motive, which at best  
To human sight is dim ;  
To see that, with unclouded eye,  
We firmly look to God on high,  
And give all praise to Him.

But it may be that naught of pride,  
Or base self-love itself doth hide  
Behind the words that tell

How GOD such mighty things hath done,  
Making so great a little one,  
And loved our soul so well.

It is not pride when love o'erflows,  
And, bounding forth, no measure knows,  
Eager to do GOD's will ;  
Full only of assiduous heed  
To follow on where He may lead,  
And far from thought of ill.

When GOD commands He gives the Grace,  
And, as we yield His steps to trace,  
He leads us gently on :  
We may not turn away through fear,  
Though mockings from the world we hear,  
Till all our work be done.

If but the eye of GOD approve,  
What matter though the earth may move  
Ten thousand tongues to blame ?  
The LORD will all His work fulfil,  
Choosing what instruments He will,  
And put His foes to shame.

BRIGHTON, *3rd Sunday in Lent*, 1875.



## HYMN.

**H**OW shall I praise Thee, LORD Most High,  
Who reignest in Glory above!  
In all that Thou art most Wonderful,  
But most in Thy Pardoning Love!

Thou gavest me all that I need to ask,  
To heal my weak nature's stain,  
That I might be made Thine own dear son,  
And come to Thy Love again.

Yea more than my feeble mind could think,  
And more than I dare to claim,  
Thou hast done for me, LORD, of Thine own  
mere Love,  
For the Glory of Thy Great Name.

But where is my due response of love,  
For all Thou hast done for me?  
What can I show in return for all,  
But only neglect of Thee?

And yet Thou dost not withhold Thy Love,  
But lovest me onward still,  
Although with ungrateful heart and way  
I requite Thy good with ill.

Thou gavest me even Thine own dear Self,  
First on the Cross to die,  
And then to be ever within my soul,  
As its strength's unfailing supply.

And lest I should doubt and deem Thee gone,  
Whom I see not with outward eye,  
Thou didst store in Thy Church an unfailing  
pledge  
That Thy Presence is surely nigh.

But all is too little to win my love,  
And draw it in answer to Thine ;  
I am cold to Thy Gifts, and Thine own Self too,  
And I will not to Thee incline.

And yet Thou dost not withdraw Thy Grace,  
But dost bear with my wayward way ;  
And though I am shameless, I find Thee still  
My Pardoning God alway.

Then how shall I praise Thee, Bountiful Lord,  
How shall I grateful prove ?  
In all that Thou art most Wonderful !  
But most in Thy Pardoning Love !

But let me not ever presume, dear LORD,  
And think Thy sweet pardon so sure,  
That though I should constantly spurn Thy  
Gifts,  
Thy grace will for aye endure.

I know it is only repentance can gain  
The treasure of Thy blest Grace,  
It is only by hating our own sin's stain  
That we hold in Thy Mercy a place.

Then, though I am far, oh ! sadly far,  
From what Thou wouldst have me to be,  
Yet at least I will try to hate my sin,  
Though I cannot from falling be free !

And so will I own, and praise Thee, LORD,  
And the work of Thy Heavenly Dove ;  
In all that Thou art most Wonderful,  
But most in Thy Pardoning Love !

BRIGHTON, *Lent*, 1875.

#### HYMN.

SWEET, sustaining Treasure!  
Presence of my God !  
Making in me ever  
Thy most blest abode !

How I long to keep Thee  
Clear within my soul !  
As a Guide to lead me,  
And my ways control !

Though the world may darken  
All my feeble view,  
Thou dost clear my vision  
With Thy Radiance true.

When with mournful pressure  
Earth would keep me down,  
Thou with strength uplifting  
Dost my efforts crown.

Fount of strength and solace,  
Aid my feeble will ;  
Shed Thy Peace within me,  
Conquer every ill.

Oh ! my God, I need Thee !  
Naught is good in me ;  
All my life without Thee  
Is a pathless sea !

If Thou hide Thy Presence,  
I am quite undone,  
Let me know Thee near me,  
Leave me not alone.

From myself defend me,  
From my Ghostly Foe,  
From the world around me,  
From each earthly woe.

Safe within Thy shelter  
Let me daily lie ;  
Draw Thee closer round me  
When my death is nigh.

Sweet, abiding Treasure !  
Fill me through and through ;  
Till I see Thy fulness,  
And Thy Glory know !

BRIGHTON, *Lent*, 1875.

“WIST YE NOT THAT I MUST BE  
ABOUT MY FATHER’S BUSINESS?”

S. LUKE II. 49.

THERE is no bond so strong on earth,  
No rapture of such Heavenly birth,  
As that which weaves its mystic cord,  
And binds in one with sweet accord  
A son’s and mother’s love ;  
And yet e’en that—though pure it be,  
And from corruption’s stain as free  
As aught on earth—has still some stain  
Of earthliness, which God would fain  
That we should far remove.

No creature, though of purest mould,  
May all our heart's affection hold ;  
There is a deeper, loftier claim  
Than aught which is of earthly name,  
    A claim from GOD above :  
We have a FATHER worthier far  
Of our first love ; and none may share  
With Him what solely is His own,—  
The rightful due of GOD alone,—  
    A creature's primal love.

We have a Mother too, whose Voice  
Can rightly claim our ready choice ;  
She who in nuptial bond is one  
With GOD's Beloved only Son,—  
    Our Holy Mother Church :  
Before all else our love is due  
To JESU's Self, and Spouse so true ;  
Nor aught on earth may come between,  
When what they ask is clearly seen,  
    As Faith pursues her search.

At times it is a painful task  
To turn away from those who ask  
That we should stay with them at home,  
And share the joys that hourly come  
    Where hearts are good and true ;  
Yet we must bravely act the man,  
Softening the pang as best we can,—

“Wist ye not, loved ones, I must be  
About my FATHER’S work, and free  
His Heavenly Will to do?

“It is not lack of love for you  
That makes me careless what I do  
To thwart your will,—’tis only this,  
That we together may not miss  
The path where Angels tread;  
For earthly love, that clings too tight,  
Is like the ivy stem, which, bright  
And lovely to the outer view,  
Yet dwarfs the tree round which it grew,  
And mars its loftier spread.”

If we in all things own the sway  
Of Him Whose own we are alway,  
And bending ours, through good and ill,  
Make it conform to His Blest Will,  
Through which the creature lives;  
Then shall we aid each other’s weal,  
As standing side by side we feel  
A mutual stay, like plants that find  
A strength against the raging wind,  
Which each to other gives.

’Tis as we thus remember well,  
And recognize the mystic spell  
That binds us to a nobler birth

Than what belongs to this cold earth,  
With sin-stains sore distress'd,  
That we can take our fling of joy  
In this world's good without alloy,  
Sure of the blessings which abound  
With rich luxuriance in the ground  
Which God in love hath bless'd.

HORBURY, *April*, 1875.

### THE CHURCH ROBIN.

THE THE Matin bell had ceased its chime,  
The holy words had pass'd away;  
Where once in Nostell's sacred shade  
Saint Oswald's shrine embosom'd lay.

Within the Chantry, sacred now  
To Mary, Mother undefiled,  
And Michael, Captain of God's Host,  
Guarding His people through earth's wild,

The Priest had pleaded, as God taught,  
The Great Atoning Mystery,  
Which He, the Great High Priest, for aye  
Uplifts before the Throne on High.

And now the chorus swells again,  
As in the Vesper song 'tis told  
How Mary, with self-yielding faith,  
Resign'd her will to God of old.



'Twas sweet to be among God's Saints,  
And join in their harmonious song,  
To gather in that Holy House,  
And hear its Music all day long.

And as I mused, when all was o'er,  
And dwelt upon its strains of praise,  
I seem'd to hear one clear, shrill note,  
Other than human voice could raise,

A note as of some gentle bird,  
Which ever and anon trill'd out,  
Mingling its rapture with the sound  
Of human voices round about.

And as I stood and ponder'd there,  
Asking myself from whence it came,  
In sweet response to all my doubt,  
I heard again the very same.

And looking round I quickly spied  
A Robin, which its nest had made  
Within the Temple's sacred bound,  
And 'neath the very Altar's shade.

Sweet Bird ! how didst thou dare to come  
Within the confines of this place ?  
Didst thou not fear that man's rude hand  
Would soon thy tender brood displace ?

Nay, surely! who could rudely tear  
Thy treasure from its soft repose  
In that Blest Place where GOD to man  
His Love and Mercy chiefly shows?

And thou didst trust the GOD of Love  
To keep thee safe from foe's alarm,  
And guard both thee and all thine own  
From what might come to do thee harm.

Most blessed faith! most holy trust!  
What do we need, but only this,  
To make our daily lives on earth  
One endless flow of heavenly bliss?

If we in confidential love—  
Not holding back, but yielding all—  
Would give ourselves to Thy Blest Will,  
Ever obedient at Thy call;

Then surely in Thy Temple, LORD,  
And safe from harm our Home would be,  
Ever rejoicing to be found  
Amid Thy people praising Thee.

Nor only on ourselves intent,  
Seeking to have Thee all our own,  
But nursing little ones for Thee,  
As we ourselves in Thee have grown.

And showing forth in our whole lives  
The Love which drew us first to Thee,  
Then, working in us, made us meet  
The Ministers of Love to be.

And so at length, our pathway clear  
To realms that lie beyond the skies,  
Our rest, when this frail life is o'er,  
Should be the Life that never dies.

NOSTELL, *May 25th*, 1875.

## NAAMAN'S HEBREW MAID.

II. KINGS, v. 2, 3, 15.

WHAT is it that 'mid all the woes  
Which gather round our pathway here,  
Most aids us in our anxious throes,  
And scatters far our boding fear?

Is it not that with open door  
Stands God's Own House, where Grace is  
stored,  
Bidding us all our sorrows pour,  
And spread them out before the LORD?

How sad for those, who, banish'd far  
In lands where heathen despot reigns,  
Alone in all their service are,  
And void of that which most sustains !

No House of GOD, that opens wide  
Its portals blest—earth's dearest prize—  
As shelter or from human pride,  
Or sin's dull load 'neath burning skies!

No voice of friend to point the way  
To comfort when the soul is dull,  
No gentle voice one word to say,  
That may the trembling conscience lull!

Yet even then all is not gone;  
The GOD of all Himself is there;  
And though the soul seem all alone,  
Yet He will surely hear its prayer.

And there are duties still to do,—  
Duties to Him, the LORD of all,  
Though claim'd by those who do not know  
The Voice that bids us prostrate fall.

How apt are we, when sore distress'd,  
Through lack of human sympathy,  
And by ungenial duties press'd,  
Or harshness, which our tempers try;—

When all seems dark around the spot  
Where we awhile are forced to dwell,—  
To give up all—so hard our lot—  
And think that nothing can be well.

Yet GOD our LORD is Ruler still,  
And He will not forget His Own ;  
And though around us all seem ill,  
As if we lay beneath His frown ;—

We may not, though all dark it be,  
Forget the pledges of His Love ;  
The cloud will pass, and we shall see  
His Brightness, if we faithful prove.

We may not sit in wayward mood,  
As Israel's daughters did of yore,  
And over all our losses brood,  
Making our burthen grow the more.

'Tis best that we accept His will,  
Who looks upon us from on high,  
And, trusting to His mercy still,  
Perform the works that round us lie.

And if it be a foeman's voice  
That asks our service in his need,  
'Tis all the more like His blest choice  
Who did for sinners sadly bleed.

And surely as in faith we do  
The common works of daily life,  
There opens soon, as on we go,  
The pathway to a nobler strife.

There comes a time, if look'd for well,  
When we may speak a word for God,  
And of His Power and Goodness tell  
To those who suffer 'neath His rod.

And then, at length, there comes the bliss  
That they who erst denied the LORD,  
Are led by our weak word to kiss  
Him Who is now in faith adored.

And thus we find companion true,  
And sympathy, so keenly sought,  
And all our work has bloom'd anew,  
And its sweet fruit to ripeness brought.

HORBURY, *May 28th*, 1875.

### BALAAM.

THE magic fires are blazing high  
Toward the Eastern sky,  
And there the Prophet stands,  
Pleading for power  
In his dark hour,  
And lifting up to Heaven his earth-stain'd  
heart and hands.

He knows full well God's Holy Will ;—  
Why is he pleading still ?  
Why is he asking more ?

It is revealed,  
The warrant sealed,  
And God will not unsay what He has said  
before.

God's Word had said—"Thou shalt not go;—  
And do thou surely know  
The Changeless changeth not ;  
Or if thou still,  
With wayward will,  
Shouldst trust thyself to tread on that unhal-  
low'd spot,—

"Then will I bind thee by a spell,  
My Word alone to tell ;  
And, all despite thy choice,  
Thou shalt not curse,  
But loud rehearse  
My Blessing, though thou speak it with un-  
willing voice."

Yet doth the Prophet wayward try  
To turn God's Loving Eye,  
In Blessing looking down,  
Aside from those  
Whom once He chose,  
And ever still in love remembers as His own.

The proffer'd prize of earthly gold  
Hath made him madly bold,  
With keen accursed desire ;  
    Labouring still  
    To change God's Will,  
That he might bring God's people 'neath His  
    Vengeance' fire.

Yet while he sought to win the prize  
    That lay before his eyes,  
    He long'd with eager aim  
    To hold on still,  
    Through good or ill,  
To share the lot of those, who truly love God's  
    name.

Vain, hopeless aim !—It cannot be !  
    Man must be wholly free  
    From love of earthly pelf  
    If he would there  
    The portion share  
Of Saints, who find in Heaven their joy in  
    God Himself.

How oft do men with faithless heart,  
    Acting a double part,  
    Seek their own way with God ;  
    And twist His Voice  
    To suit their choice,  
Trying to make Him Partner on their wanton  
    road !



And so in self-deceiving way,  
They spend their little day,  
Hoping that all is well ;  
Until at last,  
Their season past,  
The Light darts forth from Heaven, and breaks  
the magic spell.

We may not trifle with our LORD,  
Nor doubt His changeless Word ;—  
If we would share Heaven's store.  
When He doth speak,  
With footsteps meek  
'Tis ours to follow on, and humbly ask no more.

HORBURY, *May 31st*, 1875.

### RESTING IN GOD.

ALL pleasure needs the learning ; not to all  
Is there like joy ; for joy itself demands  
That with congenial taste the soul should call  
Home to itself what at its portal stands ;  
And through its likeness sweetly blend  
Itself with that which is its end,  
Towards which it flows  
In deep and growing gladness, as the more it  
knows.

All discord, or estrangement, mar the force  
Of true contentment; all disguised restraint,  
Or lack of that familiar intercourse  
Which makes the heart with conscious fear  
grow faint,  
And timid, lest there should not be  
Sweet answer proffered lovingly ;—  
Should these be found,  
Then true repose and peace can never gather  
round.

Use masters all ;—and if we hope to learn  
The sweet familiarity that brings  
Truest enjoyment, we must never spurn  
The careful cultivation whence it springs ;  
'Tis little acts of daily use  
From loving hearts that ne'er refuse  
Each time to meet  
In glad response of love and mutual rapture  
sweet.

As in the nest of some familiar home  
The several members meet with glad accord,  
As day by day with trusting hearts they come,  
And gather round the loved paternal board :  
Their aim is one—with heart and voice  
To be in union and rejoice,

As each to each,  
In love's oft-tried embrace, true hand and heart  
doth reach.

Or as some lovely plant, that finds its home,  
Be it on moorland heath or meadow's side,  
Where limpid streamlets calm and noiseless  
roam,  
Rests there content, in fulness satisfied,  
Finding what suits its nature's need,  
And lifting up its thankful head,  
With open eye  
Looks up into the face of the bright, glorious  
sky.

Or like some giant pine that stately grows  
On the sharp edge of some bold mountain  
crest,  
Where, rushing forth beneath perpetual snows,  
The raging torrent's force invades its nest,  
Increasing strength itself to rear  
From the dread stream that dashes near,  
And reaching higher,  
As the pure mountain air feeds still its strong  
desire.

Heedless of storms that sweep the mountain  
side,  
And ruin half-grown saplings in their rage,

Driving along in all their wonted pride,  
Which earthly skill is powerless to assuage;—  
So firm its hold on its dear rock,  
So often tried in many a shock;—  
And fearing not  
The headlong torrent's fury, though its rage be  
hot.

Or as some noble bird, poised in mid air  
Beneath the vault of the ethereal sky,  
Is all at rest, as if in sweetness there,  
And looking upward with undazzled eye;  
Nor fears the heat of that bright sun  
Which weaker natures swiftly shun:  
Nor shrinks from sight  
Of all that glorious vision of unclouded light.

Then floating on all calm and silently,  
And motionless of wing, as if the strength  
Of its sweet habit taught it how to fly  
Without laborious effort;—that at length,  
So safe and sure its station there,  
In that serene and radiant air,  
It lingers still,  
Seeking in blest repose to have its glorious fill.

So is the soul, when, knowing well the way  
Of heavenly natures, rapt in sweet desire,

It basks in the deep sunshine of celestial day,  
With that which bathes it blessedly on fire;  
Longing with eagerness to soar  
In that bright atmosphere, the more,  
The more it clings  
To that loved Form and Likeness whence its  
gladness springs.

And finding there what wholly satisfies  
The cravings of its being, and intent  
Of its creation, so it keenly flies  
To its true rest, no longer sadly rent  
By fear of hardly finding there  
Acceptance in the sacred lair  
Where saints repose,  
In that blest Home of peace, where Living  
Water flows.

There can it look into the very Face  
Of GOD Himself—not wholly known as yet  
In unscreen'd Presence, as in that blest Place  
Where Saints shall see Him in His Glory  
set;  
But known and seen as in the Son,  
Through grace of Him Who victory won,  
He now reveals  
The mystery of Himself, and what our nature  
heals.

And there it rests, full, and yet sure to gain  
More of abounding peace,—receiving still,  
That, giving back, it may receive again,  
And in sweet flow and re-flow have its fill :  
Losing itself in that bright ray  
That shines around it day by day,  
And sure the while  
That naught can mar his bliss who wins the  
Saviour's smile.

What recks it now that earthly storms abound?  
The pools are fill'd with water from on High ;  
And it can use whate'er is strewn around  
To aid its upward passage to the sky.  
The Rock of Ages holds it fast  
Until earth's tyranny be past.  
Its rest is sure,  
And soon all storms shall cease, and it for aye  
endure.

HORBURY, *June 3rd*, 1875.

“LITTLE HARRIE:” OR, THE LAY OF  
THE GOLDFINCH OF WRAGBY.

FAREWELL, dearest Bird, thou art gone  
to thy rest,  
And thy clear note shall welcome my presence no more,  
As in glad recognition—affection’s true test—  
Thou hast greeted my footstep so often of yore.

Thou hadst not, as others, the gift of sweet song,  
But all, that thy Maker had made thee to be,  
Thou didst gratefully use to His praise all day long,  
And thy clear note of gladness was music to me.

I have learnt from thee often how love should requite  
The love that is pour’d from another warm heart;  
And oft I shall think, though now gone from my sight,  
How my Harrie fulfill’d a true lover’s own part.

Thou hadst not the freedom belonging thy race,  
To roam, free as air, over meadow and hill,  
But thy life has been spent in this dull, narrow  
place,  
Where the bars of thy cage have restrain'd  
thy free will.

Yet this daily restraint was no burthen to thee,  
For it led thee to love the safe shelter it  
brought :  
And thy spirit could fly, all exulting and free,  
To the love that each moment thy safety had  
sought.

And so thou hast taught where true freedom  
is found—  
Not at all in the fling of one's own selfish  
will—  
But where the free spirit, with love's fullest  
bound,  
Flies forth to the love which its being can  
fill.

And now, dearest Birdie, thy mission is done,  
And Death has laid claim to thy sweet little  
life ;  
For man in his sinfulness fell not alone,  
But drew with him all nature to Death's  
fatal strife.



Peace rest on thy grave, and sweet flowers for aye  
Lift their incense to Heaven around its blest  
shade ;

True emblems of love, that is spending alway  
Itself for the God Who its being hath made.

KINGUSSIE, N.B., *July 15th, 1875.*

REST IN WEARINESS.

x 6  
**W**EARY and faint I lay me down,  
Dear JESU, on Thy Breast,  
And I forget my weariness  
In that blest place of rest.

It is no earthly rest and peace  
That can my being fill ;  
Whate'er they be I crave for more,  
My heart is aching still.

Yet Thou canst make me quite forget,  
And think no more of woe,  
When Thou unfoldest those blest gifts  
That from Thy Presence flow.

Oh ! give me more and more of these,  
And all shall then be best ;  
Whatever else be Thy dear Will,  
I ask no other rest.

HORBURY, *S. Thomas's Day, 1875.*

## TRUE BLESSING IN PRAYER.

WHENE’ER I kneel me down to pray  
For some great boon in life’s dark  
way,—

Be it relief from woe,  
Or some choice gift to help me on,  
And be my stay, lest all alone  
With feeble step I go ;—

However much it seem to me  
The only thing to set me free,  
And be my needful stay ;  
I dare not, of my own mere will,  
Ask Thee to give me all my fill  
Of that for which I pray.

I am so blind, and wayward too,  
That I may often think the woe  
Thou deemest best for me,  
A needless scourge and hindrance sore,  
That, were it gone, I could the more  
Press on my way to Thee.

So that which is the choicest prize,  
As seen by my self-seeking eyes,

May have a hidden sting,  
All unperceived beneath the charm  
That hides from view the inward harm,  
Which soon may mischief bring.

'Tis only when I ask of Thee  
Whate'er Thou knowest best for me,  
Leaving to Thee the choice,  
'Tis only then that I may dare  
To ask, dear LORD, the fullest share,  
And in Thy Gifts rejoice.

Oh! never let me trust so well  
To aught my own frail heart may tell  
That I lose sight of Thee,  
But ever, ere with strong desire  
I plead with all my nature's fire,  
Ask first Thy will for me.

HORBURY, *December 30th*, 1875.

“THY FATHER AND I HAVE SOUGHT  
THEE SORROWING.”

S. LUKE II. 48.

O FORLORN and broken-hearted  
Mother, wailing thy lost Son!  
How canst thou, so sadly parted,  
Further on thy journey run?

All is lost if He be wanting,  
Peace has vanish'd in His train ;  
Naught can still thy bosom's panting  
Till thou find thy Prize again.

All seem'd well awhile, dear mother,  
And thou didst not think of harm ;  
Journeying on with one and other,  
Their soft words thy soul did charm.

But when clouds were gathering round thee,  
And the night was drawing on,  
Then did that sad thought astound thee,  
That thy dearest Son was gone.

'Tis thus the soul, 'mid earthly pleasure,  
Or by anxious labour tried,  
Lets slip at times its one real Treasure,  
And loses JESUS from its side.

Nor does it all at once perceive  
What its unwatchfulness has wrought,  
For present things of earth deceive,  
Till soon they vanish into naught.

And then in darkness all alone,  
It turns to seek the Fount of Light ;  
Finding no peace if It be gone,  
No joy when It is lost to sight.

But how shall it its Prize regain,  
And in the darkness find its way?  
Only if it retrace again  
The steps by which it went astray.

Back on that weary, lonely road,  
On which it went without its God,  
Bearing in meekness all its load,  
Nor resting till each step be trod.

Back to Jerusalem—the Home  
Of stricken souls—its way must be,  
And to the Temple it must come,  
That there its treasure it may see.

That is the Home where JESUS shows  
His Presence to each faithful soul:  
'Tis ever there His Love bestows  
Blest gifts of grace to make it whole.

Oh, blessed sight, when once again  
It finds what it had sadly lost!  
Oh, blessed peace, that heals the pain  
By which it had been sorely cross'd!

How does such finding after loss  
Speak with a warning strong and clear,  
Never again earth's path to cross,  
Until we know that God is near!

## NATURE'S LESSONS.

**I**T was a lovely evening, and the face  
Of Nature seem'd throughout brimful  
of joy—  
Like a fair maiden deck'd with heavenly grace,  
And innocence undimm'd by earth's alloy:—  
And telling forth  
The goodness of the LORD, Who gave its primal  
birth.

It was a time to talk with God, and learn  
The counsels of His Providence and Love;  
For all the picture gently strove to turn  
Each heart to seek the things that are above:  
No sound was heard,  
But one clear voice alone, which heavenly rap-  
ture stirr'd.

I sat upon a broken, rocky ground,  
High above all the rest, and at my feet  
A carpet of gay flowers was spread around,  
Rich purple heath and yellow gorse, most  
meet,  
In glad accord,  
To deck the antechamber of all Nature's LORD.

It was bright Autumn time: the golden corn  
Had yielded to the reaper's hand, and lay  
In rich profusion, ready to be borne  
Home to the barn, and safely stored away  
Where blight or rain  
Can never mar the treasure of its ripen'd grain.

And stretching far beyond the fertile plain,  
That form'd its coast-line, lay the open sea,  
Lit by the glorious sunbeam that would fain  
Make it all glorious, like itself, to be  
A fount of light,  
Gladdening with warmth and brightness what  
would else be night.

Thus God bestows His gifts, and where they  
fall  
He looks for glad return, that each blest  
heart  
Receiving, should give back again to all  
That gather round it, what it can impart  
Of its own store ;  
Filling the earth with gladness ever more and  
more.

But now the scene is changed. The glorious  
sun  
Declining westward, is obscured from sight

By a dark bank of cloud, ere it has run  
Its wonted course ; the sea, no longer bright,  
But cold and grey,  
Is mourning its dear sunbeam which has  
pass'd away.

'Tis thus that evil natures mar the bliss  
Of thankful hearts, that would for ever live  
Rich in the Saviour's smile and holy kiss,  
And striving each their mead of grace to  
give :—

Earth comes between,  
And all is dark awhile, no sunbeam can be seen.

But as I gazed there came ere long a ray,  
Which through a little chink in that dark  
mass  
Had by its eager brightness forced its way,  
And watch'd its opportunity to pass ;  
Lighting again  
Some little favour'd spots in that vast watery  
main.

And so methought does goodness ever wait,  
And watch its opportunity to bless ;  
Though hinder'd much, and sad, at times, its  
fate,  
Yet it is faithful in its loneliness ;  
Though times be ill,  
It changes not its nature, but is goodness still.



And here is comfort too for downcast hearts,  
That mourn the want of opportunity  
Of doing good, when all around them thwarts  
Their efforts all the more, the more they try ;  
They cannot shine,  
For earth does ever round them its dark cloud  
entwine.

How deep the pang in many a Pastor's soul,  
To know that thousands need the heavenly  
light,  
And yet by things which he cannot control,  
To be withheld from putting forth his might  
In helping those  
Whom Satan in his cloud of darkness doth en-  
close !

But he must watch and wait ;—the cloud ere  
long  
Will show some little chinks, through which  
may pass  
Some ray of help to aid the festering wrong,  
And lift one sinner from the seething mass ;  
And though 'tis still  
But one among the crowd, 'tis well, if so God  
will.

God knows His own good time, and He permits  
The clouds to gather round our earthly  
course,

While He, Who on His Throne of Glory sits,  
Directs and guides them with unerring force,  
As He knows best,  
For good of all His saints and faith's unfalter-  
ing test.

The sun was sinking now, but ere it pass'd,  
There came one transient blaze of glorious  
light  
That brought a welcome joy;—it was the last,  
Ere it sank down before the gathering night :  
Then all the more  
All seem'd to sleep in darkness deeper than be-  
fore.

Yet, as I gazed, though all was cold and  
grey,  
All was not dark alike, but yet it seem'd  
As if the light had not quite pass'd away  
From some choice spots, where still it faintly  
gleam'd ;  
I knew not why  
These should not like the rest in mantling  
darkness lie.

It was, perhaps, that they had turn'd their  
face  
So fully to the rays of their dear sun,

That now, e'en though he had fulfill'd his race,  
And all his gladdening work of love was done,  
They treasured still  
The radiant loveliness of which they had their  
fill.

Or 'twas, may be, that that life-giving ray,  
Which shone upon them ever and again,  
Had gender'd in them, ere it pass'd away,  
Some qualities that help'd them to retain,  
And shed around,  
The brightness which themselves had long so  
precious found.

'Tis so with gifts of grace ;—not all alike  
So yield themselves to its life-giving sway,  
That it doth deep into their nature strike,  
And work within as their sustaining stay.  
'Tis only they  
Who use it well, that profit by its warming ray.

All else, though seeming for a time to rest  
Within the brightness that is cast around,  
Yet are not really by its sweetness blest,  
Because no fruit is on their branches found.  
Their sun hath shone,  
And would have braced their weakness, but 'tis  
past and gone.

Blest are the timely wise, who use their grace,  
While it is in their reach, and use it well,  
That by its aid they may within them trace  
The likeness of their LORD, who, when man  
fell,  
Came down from Heaven,  
That what was lost by sin might be by grace  
re-given.

'Tis only they who thus retain the mark  
Of all that GOD has done, so deep ingrain'd  
That naught can quench the ever-burning  
spark  
Of Love Divine, which hath their nature  
changed,—  
'Tis only they  
Who shall rejoice at last in Everlasting Day.

CALDY, *August 22nd*, 1876.

### HYMN.

L ORD JESU, grant me grace  
To know Thy Holy Will,  
To keep my own appointed place,  
And all my task fulfil.

I ask no noble dower,  
For no high place I plead ;—

But only that Thou give me power  
To go where Thou dost lead.

I make no rash request,  
As if I doubted Thee,  
I ask but what Thou seest best  
For such an one as me.

If on Thy Breast I lie,  
Resigning all to Thee,  
Then I am safe, though storms be nigh,  
While from myself I'm free.

Then let me simply wait,  
And watch Thy loving eye,  
Till I have enter'd through the gate,  
That leads to Thee on high.

CALDY, *August 23rd*, 1876.

### HYMN.

'TIS not because I feel my need,—  
Though that might well suffice,—  
'Tis not for that my daily prayers  
Before Thy Throne arise.

'Tis not for aught myself may gain  
Of sweetness or reward,—

Though Thou art rich in all the gifts  
Thy bounty doth afford ;—

It is not with some selfish aim  
I seek Thy mercy-seat ;—  
But rather that I daily may  
Thy glorious Name repeat.

I love to tell Thy glory forth,  
And speak of Thy great Name,  
That others too may own Thee LORD,  
From age to age the same.

And what of strength Thou givest me,  
In answer to my prayer,  
I'll use it but to show that Thou  
Art great beyond compare.

The more I see that Thou art all,  
And I myself am naught,  
The more I understand the love  
That hath Thy lost one sought.

In all I am, and all I do,  
One thought shall be my guide,  
That Thou art LORD, and only Thou,  
There can be none beside.

Then all my work in life, or death,  
As Thou dost strength afford,

Shall be to show Thy glory forth,  
Thou ever-glorious LORD.

In prayer and praise and all beside  
That fills my little day,  
Thy glory, LORD, and that alone,  
Shall be my end alway.

All praise to Thee, that Thou dost grant  
To such an one as me,  
To manifest Thy glory here,  
At last its light to see.

LLANDUDNO, *September 14th*, 1876.

### THE USE OF GOD'S GIFTS.

WHEN God accords, in answer to our  
prayer,  
Some boon we ask'd for, it is not that He,  
The Giver of all good, would put a snare,  
Which, through misuse of good, perchance  
may be  
The fruitful source  
Of future ill, that gathers round our downward  
course.

There is a stern necessity of choice  
Inherent in man's being, which is part

Of what he is,—the deep, unspoken voice  
That hides amid the longings of his heart,  
And bids him say  
Of all that comes across his pathway, yea, or nay.

Each gift from God has a sharp two-fold edge,  
Which makes it cut its way for good or ill ;  
It may be used, or as a cleansing dredge  
To clear away the weeds and stones that fill  
The paths, that lead  
Nearer to our true Home, where all from harm  
are freed ;

Or it may be, through selfish use, the way  
By which our wayward spirits blindly pass,  
Leading our daily footsteps more astray  
From our true only Good, until, alas !  
All good is lost,  
And our lorn bark is driven, helmless and  
tempest-toss'd.

It is a dangerous lot, and well may make  
Our spirits tremble at the thought of wealth,  
Lest we perchance the baser course should take,  
And use God's gracious gifts against Him-  
self ;  
So we might deem  
'Twere better did God's world the less with  
bounties teem.



But He Who made man what he is, the way  
Has plainly mark'd, where he may safely  
tread,  
And 'mid these perils hath ordain'd a stay,  
Which may suffice him in his hour of need :  
The Loving Will,  
Which call'd him into being, doth sustain him  
still.

God's gifts are double, and with each there  
comes  
The grace to use it well,—as on the stem  
Of hazel, that surrounds our woodland homes,  
The catkin hangs beside its ruby gem,  
To fructify  
What else would yield no fruit, but only bloom  
and die.

Yet there is danger, for we are so weak,  
That we neglect too oft the proffer'd aid ;  
And we must learn the lesson to be meek,  
And of the lure of earthly wealth afraid :  
Those gifts are best,  
Which come not of our asking, but of God's  
behest.

The nearer we can come to have no will  
But only His, the safer we abide ;

For He with good the more our souls will fill,  
The more we empty them of all beside :  
Grace has no room  
To show its wondrous power, where self invades  
its home.

What God ordains, be it of good or ill,  
As the world deems it, is the very best,—  
The way by which we each may mount the hill,  
If we will onward climb, and leave the rest  
Without one thought,  
Save that our will to His be daily nearer brought.

Who would be great, treads on the road which  
leads  
To littleness ; who would be low, prepares  
Himself for wondrous gifts, nor greatly needs  
To shrink through fear whene'er he richly  
fares :

God will provide  
If we by prompt obedience keep Him at our side.

HORBURY, *August 30th*, 1877.

S. MATTHEW XIX. 12.

SOME souls there are whom God hath drawn,  
Far, far away from earthly joy,  
Filling them with His own sweet Love,  
All pure and free from base alloy.

Pure virgin souls, that never stray  
From His most tender, loved embrace ;  
Each sealèd from his mother's womb  
To look upon that glorious Face.

Others there are whom men have driven  
From their companionship and love,  
Sending them forth to find a Friend  
In Him alone Who reigns above.

Some too who seek, through hope and fear,  
In faith to give Him all their heart,  
Leaving with joy what this world gives,  
But to secure the better part.

Doubting at first if they may dare  
To look so high, and pledge their all  
To Him alone, Who is their God,  
But Who, they trust, will stay their fall.

Yet pressing on for His dear sake,  
Who set the rule in His own life ;  
Daring the venture thus to make,  
And hoping through the lengthen'd strife.

Most blessed lot, howe'er it come ;  
Be it of God's especial choice,  
Or fruit of human wrath and hate,  
Or answer to our suppliant voice.

'Tis but a foretaste of the joy  
That antedates the perfect day,  
That soars amid earth's joys and woes,  
To bask in Heaven's serenest ray.

'Tis Heaven on earth, if meekly thus  
We follow as He opes the way,  
Leaving all else that we may rest  
Within the Heart of God alway.

HORBURY, *September 1st, 1877.*

GENESIS XXXII. 24-27.

L ORD, I have wrestled through the livelong  
night;  
Do not depart,  
Nor leave me thus in sad and weary plight,  
Broken in heart;  
Where shall I turn, if Thou shouldst go away,  
And leave me here in this cold world to stay?

I have no other help, no food, no light,  
No hand to guide;  
The night is dark, my Home is not in sight,  
The path untried;  
I dare not venture in the dark alone,—  
I cannot find my way, if Thou be gone.

I cannot yet discern Thee as Thou art ;  
More let me see ;  
I cannot bear the thought that I must part  
Away from Thee :  
I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless ;  
Oh ! help me, LORD, in all my helplessness !

Let me prevail with Thee, and put Thy Name  
Upon my brow ;  
That it may shine, as with a living flame,  
My way to show ;  
Then will I fear no ill, whate'er befall ;  
Thy Holy mark shall save me when I fall.

HORBURY, *September 7th*, 1877.

“ TO YOU IT SHALL BE FOR MEAT.”

GENESIS I. 29.

BEAUTIFUL plant ! why must thou yield  
thy life  
To the sharp knife ?  
Perfect in all thy being, and obedient still  
To thy Creator's will,  
Why must thou die e'en now, ere sin hath come,  
And death through sin, to mar the brightness  
of thy home ?

When all creation rested in the Womb,  
    Ere it had come  
Forth into being from the Eternal Mind,  
    Wherein it lay confined  
From all eternity, until the hour  
When the Creator pleased to stir His wondrous  
    Power ;

The GOD from Whom is all, Who all foreknew,  
    In vision true  
Look'd onward to the possibility,  
    That nature, raised so high,  
Blest with free will, might turn that will away  
From Him, Who is creation's only strength and  
    stay.

And so the possibility of fall,<sup>1</sup>  
    Misusing all  
The noble gifts that GOD had given to man,  
    As on life's way he ran,  
Condition'd the earth's being, and impress'd  
The mark of woe on that which GOD had richly  
    bless'd.

Death was ere long to come, by sin incurr'd ;  
    Though yet unheard  
The warning to the sinner from on high,  
    “ Eat not, or thou shalt die ; ”

<sup>1</sup> *Vide* Baring-Gould's “Mystery of Suffering,” Lect. II.

And even now it cast its shadow back,  
And in earth's primal birth was laid its mourn-  
ful track.

But even thus its painful, deadly strife  
Pointed to life ;  
For what in death was made a sacrifice,  
Itself became the prize,  
By which the gift of life, in mercy given,  
Should be prolong'd on earth, till man were  
raised to Heaven.

But oh ! what cruel work to purge again  
The deadly stain !  
To stay the mighty flood of deadly sin,  
When willingly let in !  
To feed with heavenly life what death hath  
slain,  
And bid the fallen rise and vigorous health  
regain !

A guiltless life must die a willing death,  
And yield its breath  
To the great God a ready sacrifice ;  
That man again may rise  
To life restored, and, all the forfeit paid,  
Win back the blessing lost, and be no more  
afraid.

Nor death alone must be the bitter cup  
Which guideth up  
To higher life, but suffering and pain  
Must fit the smiling grain  
To be the meat by which man's earthly life  
Is nourish'd in its contest with death's cruel  
strife.

How is it beaten with the wounding flail!  
Leaping like hail  
Upon the threshing-floor, and in the mill  
More bruised and wounded still!  
Till its whole being is reduced to dust,  
And each pure life is torn out from its shelter-  
ing crust!

Then see it mix'd, and stirr'd, and kneaded too!  
Nor thus its woe  
Brought to an end, but in a furnace dire  
Scorch'd by the cruel fire!  
Cut by the knife, and mangled, as we eat!  
Ere for its Master's work it may be counted  
meet.

One constant suffering,—death perpetual,—  
In ceaseless thrall,  
Holding its life, and pointing to the woe,  
Which He must undergo,



To make His death man's life, His Life the  
meat  
Which shall prepare the creature for his heavenly seat.

And surely death itself,—hard though it be  
Its throes to see,  
Or in its cruel severance to feel,  
What naught on earth can heal,  
The sinking down of each dear lifelong aim,  
The yielding up of all to its relentless claim:—

E'en death itself is not an unmix'd ill;—  
God's Blessed Will  
Devised it as a mercy to man's race,  
Making through it a place  
Where man might meet his God, and, sin forgiven,  
Might rise restored through grace and find his way to Heaven.

The Angels fell, and lost their primal joy  
Through sin's alloy,  
Nor was there found for them a punishment,  
In pitying mercy sent,  
By which for all their race some worthy one  
Might offer an atonement for what sin had done.

So glorious their being ! They could not die—  
    Lifted so high !  
Their fall was irrecoverable,—grace  
    For them could find no place !  
He took not Angels' seed, Who came to bless,  
But Abraham's alone, in all its lowliness.

And as upon the new created earth,  
    In its first birth,  
Was put the mark of death and suffering,  
    And in that death life's spring ;—  
So was there too the mark surely portray'd  
Of the appointed means, whence life should be  
    convey'd.

The primal gift of life in love was given  
    Direct from Heaven ;  
Not so its onward flow ; God's blessed will  
    Would earthly creatures fill  
With His Almighty Power, and make them  
    means  
By which life's growth might flow in never-  
    ceasing streams.

Thus was the law of the Eternal Mind  
    Toward mankind  
Clearly portray'd, and, from its very birth,  
    Impress'd upon the earth ;

That sacramental gifts, full fill'd with grace,  
Should man's whole life sustain for his pre-  
destined place.

“To you it is for meat” show'd the intent,  
That Sacrament  
Should life prolong throughout the natural  
sphere  
Of man's existence here;  
And pointed onward to the Heavenly Food,  
Which JESUS should provide upon the Holy  
Rood.

To try and supersede appointed stays  
By self-taught ways,  
Too surely shows that GOD is not our GOD,  
Who holds the sov'reign rod  
To which we own submission; our own will  
Is what we make our GOD, and choose for good  
or ill.

To use GOD's gifts is not, as folly cries,  
Blinding men's eyes,—  
To put them in the place of GOD, nor rest  
(As if aught could be best,  
But GOD Himself) in what is but of earth,  
And could not of itself have true inherent  
worth.

Where GOD has stored His Power with loving  
care,

Indwelling there,

That what He fills may be the Instrument

Through which His Life is sent

To each remotest part of that blest frame

Which is by holy rite baptized into His Name:

There faith adores,—seeing th' Invisible,—

And using well

The Gifts that GOD has given, nor scorning  
aught,

His Love so dearly bought,

And, thankful, takes the food her Lord doth  
give,

Asking to know no more, and through His Life  
doth live.

HORBURY, *October 14th*, 1877.

“I WILL SING AND GIVE PRAISE  
WITH THE BEST MEMBER THAT  
I HAVE.”—PSALM CVIII. 1. (*Prayer  
Book Version.*)

HOW wonderful is man! the crown of all  
God's marvellous creation,—image true  
Of Him, the Great Creator, from whose Love  
Call'd into life, his primal breath he drew!

Wondrous are all his faculties, but one  
Excels them all, for it uplifts him high  
Above the rest of all created life ;  
Bearing its mark that he to God is nigh.

The gift of speech, by which the hidden thought  
Engender'd in the mind, with sudden start  
Finds utterance, and with creative force  
Forms in another mind its counterpart.

True image of the Uncreated word,  
That dwelt for aye in the Eternal Mind,  
And when the creature first began to be,  
Spake, and each rose according to its kind.

That, which the FATHER is, and ever was,  
The same He is, and was, the Eternal Son ;  
Distinct in Personality Divine,  
Yet in mysterious GODHEAD ever one ;—

Or resting in Eternity within  
The Bosom of the Uncreated Love,  
Which, Three in Personality, is one  
In the Embrace of the Eternal Dove :—

Or with creative power proceeding forth  
In utterance articulate, that bid  
Creation burst into its outward life,  
From nothingness, in which it erst lay hid.

And so it is in man,—the spoken word  
Brings into outward life before the sun  
What had before been only hid in thought  
Within the mind;—and mind and word are one.

But oh ! how sad that man should mar the work  
Of his most sacred lineage, and debase  
His holiest gift to purposes of sin,  
Seeking the holy image to efface !

That his best member should demean itself  
To utter words of falsehood, and divorce  
The unity between the hidden thought  
And the outspoken word, and thus the force

Of that blest bond of purest heavenly birth,  
Which bound his GOD-like nature all in one,  
Should be dispell'd, and forfeit through its loss  
His likeness to the Father and the Son.

The Word who from the FATHER'S Bosom came  
Into the world which He Himself did frame,  
Came to reveal His FATHER'S Glory there,  
And to tell forth the praise of His Great Name ;

And only so the human word fulfils  
The purpose of its being, when in love  
It speaks the thought which, hidden in the heart,  
Has been engender'd by the Holy Dove :

And thus with unity of purpose, full  
Of gratitude for all that GOD has done,  
Man, in his complex nature, utters forth  
The praises of the Eternal Three in One :

And with his best and noblest member shows  
That he belongs to GOD, and hopes to share  
The glory that is GOD's, but which in Love  
He promises to each who is in CHRIST His Heir.

HORBURY, *October 21st*, 1877.

“WHAT REWARD SHALL I GIVE UNTO  
THE LORD, FOR ALL THE BENE-  
FITS THAT HE HATH DONE UNTO  
ME?”—Ps. cxvi. 11. (*Prayer Book Ver-  
sion.*)

DEAR FATHER, Thou hast richly strew'd  
My path with blessings manifold :  
What shall I give Thee in return  
For all Thy bounties new and old ?

I long to find some worthy gift,  
To make some noble sacrifice,  
Which may come up before Thy Throne,  
And find acceptance in Thine Eyes.

I want to show Thee all my love  
For what Thy Love for me hath done ;  
I want to prove how much I feel  
My all is due to Thee alone.

And yet I cannot find a gift  
That seems enough to bring to Thee ;  
I think of all I have and am,  
And nothing worthy can I see.

Yet Thou dost bid me come to Thee,  
And bring an offering to Thy Throne :  
LORD, teach me how I ought to come,  
And what the offering Thou wilt own.

My son, I know that thou hast naught  
That can be worthy in My sight :  
Thy father sinn'd and left a stain  
Upon thy brow, which else was bright.

But, knowing all thy need, I plann'd  
A way by which thou shouldst draw near,  
And with an offering worthy Me,  
Approach My Presence without fear.

My Sole-Begotten SON came down,  
And was in love made Man for thee ;  
That He for thee might shed His Blood  
Upon the reconciling Tree.



Then join with Him, the Great High Priest,  
And lift the Chalice of His Blood  
Before My Throne, that thou may'st share  
The blessings of the Holy Rood.

That is the Gift to Me most dear,  
And all who bring it share My Love ;  
Bring It Me often that thou may'st  
Its priceless blessing daily prove.

Then I will give It back to thee,  
That It may be thy constant Food ;  
Sustaining thee in all thy need,  
As thou dost tread earth's thorny road.

Feed on It meekly, and strive on  
In all the strength It gives to thee,  
And then be sure that all thy life  
Shall be an offering meet for Me.

SCARBOROUGH, *November 20, 1877.*

#### ABIDING WITH GOD.

**W**HENE'ER the soul in trusting love  
Has knelt to lay on Thee her care,  
And, drawn in closeness to Thy Side,  
Has found an answer to her prayer ;

She loves the spot where Thou didst make  
Thy Presence felt, Most Holy LORD,  
And, loth to leave It, longs to dwell  
Where Thy dear Love had been outpour'd.

But she must tear herself away,  
Nor murmur, though the earth be chill ;  
Enough that she has had one drop  
Of water from GOD's living rill.

She may not yet have leave to stay  
Apart, to rest with Thee alone ;  
For there are duties which are due  
To other claims beside her own.<sup>1</sup>

It is not yet her time for rest ;—  
Earth's trials and temptations need  
Her watchful care, till in Thy Love  
She may from these for aye be freed.

So she must brace herself to face  
Whatever lies along her way,  
And, surely, she will find Thee there  
In all that comes—her constant stay.

We do not go away from Thee  
Whene'er we turn earth's path to trace ;  
We only bend our conscious eye  
From looking up into Thy Face ;

<sup>1</sup> S. Mark, v. 18, 19.

That we may tend, in love to Thee,  
The duties Thou wouldst have us do ;  
And we can see reflected there  
The Image which we love, and know.

For all the world is one great glass,  
Which shows throughout, in vision clear,  
Thyself, dear LORD ; and we may trace  
Thy Likeness in each object there.

We cannot stray beyond the reach  
Of Thy Blest Presence, while we dwell  
Within the range of duty's call,  
Ever intent to serve Thee well.

And if we do not feel the glow  
That gathers round us while we gaze,  
Apart from thought of earthly cares,  
Into the Brightness of Thy Face ;

Yet, surely, all around our path  
There hovers still the Heavenly Light,  
Though clouds of earth may dim our ken,  
And hide it partly from our sight.

We need not fear, though all seem dark,  
One only thought be ours alway :  
That naught in us should hindrance prove,  
And drive Thy Presence far away.

“HASTE THEE, ESCAPE THITHER;  
FOR I CANNOT DO ANY THING  
TILL THOU BE COME THITHER.”—  
GENESIS XIX. 22.

O H, wondrous Love! that cannot cease  
Its own Almighty power to wield,—  
That must throughout the world shed peace,  
And e'en the lost from ruin shield!

God's own must first be gathered in,  
And led high up the mountain path,  
Before the mastering power of sin  
Hath leave to burst the gates of wrath.

God binds His own Almighty Arm,  
And will not let it loose to slay:  
His Justice hath less might to harm  
Than Love the threaten'd blow to stay.

What is the spell that holds Him back?  
What sees He in man's faltering love,  
E'en in the holiest, but the lack  
Of fervour towards the Heavenly Dove?

What virtues in the righteous ten,  
That might have stay'd base Sodom's doom?  
How could they stand the righteous ken  
Where Angels cannot faultless come?

'Tis not that aught of human birth  
Can claim of right acceptance there,  
Where God in Justice tries the earth,—  
He only Just beyond compare.

But in each man, frail though his race,  
God sees the Image of His Son,  
In every good His eye can trace,  
Although it be in weakness done.

And goodness thus has wondrous power  
To guide the Hand of Nature's God,  
Because it is the gracious dower  
Which JESUS won upon the Rood.

It is the Church that saves the world ;—  
In her alone is safety found ;  
And when the lightning's shafts are hurl'd,  
Her towers conduct them to the ground.

But there will come the end ere long ;  
She will be gather'd safely home ;  
Then God will not the time prolong,  
His Judgments on the world will come.

E'en now the Advent call is heard,  
And warnings gather round earth's way,  
The signs of wrath in Heaven are stirr'd,  
And point to the Eternal Day.

LORD, keep us with attentive ear,  
Waiting in patience for Thy Voice,  
That we, when sinners crouch for fear,  
May hear Thy summons and rejoice.

HORBURY, *Advent*, 1877.

### THE DEPTH OF GOD'S LOVE.

**H**OW is it, LORD, that I should dare  
To come so close to Thee?  
How can it be that Thou shouldst care  
For such a one as me?

Thou askest of me my poor love,  
As if its worth could be  
At all akin to that sweet Dove,  
The bond of Love in Thee.

And Thou dost make me feel the heat  
Of that bright ray, that comes  
Forth from Thy Glorious Mercy-seat,  
To cheer our earthly homes.

Thou dealest with me as a son,  
And openest all Thy store;  
Of all Thy gifts there is not one  
Which I can ask Thee more.

Yea, more than I can ask or think  
Thou givest wondrously ;  
My very nature seems to shrink,  
When all Thy gifts I see.

Nor only do Thy gifts appal ;  
There is one marvel more,  
That lies beyond, and most of all  
Astounds my heart's deep core :

How oft Thou dost Thyself reveal,  
And show me what Thou art ;  
That Thou with loving guile mayst steal  
The love of my poor heart.

Thou showest me how good and kind  
Thou art to those who cling  
To Thy dear love, and with glad mind  
Trust to Thy sheltering wing.

Yet I am very sinful, LORD,  
Nor worthy of such love ;  
My heart refuses in accord  
With Thy pure Will to move.

How is it Thou dost love me still ?  
Nor cast me quite astray ?  
Why dost Thou with such goodness fill  
A heart that turns away ?

Of all the wonders Thou dost show,  
Which might and knowledge prove,  
One above all I cannot know,—  
The depth of Thy dear Love.

Oh ! bliss that shall hereafter be,  
When sin shall be no more,  
And I shall in its fulness see  
Thy Love's exhaustless store.

HORBURY, *Epiphany*, 1878.

#### HYMN.

L ORD of the Universe, open Thine ear,  
And hear when we plead for the pardon  
of sin,  
Drive us not back overwhelmèd with fear,  
That, though seeking with tears, no accept-  
ance we win.

We come not to claim from Thy merciful care  
The right to approach Thee for aught that  
we are :  
We know we are sinners, and never should  
dare  
To approach Thy dread Justice, and plead at  
Thy bar.



But JESUS has died, and has paid that dear  
price,—

The price of His Blood, for our ransom and  
peace,—

And for His sake we plead, that Thy merciful  
eyes

May regard us with pity, and grant us release.

Thou knowest our weakness, how sin doth  
enthrall,

How the Evil One tempts us to yield to his  
guile,

We cannot stand upright, but surely must  
fall,

If Thou stand not by us, to aid us the while.

Then help us, dear Father, for we are Thine  
own ;

Like children we come to Thee, trusting and  
weak.

Oh ! look on the Face of Thine own Beloved  
Son,

In Whom we approach Thee Thy mercy to  
seek !

We know Thou wilt aid us, and cannot de-  
spair

When we think what Thy mercy already hath  
done ;

And our full hearts with gladness shall ever  
declare

The Love of the Father—the Love of the Son.

But, though we are glad with the gladness that  
springs

From the thought of our oneness with JESUS  
our LORD,

Yet our sense of that nearness the fear ever  
brings

Lest we with His Holiness fail to accord.

Then sustain us, dear Father, and help us to  
cling

To the Saviour in whom our acceptance is  
sure ;

Neither sin, nor temptation, nor death, hath a  
sting,

If JESUS be in us, our strength to ensure.

HORBURY, *Epiphany*, 1878.

### MISSION HYMN.

O H! come ye to JESUS, who yearns to be-  
stow

The gifts, which His Father has given Him  
for you ;

He purchased them dearly, and longs you should  
know

The depth of His Love, which such marvels  
could do.

Say not ye are sinners, and dare not draw near ;  
'Twas for sinners He died, and pour'd out  
His own Blood ;

The sense of your sin need not fill you with  
fear,

If only you long to be freed from its load.

To whom will you go, if it be not to Him ?

Who else can remove all your sorrow and  
pain ?

Who else can be able to fill to the brim

The chalice of blessing to cleanse your sin's  
stain ?

Say not you will wait for some happier hour

When your soul is less downcast, less sorely  
distress'd,

When you seem to be able to stand up in power

In the presence of Him Who has promised  
you rest.

What can make you more worthy to come to  
His feet ?

What else can you do, but acknowledge your  
guilt ?

The more keenly you feel it, the more are you  
meet,  
Like the leper, to cry, "Thou canst heal, if  
Thou wilt."

Be sure that He loves you, whatever you are,  
He knows you are helpless, apart from His  
aid ;  
But your weakness commends you the more to  
His care,  
And He claims you as His for the ransom  
He paid.

Then come ye to JESUS, and ask for His Love ;  
He will not reject you, though worthless and  
vile ;  
If you crave for His mercy, His answer will  
prove  
How gladly He grants you His Fatherly  
smile.

He will cleanse you from sin, and prepare you  
to sing  
The song of the ransom'd before the White  
Throne,  
Where for ages of ages your voices shall ring,  
With the anthem of praise to the blest  
Three in One.

## PATIENT LOOKING ONWARD.

NOT yet the time, when at Thy side  
I may repose, from labour free!  
Thine own must here be meetly tried,  
Ere they may rest, dear LORD, with Thee.

The grace which Thou in bounteous flow  
Hast pour'd upon me day by day,  
Must have its time in strength to grow,  
And blossom, while on earth I stay.

I would not cross Thy Blessed Will,  
With aught that is my own mere choice;  
I only would, dear LORD, be still,  
And listen to Thy faintest voice.

But while I tread earth's lonesome way,  
And try my daily task to do,  
This thought is my unfailing stay,  
That I shall soon have leave to go.

The rest for which I long with Thee  
Is worth a life of toil and care;  
What reck's it here in pain to be,  
If I may share Thy glory there?

Then give me patience, LORD, to wait  
Till I shall hear Thy loving call ;  
Let me not rashly antedate  
The hour Thou seest best of all.

And when I'm sad, through waiting long,  
And treading faintly on my way,  
Do Thou, O LORD, Thy grace prolong,  
And make it equal to my day.

HORBURY, *Epiphany*, 1878.

#### DIVINE HELP.

O H ! come and help me, dearest LORD !  
I need Thy help alway ;  
Alone I cannot stand the ills  
That try me night and day.

'Tis not that I would idly sit,  
And leave all work to Thee ;  
I ask not ease, but power to quench  
The foes that harass me.

The Evil One, with ceaseless strife,  
Besets the path I tread ;  
'Tis only Thou canst baffle him,  
When he his nets hath spread.

The flesh is weak, and softly meets  
Temptations as they come,  
And opens its too ready grasp  
To press the tempter home.

The world, with its luxurious ways,  
And heedless thought of ill,  
Hinders the effort that we make  
To do our Father's will.

In all around and all within,  
We have no safety, LORD,  
Unless in mercy Thou dost come,  
And Thy sweet grace afford.

Stir up my will, and brace my arm,  
That I may bravely fight;  
All will be well and truly done,  
If done in Thy sure might.

HORBURY, *Septuagesima*, 1878.

### SELF-SACRIFICE.

O H! help me, LORD, in Thy dear Love  
To give myself to Thee,  
To hold back naught, but give Thee all,  
That I Thine own may be.

Let me not halt for joys of earth  
That come within my reach,  
But leave them all with willing choice,  
As Thy blest Life doth teach.

Thou hadst no home in this cold world,  
No soft, endearing tie,  
That might put hindrance in Thy way,  
And bring temptation nigh.

All was completely put away,  
That Thy sweet will might rise  
Ever before Thy Father's Throne,  
A perfect sacrifice.

'Tis hard at times to quench the flame,  
When earthly love comes in ;  
But Thou didst vanquish, and Thou canst  
Help me the grace to win.

Let me not think it hard to give  
All that I have to Thee :  
Thy love is more than all the love  
That on this earth can be.

And Thou of right canst claim my all,  
For I was surely Thine,  
Before an earthly love came near,  
Around my heart to twine.



I would not rob Thee of Thine own,  
When Thou dost claim my all :  
The bands that else would bind me down,  
All vanish at Thy call.

Do Thou sustain me in the choice  
I make with ready mind,  
Nor let me falter, if at times  
Some hardness I may find.

It must be best as Thou dost will,  
And, if 'tis hard to-day,  
'Twill all be joy when I shall come  
To live with Thee alway.

HORBURY, *Lent*, 1878.

### THE GOOD GROUND.

THE sun was shining in his glorious might,  
High in Heaven's height,  
And casting down his bright and warming ray,  
The livelong day,  
Over earth's surface, where there lay to view  
A thousand plants and flowers, which from her  
bosom grew.

I look'd upon one stately stem, that vied,  
In high-born pride,

With those of humbler birth, and seem'd to  
scorn

    The baser born,  
That gather'd round a rivulet at its brink,  
And sought from its sweet waters daily life to  
drink.

Awhile each seem'd to feel the genial flow,  
    That through and through  
Warm'd its interior being, and, with a spring,  
    Hasted to bring  
The forces of its nature into play,  
And put their drowsiness and torpor all away.

But soon a change came o'er the joyous scene:  
    Where erst had been  
Like joy to all;—the loftier stem that stood,  
    In lordlier mood,  
Upon the higher ground, and far away  
From the brook's verdant brink, wither'd and  
died away.

The very ray, that in the humbler life  
    Sustain'd its strife,  
And gave it strength to draw the nurture in  
    From the sweet spring,  
Wasted and spent the little transient power  
Of that which lack'd for moisture in its mid-  
day hour.

'Tis so in grace;—the soul, moisten'd with  
tears,

That keenly fears  
The dread return of sin, and keepeth low  
In ceaseless flow  
Of penitential grief,—clings to the ground,  
In which the choicest fruits of holiness are  
found.

The rays of light and warmth, through meek-  
ness won

From its dear Sun,  
Call into vigorous life the feeble will,  
And bid it still  
Move onward more and more, in putting forth  
The rosy flowers and fruit that mark its hea-  
venly birth.

Nor does it lack of moisture to sustain,  
Through joy or pain,  
The eager race of life; for penitence,  
In fullest sense,  
Is not a passing act, now and again,  
But the habitual state of souls that hate sin's  
stain.

And penitence prepares the way for grace  
To find meet place

In which it may display its wondrous skill,  
And bend the will  
In growing likeness to the will of Him  
Who seeks to fill our cup of blessing to the  
brim.

Pride leads to heights where all the ground is  
dry,  
And lifted high  
Above the streams that flow in lowlier plains,  
No moisture gains,  
That may supply its need, when noon is nigh,  
And scorching sunbeams issue from the burn-  
ing sky.

HORBURY, *Lent*, 1878.

### UNREQUITED LOVE.

WHO does not know how deep the pang,  
When love, which longs to be confess'd,  
Is driven back through lack of love,  
And burns like fever in the breast?

How many a mother's aching heart  
Has waited on some best-loved son,  
Who madly rush'd on sin's dark road,  
And would not to her love be won!

How oft has deep affection wrung  
A tear from many a pastor's eye,  
For some lost child, who would not know  
The love that tried to draw him nigh!

Words cannot tell the meaning true  
That lies within their narrow bound,  
Unless within another's heart  
A sympathetic chord be found.

They speak of love, and vainly try  
Its hidden mystery to reveal;  
But all are powerless, if they fall  
Upon a heart that will not feel.

Oh! God, how oft have our cold hearts  
Spurn'd from our door Thy eager Love,  
When Thou wouldst have us know its depth,  
And all its marvellous blessing prove!

Oh! try us yet again, and show  
That Thou art still our loving LORD,  
And fit us also to receive  
The gifts, that from Thy Love are pour'd!

HORBURY, *Lent*, 1878.

## RESIGNATION.

WHAT need to send the tender child  
To that far distant land to roam?  
Why must he trace the weary wild  
That lies 'tween Egypt's shore and his much  
cherish'd home?<sup>1</sup>

Could not the rest suffice to bring  
The boon they needed all alone?  
Why ask so very hard a thing  
As from the father's heart to tear his best-  
loved son?

'Tis ever so when we would claim  
A blessing from the LORD of all;—  
The dearest thing that we can name  
Must be resign'd to Him, obedient to His  
call.

To give Him less than what is best,  
Keeping for self our dearest prize,  
Would be in that loved thing to rest,  
And hug an idol form that in our bosom lies.

GOD must have all,—our best beloved,—  
That round our heart its cords hath thrown;

<sup>1</sup> Genesis xlii. 29 to the end.

And every hindrance be removed,  
That would divide our heart, and make it less  
His own.

Who thus to Him resign their all,  
Have more than all restored again ;  
They soon forget their heavy thrall,  
And, Benjamin restored, are blest in Goshen's  
plain.

HORBURY, 4th Sunday in Lent, 1878.

HYMN.

L ORD, help us in our hour of need ;—  
No other help is nigh ;—  
To whom, if Thou dost close Thine ear,  
Shall we Thy people cry ?

Thou knowest all our weakness, LORD ;—  
'Tis only grace can give  
The strength by which we surely may  
Come home to Thee, and live.

Thou knowest all the hindrance too,  
That clogs our earthly way ;  
'Tis only Thou canst mastery give,  
To put it all away.

Thou knowest how the Tempter tries,  
With many a cruel dart,  
To find an entrance day by day  
Into our willing heart.

Help us against these restless foes,  
Nor let Thy succour cease  
Till we have gained our Home at last,  
And rest with Thee in peace.

HORBURY, *5th Sunday in Lent*, 1878.

### DEATH.

O DEATH! I love to gaze,  
Through earth's distorting haze,  
Which makes things look other than what they  
are,—

Upon thy pallid face,  
And calmly there to trace  
Thy doom anent myself, or be it far or near.

Thou art more friend than foe,  
And though I fear the throe,  
And agony of yielding up my life,  
Into thy chilling hand  
Upon the lonely strand  
That lies between our rest and this world's  
weary strife,—



Yet thou wilt ope the door  
Where lies the hidden store  
Of all that is most rich, most dear to me :  
Earth's treasure sanctified,  
Saints in the furnace tried,  
And worthy found to reign with God eternally :

Lost out of sight a while,  
But ready with a smile  
To greet our entrance to that land of rest ;  
Waiting as God hath will'd,  
Till all shall be fulfill'd  
And He hath made complete the number of the blest.

What though thy hand be cold,  
And stern its icy hold,  
Rending my very being into twain ;  
Thou must unloose ere long  
Thy grasp of all the throng  
Who yielded to thee once, but cannot thine remain.

And as they burst thy chain,  
Starting to life again,  
So shall they rise in glorious strength renew'd

That shall thy power defy ;  
And they shall see thee die,  
Despoil'd of all the gains which erst thy path-  
way strew'd.

Yet thou art terrible,  
Far more than tongue can tell ;  
For thou hast wondrous power to bring to light,  
Clear as the noonday sun,  
The things that we have done,  
And show them in their truth to our unclouded  
sight.

Well may we fear that view ;—  
For who in strictness true  
Hath followed meetly as his LORD hath bid ?  
How many a mournful fall  
Can each in grief recall !  
How many more there be which from himself  
are hid !

Oh ! how will it appall  
When thou shalt bring forth all,  
In one dread moment to our awe-struck sight !  
How shall we shrink for fear,  
As that sight draweth near,  
And wish to hide ourselves in clouds of darkest  
night !

But in that fearful hour,  
When all for shame shall cower,  
We trust in One who shall thy Victor be :  
He will sustain His own,  
Whom He hath ever known,  
And bring them with Himself to final victory.

I cannot tell what He  
May have in store for me :  
It may, perhaps, be wasting and decay,  
Long years of suffering,  
Ere thou at last shalt bring  
My summons to depart, and come with thee  
away.

If it be so indeed,  
More welcome in my need  
Will be thy call to lay me down to rest ;  
Or if it be not so,  
But thou dost bid me go  
By sudden stroke, God willing, that will so be  
best.

I do not ask to know  
Either the when, or how ;  
He will provide, whatever may befall :  
I only ask that He  
May give me grace to see  
My truest way to Him, and hear when He doth  
call.

And if it be His will  
That I may so fulfil  
My earthly course without excessive pain ;  
That I lose not thereby  
My place prepared on high ;  
'Twill be a boon from Him Who knows my  
truest gain.

I have no anxious thought ;  
For He, Who life has bought  
At the dear price of His most precious Blood,  
Will order all things right,  
Supporting by His might  
The weakness of His own, if they in faith have  
stood.

'Tis well we should not see  
What in the end will be,  
Lest we should quail through fear of woe to  
come ;  
We only need to hear,  
When He bids us prepare  
For that which He may send to speed our  
journey home.

Then I will meekly wait,  
Or be it soon, or late,  
That thou, O Death, shalt come to summon me ;

My only care to watch,  
Lest thou perchance shouldst catch  
My soul at unawares, unfit to look on thee.

So I will count thee friend,  
For thou shalt bring the end  
Of all that is most ill, most sad to me ;  
A disguised blessing sent,  
Whate'er the punishment,  
As my escape from sin, my way GOD'S Face to see.

Such is GOD'S way through all ;  
Each woe remedial,  
The pathway to some gift of richer kind :  
Using the Devil's gain  
For his own loss and pain,  
Keeping His people's welfare ever in His mind.

And I will welcome thee,  
Whenever it may be  
That He shall bid thee come Who rules thy  
helm,  
If He but grant me grace  
To number all my days  
So that I win the life that lies beyond thy  
realm.

HORBURY, *Passion Week*, 1878.

## ACCEPTANCE.

HOW shall we come before the Throne of  
God,  
And hope to stand with glad acceptance there?  
How shall we ask Him to accept our gift,  
With faith that He will listen to our prayer?  
For closed through sin  
Is all approach to Him, and who can enter in?

The Son of God by His obedient life  
Undid man's sinful life, and by His death  
Atoned for sin; and God, for His dear sake,  
Has from the sinner's head removed His wrath:  
He paid the debt  
Which God upon man's life had for transgression set.

Yet, though He made the way for man's approach,  
He made not sinners other than they were  
In their own nature; and with all the grace  
He gives them here, how can they still draw near?  
For naught can come,  
Save what is free from sin, up to the Heavenly Home.

Is it that God accepts as substitute  
The perfect offering of His Own dear Son ?  
And is content that man should live apart  
From His blest Presence till his race be run,  
And then at last,  
Stripp'd of his sin by death, the barrier may be  
pass'd ?

Or is it that, while man retains his sin,  
And has no offering worthy to present,  
God so imputes the righteousness of Christ  
In answer to man's faith, that thus he doth re-  
lent,

And suffer sin  
His Presence to approach, and boldly enter in ?

Is it that sin is not accounted sin  
In those whose faith has hid its sinfulness ?  
And thus that God has changed His view of  
things,

And grants some men a licence to transgress ?  
The guilty stain  
Defiling them no more, but passing off again ?

Can He be pleased to draw men to His side  
Who are not just, though yet accounted so ?  
Rewarding with His love a counterfeit ?  
And weakly letting all His sentence go,  
That naught impure  
His own all-holy Presence ever should endure ?

We cannot think so of the holy God ;  
He claims the offering of His weakest son :  
By each, though in himself worthless and vile,  
It is His will that entrance should be won ;

Yet it must be

By perfect cleansing first, ere there be access  
free.

The Blessed Son of God atoned for sin,  
And made a way for man's approach to God,  
Removing out of sight what hindrance made,  
And snapping into twain the avenging rod.

Yet not for this

May sin draw near to God, and claim His  
loving kiss.

But Christ did more than open out the way ;  
He made Himself a way that we might pass  
By might of His inherent holiness,  
Imputed and imparted, till the mass

Of all our sin

Be cleansed by the blest working of His grace  
within.

Christ is a power within the sinner's soul  
That leavens all that yields itself in love ;  
And while it works to make the life more pure,  
Aids it in sweet obedience to move

Towards the spring

And fount of holiness, the one eternal King.



And even now, in this imperfect state,  
As human works ascend before the Throne,  
Though in themselves unworthy, as they pass  
Into the Presence, where all things are known,  
And have their worth  
In truth assign'd, and weigh'd not as they  
were on earth,

They are made clean and perfect ere they find  
An entrance there,—all thoroughly bathed  
within,  
And interpenetrated by the Blood  
That is a perfect cleansing from all sin ;  
And so they come  
With sweet and sure acceptance into God's own  
Home.

The worthiness of Him, God's dearest Son,  
Has made them worthy; and they dare draw  
near,  
Because all human guilt is put away,  
And there is ground no more for chilling fear :  
God sees His Son  
In each cleansed soul, and owns the wonders He  
hath done.

And thus may human work rise up, and stand  
In God's most holy sight, nor fear the gaze  
Of His all-scrutinizing eye, that sees

It through and through in its most hidden  
ways :

All is complete  
In Him, Who brings it up before the Mercy-  
Seat.

All imperfection thus hath pass'd away  
From things that in themselves had little  
worth ;

All is restored, and recreated good,  
As God pronounced upon the new-made earth :

The Breath of Heaven  
Hath brooded over all, and form and beauty  
given.

Oh ! marvellous creation ! that could make,—  
Not as at first, when God in love did call  
From nothingness a new-created world,  
But far more wonderful !—transforming all,—  
Of hatred, love !

Of sin, sweet purity ! child of the Heavenly  
Dove !

God's absolution is a present gift  
Of perfect cleansing ; and it quite restores  
Weak human nature to its pristine state,  
As ere it fell, curing what it deplores ;

And for the while  
Removes all stain of guilt that hides the  
FATHER'S smile.

Pardon implies that that which was is not ;  
It takes away sin's stain ;—then what remains  
But sinlessness ? GOD does not half-perform  
His work in man,—half looses, half retains :

But reinstates  
The soul in whiteness pure, which Heaven  
antedates.

The Word of GOD has a creative force,  
And perfects what it says,—“Let there be  
Light !”

He spake, Who is the Co-Eternal Word,  
And Light, which erst was not, shone clear and  
bright :

So words of peace  
Create a perfect purity,—sin's sweet release.

Oh that man could but keep the purity  
Which God in mercy gives once and again !  
That he could always shun the dangerous ways  
Which lead him back his cleansèd soul to  
stain !

It shall be so  
At last to those who humbly in God's foot-  
steps go.

The constant cleansing minister'd on earth,  
And meetly used by the rejoicing soul,

Shall be a vantage-ground, aiding the more  
Each sinful inclination to control,  
And helping still  
Each pulse to beat the more in concert with  
God's will.

Till, without effort, all shall sweetly flow  
In heavenly harmony, needing no more  
The heavenly ladder, on which step by step  
Ascent is made towards the eternal shore—  
The endless rest  
As without measure, so with full perfection  
blest ;

Earth growing into Heaven, as the soul  
Gains more the habit of celestial Love  
Yielding itself, till all the earthly lines  
That mark'd its progress out of sight remove,  
And melt away  
In the ethereal light of Heaven's eternal  
day.

As when the measured pendulum, that marks  
The steps of time as it advances on—  
Each stroke a movement to the appointed end—  
Ceases its beat because its work is done ;—  
Time's race is run,—  
Lost in eternity, which was ere it begun ;

Thus shall the soul at last find sweet repose,  
Reaching the treasure which through life it  
    sought;  
All imperfection putting off for aye  
When to the unveil'd Presence it be brought:  
    But not till then,  
For here perfection cannot be in mortal men.

Who then shall stand in God's most holy place?  
Not he who thinks to save himself from sin,  
But he who feels his own unworthiness,  
And looks to Him who is enshrined within  
    His inmost soul—  
Its strength to do God's will, its passions to  
    control.

And where is boasting? What of human pride  
Or self-sufficiency can find its way  
Into the heart which knows that all its good  
Is but the product of the heavenly ray,  
    That, warming all,  
Brought life into the deadness of man's primal  
    fall;

And working now through each remotest limb  
Of the great Body of the Saviour LORD,  
Doth fill it with an energy Divine  
That doth suffice for all, and strength afford

To do God's will,  
So that our works in Him may mount the  
heavenly hill.

LORD! let me not misjudge, or of myself,  
Or of the mighty grace of Thy dear Son!  
Alone I dare not lift mine eye to Thee;  
Through Him I know that victory shall be won.

Then keep me low:—  
And lift me high in Him, that I Thy Love may  
know!

Mercy and truth in Him together meet;  
Mercy is justice now, for love can claim  
God's sure acceptance with His choicest gifts,  
If it come humbly in the Saviour's Name:

All things are ours,  
For we are Christ's, and Christ is God's,—our  
home the Eternal Towers.

HORBURY, *Holy Week*, 1878.

### SUFFERING.

WEARY hours and broken sleep,  
And oft-repeated woe,  
Are often here the portion, LORD,  
Of those whom Thou dost know.

The furnace oft is heated more  
For those who, most Thine own,  
Have lived in closest bonds of love,  
And in Thy likeness grown.

But all the heat that trieth them,  
And doth their nature prove,  
Is only that which issues forth  
From Thine exhaustless love.

And as of old Thou didst sustain  
Thy children in the flame,  
So do thy loved ones find Thee still  
Their loving LORD the same.

They see Thee not, as 'twas of old,  
Amid the furnace glare ;  
But still Thine everlasting Arms  
Are underneath them there.

The purest gold, and most refined  
From base, corrupting dross,  
Is that which, in the cleansing fire,  
The most hath suffer'd loss.

So robes which are of purest white,  
And least earth's spot retain,  
Are ever those the fuller's soap  
Hath cleansed and cleansed again.

This cleansing now from earthly stain  
Hath more or less of woe,  
As here in our imperfect state  
Along earth's path we go.

But when we have at length attain'd  
The robe of spotless white,  
And stand before our Father's Throne  
In His most holy sight,

Then all the fire of His blest love,  
That shines with brightest flame,  
Shall burn no more with painful throe  
In those that love His Name.

'Twill only find within them then  
What to Itself is kin,  
And that which makes Itself rejoice  
Will make them glad within.

Oh! blessed hour! oh! blessed rest!  
When that indeed shall be!  
Let patience have her perfect work  
That we its bliss may see!

WRAGBY VICARAGE, *SS. Philip and James' Day*, 1878.



## THE ALABASTER BOX.

SOME sounds there be that linger on the  
wind

And seem as if they cannot pass away ;  
Echo returns them, and they cannot find  
A place where they may cease, but still around  
us stay.

As on the bosom of some placid lake  
The widening circles cannot be at rest,  
But on and on their distant journey take,  
Till each in turn against the verdant bank is  
press'd.

Some odours, too, that are not volatile,—  
Giving a moment's joy, and then no more,  
Able to hold their sweetness but a while,  
And with one flush exhausting all their little  
store,—

But having in themselves a permanence,  
That knows no end, delighting more and  
more,  
And filling onward still the grateful sense ;  
Each burst of sweetness seeming sweeter  
than before,

As in the folds of some best honoured robe  
Lies hid a treasure, which is all its own,  
More lavishly, as we its secrets probe,  
Drawn closer to our side, making its fragrance  
known.

'Twas so in him, who, though the gift was  
gone  
Which was the ground of blessing, still show'd  
trace  
Of what he once had been;—though wayward  
grown,  
There linger'd yet the odour of his earlier  
grace.<sup>1</sup>

Thus is Christ's robe, the Church, for glory  
made,  
Perfumed with aloes, cassia, and myrrh;  
Out of the Ivory Palace, that makes glad,  
Making sweet smell for Heaven of that which  
cleanseth her.<sup>2</sup>

So of the precious things, that round us here  
Our God has scatter'd for our spirits' health,  
Some sounds there be that linger in the ear,  
And cannot cease the tale of their exhaust-  
less wealth.

<sup>1</sup> Esau's raiment, Gen. xxvii. 27.

<sup>2</sup> Psalm xlv. 9.

The joy of Benedictus swells for aye  
The Church's morning song, and sweeter still  
Mary's Magnificat rings day by day  
At eventide, the soul with heavenly peace  
to fill.

And ere we pass each on his couch to lay  
His weary head, by care and toil oppress'd,  
Sweet Nunc Dimittis summons us away  
In the calm Compline hour to lay us down to  
rest.

Thus Magdalene's devotion to her LORD  
Is told by His command from age to age,  
That it to all its lesson may afford,  
As they peruse its record in the sacred page.

It seems a simple offering, to be dight  
With such an endless praise,—a little jar  
Of ointment,—small indeed to human sight  
As gift to GOD,—but full of odours reaching  
far.

GOD seeth not as man, for some there were  
Who loudly spake against her humble gift:  
What waste! why not this cost too lavish  
spare?  
And spend it from cold want the feeble poor  
to lift?

'Twas not the voice of love that murmur'd so,  
But of that fallen soul, who was ere long  
To sell the LORD, Who made Himself most low,  
And poor in earthly goods—crowning his life  
of wrong.

Meek maiden! bent beneath the voice of scorn  
Which human selfishness flung in thy face!  
Look to thy LORD, Who, lifting up thy horn,  
Doth all the precious worth of thy meet  
offering trace.

He could with clearest eye look through and  
through  
Into the motive, that lay hid within  
Thy deepest bosom, and with verdict true  
Measure the meed of praise thy pious act  
should win.

He saw therein sign of deep penitence,  
The utter and complete abandonment  
Of all that was most sweet to earthly sense,  
That all might be upon God's altar freely  
spent.

The box of alabaster, pure and white,  
Meetest to hold its treasure,—snapt in twain!  
Able no more to cause the flesh delight,  
Or lend its ministry to human pride again!

The ointment, that she erst had loved to spend  
On selfish luxury, or, worse than all,  
To make it instrument towards the end  
That led the way to deeper and still deeper  
fall,

Pour'd freely forth in faith and fervent flow  
Of penitential love, not holding back,  
But giving all, that she the more might know  
Of His dear Love, that sought her on her  
sinful track.

She brake the box that nothing might be spared  
Of all its precious contents, none remain  
For baser use, that so they might be shared  
'Tween Earth and Heaven; and earth some  
portion still retain.

Not for a moment could she bear the thought  
That He, to Whom she offer'd with glad  
heart,  
Should have an earthly compeer,—or that aught  
Should be withheld by love, which knew the  
better part.

The odour of that ointment fill'd the house,  
And never ceases with its sweets to fill;  
Within the Church its living streamlet flows,  
And breathes its endless fragrance round her  
altars still.

And He, the LORD of all, saw deeper down  
    Into the mystery of her blessed deed ;  
Which to herself, though half at least unknown,  
    Did antedate the hour when He for sin should  
        bleed.

It spake of reverence to an honour'd guest :  
    Water,—her tears,—to wash His sacred  
        Feet,—  
Her hair the towel that might cleanse them  
        best,—  
    The ointment with its sweetness for refresh-  
        ment meet.

It spake of love that would for death prepare,  
    Nor loiter till the hour itself had come,  
But would beforehand bring with loving care  
    The spices that would fit His Body for the  
        Tomb.

She own'd Him more than man, and at His  
    Feet  
    Cast herself down, prostrate and humbled  
        there,  
In lowest attitude for sinners meet ;—  
    Her pious act a creed, her lowliness a prayer.

And as she prosper'd in her first essay,  
    And He did not repulse her from His Feet ;

Love drew her onward, if perhaps she may  
Approach His sacred Head, and there her  
deed repeat.

As Jacob pour'd sweet oil upon the stone  
That did support his head, making it so  
An altar meet for God, on which alone  
His honour should be manifested here below,

So did she pour upon the Corner Stone  
Her sweet libation, marking Him thereby  
The sure Foundation, upon which alone  
The Church in days to come should raise her  
towers on high.

And how does Thy acceptance, Holy LORD,  
Of this meek offering to Thy Body made,  
Its lesson to each future age afford  
That love may bring her gifts, and never be  
afraid.

Thy Body still is with us, and we may  
Bring spices to anoint it,—not as erst  
To fit it for its saddening funeral day,—  
But to adorn the Life, that from the grave  
hath burst.

Thy Body is the Church, and all we bring,  
For corporal or spiritual need,

Shall through the courts of Heaven with praises  
ring,  
And aid us more and more our heavenly race  
to speed.

Each little flower, which on God's shrine we  
place,  
Each voice of song, that swells the Church's  
choir,  
Each deed of love, that gives His temple grace,  
Each act of reverence, that lifts devotion  
higher,—

Each finds acceptance, and is meetly blest,  
If it come up with faith and humble love  
Before the Throne, where all things are at rest  
In the Divine embrace of the Eternal Dove.

Alas ! for poor, cold hearts that cannot feel  
The joy of offering all that this world gives  
To Him Who is their soul's eternal weal,  
And with the Church—His Body—still in  
union lives ;

Who think that aught is great, or aught is  
small,—  
As we may measure it in earthly view,—  
With Him, Who merely asks of man his all,  
And weighs each human gift in heavenly  
balance true.



It is foretold us of the approach of doom,  
That then, "the love of many shall wax cold;  
Th' abomination, making desolate, shall come,  
And spread itself within the Church's sacred  
fold."

LORD, fit us for that hour, when e'en th' elect  
Who most have follow'd in Thy holy way,  
Shall scarce have confidence to stand erect,  
Against the tide of ill that sweeps the world  
away!

Let niggard hearts, that love with selfish aim  
To spend upon themselves, take all their fill;  
It shall not add one glory to their name,  
Nor bring them true contentment, though  
they have their will.

To whom much is forgiven, he loveth much;  
And if there be whose hearts are cold within,  
'Tis that they have not felt the loving touch  
Of pardoning grace, that sweetly cleansed  
them from their sin.

Be ours the blessed word to Mary given,—  
"She hath done what she could;"—we ask  
no more;  
Such sentence pass'd by Him Who rules in  
Heaven  
Shall make our entrance sure to courts where  
saints adore.

HORBURY, *2nd Sunday after Easter*, 1878.

## EARTH'S BURTHENS.

WEARIED, and worn, and burthen'd by  
earth's load,  
That overmaster'd me, and broke me down,  
I strove, and strove again, yet all in vain,  
Save by a greater strength, than all that is  
my own.

Yet while I lay prostrate and low,—the end  
Uncertain,—what my GOD would do with me,  
Hope waver'd not that all would yet be well,  
Though naught of all my future I could  
clearly see.

I look'd to Thee, dear LORD, and saw Thee  
bow'd  
Beneath Thy weary load, as upward borne  
Thy sacred shoulder carried it along  
The dolorous way, that ended in the hill of  
scorn.

And there I learnt that earth, despite itself,  
Must needs remove the load it had imposed,  
Through very inability to force  
Its way, where GOD,—saving His own,—the  
door hath closed.

Simon must take Thy load, and help Thee on,  
By bearing for Thee to the appointed goal  
What they would fain have made Thee bear  
alone,  
Save for Thy failing strength, which they  
could not control.

Help needs must come,—the load itself must  
pass  
To other hands, as loving substitute,  
Or he who bears it must be drawn within  
The veil that hides the world, where sounds  
of woe are mute.

And we must wait in patient trust, till God  
Brings us relief, as He in love sees best;  
Nor can we lack for joy, though it be long  
Ere He in wisdom wills to bring us safe to  
rest.

The lesson of obedience is hard  
For flesh and blood to learn, and as our LORD  
Learnt by the things He suffer'd, till, in love,  
His Human Will moved on in sweet and glad  
accord

With His, whose Son He was ;—the Will Divine  
Ruling the Human, till the two were one;—

So must we still be learning more and more  
That needful lesson, till our earthly course  
be done.

And if it be that, as we journey on,  
The things, that teach it, press us very sore,  
Yet there is joy, that we are in the school  
Where patient scholars learn it daily more  
and more.

It will be playtime soon, and while we strive  
To gain the wisdom which will aid in life,  
'Tis joy, whate'er the pain, as on we press,  
And faith and hope uphold us through the  
ceaseless strife.

HORBURY, *Ascensiontide*, 1878.

### HOLY CHURCH AND HER SON.

KIND Mother, lead me on, and bless each  
opening day  
With thy enlivening ray!  
This earth is cold and dark; if thou shouldst  
fail to bless,  
I cannot find my way amid its loneliness.

I dare not trust myself along my earthly path,  
Where signs of Heaven's wrath

Are scatter'd all around;—I cannot hope to  
tread  
In safety, if thy shield be not above my head.

If I may come to thee, and ere my work begin,  
Thy blessing seek to win,  
All will be blest, and good,—throughout the  
livelong day  
Thy blessing shall suffice to turn all ill away.

My son, thy words are true, thou wouldst be  
over bold,  
'Mid dangers manifold,  
That fill this fallen world, to trust thyself alone,  
Without the sheltering arm of God around  
thee thrown.

Thou must begin with Him, and from Him  
first secure  
The strength that will endure;  
Then mayst thou enter gladly on thy earthly  
way,  
Sure that thy strength shall be according to  
thy day.

Kind Mother, do thou lead me, and I will not  
fail  
Thy guiding hand to hail;

Point thou the heavenly way, and I will onward  
press ;  
Thou art our Heaven-taught guide amid earth's  
dreariness.

My son, thou canst not reach the Father's  
Throne alone ;  
Some victim must atone,  
And that a worthy one, for all thy stains of  
sin,  
Ere thou canst reach the gate, and hope to  
enter in.

No worthy victim can be found but only One,  
Which love for thee hath won :  
That must thou ever bring, if thou wouldst  
entrance gain  
Into the heart of God, and thence His grace  
attain.

The Son of God Himself hath pointed out the  
way,  
By which in faith we may  
Lift up this worthy Victim, and its virtue plead,  
That it may win acceptance in our hour of need.

He is Himself, God-man,—the Victim and the  
Priest ;  
And now, seated at rest,

Upon the Father's Throne, He shows the sacred  
scars,  
Which, though in glory now, still for His  
Church He wears.

And while within the veil He pleads for us the  
Blood  
Shed on the Holy Rood,  
He hath mark'd out the way, by which, in  
earth's dark vale,  
We may unite with Him, and so with God  
prevail.

"Do this," in love He said, "as my Memorial  
true ;  
Thus lifting up to view  
My precious Sacrifice before the Father's Face,  
That He may give it back with its abounding  
grace."

Let each day thus begin ; meet thou thy Saviour  
LORD  
At His most Holy Board ;  
It may not be, perhaps, that thou shouldst  
daily dare  
To feed on Him ;—at least 'tis good that thou  
be there.

'Twill hallow all thy soul, if thou in love unite,  
In God's most holy sight,

To plead with all His saints the virtue of His  
Name  
Who to redeem the lost from God's own Bosom  
came.

And though perchance at times, for punishment  
of sin,  
Awaiting till within  
Thy soul be further cleansed, thou deem'st it  
well to hold  
Back from the prize, with all its blessings  
manifold,

Yet do not coldly turn thy back upon thy God ;  
Lest with avenging rod  
He smite thy faithlessness ; be sure 'tis well  
to be  
Where He in love doth show His Sacrifice for  
thee.

Or it may be, perchance, that 'tis thy lot to  
dwell

Where some cold earthly spell  
Hath bound the sons of God, so that they take  
no heed  
With loving frequency sin's Sacrifice to plead.  
Still thou art ever one with Him, the Church's  
Head,  
And though all else be dead,



Thou mayst unite with Him, our Priest on high,  
Who pleads for us His Sacrifice unceasingly.

Unite in faith with Him in His Great Sacrifice :  
Adoring lift thine eyes  
To that most Precious Victim, and then, with  
It one,  
One with the Priest that offers, come before  
the Throne.

Then open all thine heart, and draw to thee in  
love  
The Gift, that e'er shall prove  
Thy stay 'mid weal or woe, lest thou perchance  
transgress  
The bounds, which God hath set, be it by more  
or less.

If thus thou dost each day begin, thou shalt not  
fail,  
Though cruel foes assail,  
To find a certain stay sufficient for thy need ;  
For He, the LORD thy GOD, will be thy strength  
indeed.

Dear Mother, I have proved thy holy counsel  
true ;  
For ever as I drew

To His most Sacred Presence, Who alone can  
    bless,  
I found myself sustain'd against my worldliness.

And I have found it too, that as I sought the  
    more,  
    That I might but adore,  
His Sacred Presence here vouchsafed so graciously,  
So I have long'd the more to have It ever nigh.

And thus the sweet familiarity that springs  
    From frequent use of things ;  
The mind through constant bending to the reverent gaze  
Of Heavenly Mysteries, tuning itself to praise,

Leavens the earnest soul into a rapture meet  
    To be GOD's Holy Seat,  
And fits it to receive, as oft as it may be,  
That greatest Gift of GOD—Himself—more lovingly.

And having drawn in faith through Holy Sacrament  
    My GOD into the tent  
Of my poor feeble soul, aids to adore Him well,  
And yield my being up to His Life-giving spell.

Yet hast thou, Mother dear, some counsel further still,

That may sustain my will,

And guide me as I pass along my earthly way  
From God's most blest commandments never  
far to stray?

I have, beloved son, a further word to tell,

To guide thy footsteps well,

Amid earth's daily snares;—when thou hast  
well begun,

Think not Thy Christian work as yet completely  
done.

Thy day begun with God, thyself made one  
with Him,

See that earth do not dim

Thy soul's first hallow'd thought, but let it  
ever stay

A present guardian Angel through the livelong  
day.

Look at thyself, thy God, thy work, thy friend,  
thy all,

Through the clear rays that fall

From the Great Sacrifice—and measure all by It;  
'Twill be the Judge's rule, Who on the Throne  
will sit.

'Twill help thee to descry some little stains of  
sin,

Which else might creep within  
Thy holiest deeds and aims, marring their perfect  
grace,  
And making them unfit for God's blest dwelling  
place.

But dwelling in Its Light, thou wilt increase  
thy aim,

Each thought and deed to frame  
In sweet accord with God: thus doing all thy  
best,  
Though in itself imperfect, He will do the rest.

The virtue of that Sacrifice will work in thee,  
And fit thee wondrously  
To stand with sure acceptance at the eternal  
bar,  
When sinners seek to hide themselves from  
God afar.

Keep thyself one with JESUS; draw not near  
to God

Except in Him, Who trod  
Earth's thorny path for thee; live in His  
Sacrifice,  
And being one with It, in Him thou too shalt  
rise.

Let Him be first, and midst, and last, as each  
short day

In silence steals away :

Then lay thee down to rest, and meekly give  
the praise

Of every tower to Him which He has helped  
to raise.

Kind Mother, I will try to follow in thy way :

And when my footsteps stray,

Lift thou thy warning voice, and call me back  
again,

That I in wanton ways may never long remain.

And as God gave to thee the charge, that cannot sleep,

“ Feed thou My Lambs—My Sheep,

Take thou each feeble child, and nourish it for  
Me,”

So do thou nurse and feed My life unceasingly.

Thou art the Treasure House of all God's  
choicest gifts,

Thy pardoning word uplifts,

And in thy every act there rings the ceaseless  
chime,

“ Lo, I am with you always, to the end of time.”

Use well thy Gifts for me, nor let me ever cease  
To seek in thee my Peace :  
Our LORD is one with thee, and I shall find  
Him there,  
If I do not neglect to seek with loving care.

HORBURY, *S. Peter's Day*, 1878.

### THE RAINBOW.

BEAUTIFUL Rainbow! shining on the  
breast

Of yonder mountain, where with varied hue  
Thy radiancy hath found a transient rest !

How dost thou add a richness to the view,  
Which, bright before,  
Is brighter since it shared the lustre of thy  
store !

How varied are thy hues, as each doth shine  
Distinct and perfect in itself, and yet  
Stretching beyond its measured boundary line,  
Blending with that which on each side is set;  
Teaching us so  
Their kindred source and nature, which no dis-  
cord know !

And seeming too the lesson true to teach,  
That one apart can never hope to stand ;  
But they must blend their forces each with each,

Seeking to be sustain'd on either hand;  
    In loved embrace,  
Each holding sweetly up the other in its place.

For though they seem diverse, when viewed  
    apart,

They are but parts of one harmonious whole;  
They form'd one ray, when with exulting start  
    Along the way from their dear Sun they stole;

    'Twas earth alone  
That parted them asunder, which had else been  
    one.

Fair emblem of God's Truth ! Itself but one,  
    As in the one Eternal Deity,

Before creation's birth, for aye it shone,

    Rejoicing in Itself through all Eternity ;—

    Then issuing forth,

When time began, to cheer the darkness of this  
    earth.

But clouds of earth have parted its bright ray,

    And as we gaze upon its severed form,

There is a danger lest we miss our way,

    Forgetting that, though each hath its own  
    charm,

    Distinct and true,

'Tis but a part, and needs each other tempering  
    hue.

One cannot stand alone, nor could it serve  
The purpose of its being, if in love  
It did not freely blend without reserve  
With all the rest, that mingling they might  
    prove  
    A light and stay  
To man, as God design'd, in this His earthly way.

'Tis only in His Church that we are sure  
To keep the balance true, free from sin's  
    thrall,—  
That we go not where earthly claims allure,  
Holding one phase of Truth, as if 'twere all,  
And losing sight  
Of unity, in which alone we see God's Light.

Truth is not found, save when we hold the bond  
That binds all Truth in one; we may not say  
Of all the other parts, that lie beyond  
The boundary of our little colour'd ray,  
    That they are naught,  
And we are sole possessors of the Heavenly  
Thought.

Each holds its place within the Church's hand,  
For there the SPIRIT blends them all in one;  
And while within her unity we stand,  
The hues of earth that dazzled us are gone,  
And all is bright  
As seen in the pure ray of God's Eternal Light.



Why is it, LORD, that Thou in this our day  
Shouldst loose the rein upon man's wanton  
will,  
And suffer him to wander far astray,  
Setting his idols up on every hill,  
And in his pride,  
Daring to face earth's strife without his Heaven-  
sent guide ?

It was not thus in better, holier times,  
When men drank deeper from the Heavenly  
rill,  
And nearer to its spring drew forth betimes  
The purer water, as from Sion's Hill,  
Stainless and bright,  
It burst, ere earth had fouled it, in God's Holy  
sight.

It was Thine earnest prayer, while yet on earth,  
That Thy whole Body should be one in  
Thee,  
That all who had from Thee their second birth  
Should share the everlasting unity  
Which aye hath shone  
In FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT, ever Three in One.

When shall there be full answer to Thy prayer ?  
When will men learn that, if they would be  
one,  
It cannot be by human skill, but there,

Where is the SPIRIT's guidance—there alone,  
Where Thou, dear LORD,  
Dost through Thine Incarnation Heavenly Life  
afford.

It is our sins that keep us thus apart;  
They quench the SPIRIT's power, and hold  
us back :

Oh ! grant us penitence, that with true heart  
We may completely follow in the track  
Which Thou didst tread,  
When Thou didst come on earth to be the  
Church's HEAD.

Take from us pride and boasting, bend our will  
Ever to Thine, nor let the little ray  
Of our own coloured light so wholly fill  
Our field of vision, that it puts away,  
Far out of sight,  
All that it needs to fill the measure of GOD's  
Light.

The day shall come—it may perhaps be long—  
When all shall yet be one, all discord cease:  
May naught of ours the waiting-time prolong!  
Naught stay the advent of eternal peace !  
May it come soon !  
If not, at least 'twill be in Heaven's eternal  
noon !

ENGELBERG, SWITZERLAND, 6th Sunday after Trinity,  
1878.

## MOUNTAIN CLIMBING.

OF all the glorious things that fill God's  
earth

None is more glorious than the mountain's  
height ;

Half hidden in the robe of mantling cloud,  
Half shining in the blaze of radiant light.

These everlasting hills, constant and strong,  
Clothed on their summits with perpetual snow,  
And 'neath the ray of the enkindling sun,  
Pouring their torrents down with ceaseless  
flow,

Tell forth from age to age the attributes  
Of Him Who gave them birth, His Power,  
His Love,  
His spotless Purity, lifted on high,  
Above the plains, on which His creatures  
move !

Some heights there be to which men cannot  
soar ;

They are so steep and lofty that they lie  
Beyond the reach of man's capacity,  
Baffling his effort, though he proudly try.

He can but gaze, and wonder, and adore,  
Looking with eager eye and glowing heart,  
And yet content with that which God hath  
    given,  
Seeking the while to do his earthly part.

It will not be for aye that he must lie  
Upon the lower level of earth's plain :  
Man once was nearer God, and Jesus came  
To lift him up to God's own height again.

Some stouter hearts and limbs there be, that  
    climb  
The difficult ascent of rock and snow,  
And with untiring energy surmount  
The perils, which less daring spirits never  
    know.

And thus they reach some all-commanding  
    height,  
Where, stretching far and wide on either  
    hand,  
Vast seas of ice and snow, changeless and still,  
In all their purity and lustre stand.

It is a glorious sight, that fills the soul  
With wondrous thoughts of the Immensity  
Of Him Who made it all, and still sustains  
What without Him would pass away and  
    die.

But glorious though it be, and passing thought,  
'Tis but an earthly view, the peaks, that glow  
In all their radiant purity and light,  
Are but the beacons of this world below.

And all the labours that men spend to gain  
These loftier summits, oft are but the flight  
Of human pride, that would perforce outdo  
A brother's skill, and master him in might.

Or if they have not such ignoble birth,  
Too oft they only aim at the brief joy  
That fills the soul at sight of what is grand,  
The brief enjoyment of an earthly toy.

Oh ! that with equal eagerness and toil  
Men would but seek to climb the Heavenly  
hill !

'Twould be a safer and more sure ascent,  
And would their souls with nobler rapture fill !

No clouds are there to dim the distant view,  
If only we look on with eager eye ;  
No disappointment can await us there,  
But all grows brighter as we mount on high.

God grant us grace to press along the way !  
'Tis not in this ascent, as 'tis on earth,  
That failing strength and tottering limbs im-  
pede ;  
Mere earthly powers have but little worth.

If with intensest aim, and faithful heart,  
Seeking a better aid than earth can give,  
We onward press, we cannot fail to win  
The Heavenly Height, and there in bliss to  
live.

ZÜRICH, *August 11th, 8th Sunday after Trinity, 1878.*

### EINSIEDELN.

'T WAS in the time when Charlemagne bare  
    sway  
That holy Meinrad, of the noble house  
Of Hohenzollern, sought a shelter safe  
From this world's pomp and pride and circum-  
    stance,  
And all the sins that follow in their train;  
And plunging deep into the forest's shade,  
High in the mountains up above the Lake  
Which takes its name from Zürich's city, built  
His Hermitage; that there alone with God  
He might hold converse sweet, and there deplore  
His own and others' sins, and pardon seek:  
That when the time should come that he must  
    go  
At the LORD's call to answer at His Bar,  
All might be well, and till that time should  
    come  
He might devote his little span of life

To Him Who gave it and be only His.  
But ere he pass'd away from this world's strife,  
To hide himself with God, Saint Hildegarde,  
Abbess of Zürich, to sustain his faith  
And aid his soul in its approach to God,  
Gave him at parting a most precious gift,  
An Image of the Mother of our Lord.  
It was a treasure which she valued much,  
For it had aided many in their prayers,  
And she vouchsafed it now, that it might be  
A stay to Meinrad in his solitude.  
Rich in this gift, for such things then were  
rare,

Good Meinrad fled, and built his hermit's cell  
Amid the forest, far from man's abode,  
Forgotten by the world, by all but God.  
Thus pass'd his holy life in prayer and peace,  
Nor dreamt he that the God he loved so well  
Would call him soon to dwell with Him above.  
Two robbers passing through the trackless wild  
Spied his poor cell, and hoping there to find  
Some earthly lucre, slew the holy man,  
Not fearing that from such a solitude  
The sound of their ill deeds would come abroad.<sup>1</sup>  
But God devises oft what in his pride  
Man thinks not of, and the sad tale of sin  
Is spoken out where all seem'd safe from harm.  
Two Ravens, that were nurtured in the cell

<sup>1</sup> S. Meinrad was murdered A.D. 861.

Of pious Meinrad, and were day by day  
His sole companions, follow'd with their cries  
The evil men, and thus their evil deed  
Was brought to light of day, and they were led  
Back to the mountain's height, where they had  
sinn'd,

And paid their lives as penalty to God.<sup>1</sup>  
And thus (so God decreed) the holy life  
Of Meinrad, lost to sight for many a year,  
Came forth to view, and men revered the more  
Him, who had suffer'd such a cruel death.  
Thousands of pilgrims sought the sacred spot  
Where he had lived and loved and served his  
God.

They built again his cell, and soon a band  
Of Benedictine Hermits founded there  
A noble church, and with meet reverence  
Named it Einsiedeln, from the Hermit's cell.<sup>2</sup>  
A thousand years and more have pass'd away  
Since Meinrad gave his holy life to God,  
And laid him down to rest—part in the grave,  
His better part in Paradise—and yet  
The odour of his sanctity survives  
Change and decay, and holy pilgrims still  
Come day by day to worship at his shrine,  
And learn the way by which he served his God.

<sup>1</sup> The two robbers were executed on the spot where the Raben Inn now stands.

<sup>2</sup> Einsiedlern = hermits.



They love to hear of all his holy deeds,  
His self-denial and unworldly ways ;  
And as they tread the ground where his bright  
    blood

Flow'd from the cruel robber's guilty hand,  
They brace themselves anew for loftier aims,  
And mourn their former lack of love and zeal.  
It may be that amid their pious work  
Some spark of superstition finds its way ;  
But who shall dare, with cold, self-righteous  
    eye,

To scrutinize the way in which they serve  
Their God, and show their love for that blest  
    soul

Who draws them after him to mount the stair  
That leads to Paradise? All earthly things  
Have imperfection, and none know themselves  
So ill as those who wish to cast the stone  
At other's frailty, deeming self the while  
More perfect, and above weak nature's stain.  
It must be good to company with saints,  
And learn their noble deeds, and, warn'd within  
By their example how to shun the sin  
That Earth is full of, seek to emulate  
Their holy lives, eager to pour the tale  
Of all the various sins that press them sore,  
Into a sympathetic ear, that leads the way  
To a warm heart that bleeds for all their woe,  
And with responsive gift of pardon heals

The wounds that fester'd long, and hinder'd  
much

Their onward progress in the life of grace.

It must be good to be thus brought to God,  
Ev'n though the steps, by which they make  
their way,

May not be perfect all, and free from blame.

It must be good to come with cleansèd soul

In meekness to adore the Present LORD,

And feed on Him, Who gives His very Self

To be our Food, that He as Leaven may

Transform our nature to be like His own.<sup>1</sup>

It is so hard, amid our present snares,

To keep the path of God's most perfect way,

That we have little need to mock at love,

That tries its best, according to its light,

To find the road to God:—the humble soul

Knows far too well its own imperfect aim,

And sad shortcomings, to hold up to scorn

The fault he seems to see in others' love,

Which glows, perhaps, more warmly than his  
own.

Enough for us, if so it be that wrong

Is intermix'd with what devotion leads

Another soul to use in its approach

To Him, Who justly tries the deeds of men—

Enough for us to mark what seems amiss,

<sup>1</sup> The average annual number of Communicants in the Abbey Church is 150,000.

And hold our peace, lest, while we seek to mend,  
We mar GOD's work, and chill a soul that glows  
With ardent love for Him, and seeks to tread  
The path it hath been taught as best to lead  
To Him it seeks to serve mid hope and fear.  
GOD can discern as human eye cannot  
The real worth of all we do for Him,  
And He can disentangle all the web  
Of good and ill that in our lives we weave,  
As mantle to enwrap our nakedness  
In our approach to Him, and make us meet,—  
As nature 'reft of grace could never be,—  
To stand before Him and acceptance find.  
Then let us tread with caution when we blame  
Another's deeds of love; e'en though they be  
In measure faulty, they may bring him near  
The GOD he loves with closer, deeper tie  
Than what we deem our better, safer way  
Serves to uplift us to the realms on high.  
If each be true to GOD, then GOD will bless,  
And measure out to each as each hath saintliness.

EINSIEDELN, *August 17th*, 1878.

### LOVE AND FEAR.

'TIS hard to feel, as creatures ought,  
The awful Majesty of GOD;  
To come to Him with meekness due,  
And bend beneath His Sovereign rod.

He makes us know His wondrous Power  
By all the things that round us lie ;  
But that which most surpasses thought,  
Is His unbounded Purity.

The love with which He fills us here,  
Flowing for aye from JESUS' Side  
Is so abounding in its joy,  
It seems to swallow all beside.

It lifts us up so very high  
Above the things that are on earth,  
That there is risk lest we forget,  
That we have but a creature's worth.

Help us, O GOD, to keep in sight,  
Amid the joy of Thy sweet Love,  
The awful depth of that Pure Life  
That dwells for aye in Thee above !

And never let the gladdening thought  
Of sure acceptance in Thy Son  
Make us forget that we are nought,  
And have not yet the Victory won.

However much it be our lot  
To bask in sunshine day by day,  
Yet let us look beyond its glow,  
And see that Thou art GOD alway.

Thou only canst Thyself describe  
The distance 'tween Thyself and us ;  
And though Thy Love hath bridged the gulf,  
And made a way that we may pass,

Yet Thou alone Thyself art God,  
And we but creatures of Thy Hand ;  
And so, for all Thy Love hath done,  
Must each in his true nature stand.

Thus Love and Fear have each their part  
To play in man's approach to Thee ;  
Love clings to Thee, the Fount of Love ;  
Fear quails before Thy Purity.

Fear feels its nothingness, and craves,  
Though all unworthy, for Love's ray,  
To warm its coldness, and dispel  
The dread that drives it far away.

Love kindles Fear with its own flame,  
But yet destroys not what it fills ;  
But so transforms it, that it dares  
To scale the Everlasting Hills.

Each had its perfect work in Him  
Who won man's life because He fear'd ;  
Yet loved as only God could love  
His God, above all else endear'd.

S. GALLEN, *August 22nd*, 1878.

“WHEN HE WAS COME NEAR HE BE-  
HELD THE CITY AND WEPT OVER  
IT.”—S. LUKE XIX. 41.

CITY of GOD, most beautiful,  
    Basking in golden light !  
To outward sight how glorious !  
    But within the darkness of night !

Thy Saviour came, yet thou didst not know,  
    But didst put Him away from thy side ;  
He wept for thy sin, but His tears were in vain,  
    They could not pierce through thy pride.

Thou didst hold in thy hand the Sacred Law,  
    And within were the things of thy peace ;  
But a carnal mind had blinded thine eye,  
    And thou couldst not have now release.

Thou hadst sinn'd away thy day of grace,  
    And it could not again return ;  
The vengeance of GOD must fall on thee,  
    And soon in its fury burn.

For what can avail to avert thy doom,  
    And save from the foeman's dart,

When the tears of the Lamb are pour'd out in  
vain,  
And prevail not to soften thine heart?

Oh! soul of man!—thou city of God,  
Where His Word is written within!—  
Though thou wilt not see what belongs to thy  
peace,  
Learn at least the end of sin.

Dost thou wait for a sign, which with manifold  
force  
May convince thy curious mind?  
Faith is the pathway that leads to God,  
Whom reason is powerless to find.

Then yield thyself up to thy Saviour LORD,  
While yet He is present to bless,  
Lest the time should come when His tears fall  
fast  
O'er the doom of thy faithlessness.

S. GALLEN, *16th Sunday after Trinity,*  
*August 25th, 1878.*

### SLEEP.

COME, gentle sleep, seal up mine eyes  
From earth's absorbing vanities;  
Let me lie still

Wrapt in thine arms, till rest again  
Renew my strength, and this worn brain  
With freshness fill.

I cannot here with rapture high  
Sustain for aye the upward cry :  
The spirit flags ;  
And though the will may seek to rise,  
And strain itself towards the skies,  
Earth downward drags.

The flesh is weak, and makes its voice  
Be heard against our better choice ;—  
'Twill have its way ;  
But Thou, Dear LORD, Who knowest all,  
And willest to unbind sin's thrall,  
Hast given a stay.

Thy blessèd gift of gentle sleep,  
Through which Thou dost Thy servants keep  
Safe from Earth's strife,  
Renews again our wasted powers,  
And on us pours refreshing showers  
Of quickening life.

Yet when we chiefly need its aid,  
Our very need is hindrance made,  
And drives it back ;  
Our throbbing brow, that longs for peace,  
Throbs wildly on, and will not cease—  
Still on the rack.



'Tis oft the same with other things,  
Which for man's healing JESUS brings :  
    Nature rebels,  
And will not use the proffer'd aid ;  
Till it at length is prostrate laid ;—  
    Broken earth's spells.

Oh ! let me, LORD, at Thy command,  
Serenely hold myself in hand ;  
    Ready to use  
What gifts of nature, or of grace,  
Within my reach Thy Love doth place,  
    Nor aught refuse !

So long as Thou hast perfect sway,  
Within my very self always,  
    All must be peace ;  
The fever'd pulse, the throb of sin,  
Which else would make it war within,  
    Their tumult cease.

HORBURY, *Michaelmas*, 1878.

### HUMILITY.

THE humble soul in sight of God  
    And thought of its own sin,  
Feels what an awful distance lies  
    Between itself and Him.

And yet the thought that drives it far  
In its unworthiness,  
Draws it to Him, its only hope,  
And brings Him near to bless.

There is no way of drawing near  
So sure to win its aim,  
As that which leads the soul to feel  
The space 'tween love and shame.

It was our own dear LORD that said,  
“Who maketh himself low  
Shall find an Arm to lift him up,  
And all God's greatness know.”

HORBURY, *November 3rd*, 1878.

#### THE NEW AND OLD COMMAND.

“**A** NEW command I give to you,  
That ye should one another love ;  
Thus may ye witness Whose ye are,  
And all your sacred lineage prove.”

And yet 'tis but the old command,  
That in creation's earliest womb  
Had birth, and show'd itself around,  
Ere sin had cast its saddening gloom.

And mid the clouds that gather'd round  
The fallen earth in its decay,  
The GOD of Love still call'd men back  
To Love, from which they went astray.

But yet, though 'twas the same command  
As Israel's children rightly knew,  
'Twas not the same in depth and power  
When JESUS utter'd it anew.

Of old 'twas said, "As of thyself,  
So of thy neighbour, love shall be;"  
But JESUS claims a wider range,—  
"As I myself have lovèd thee."

Oh, boundless depth of Love Divine!  
The Heart of JESUS opens wide,  
And emptying all Its Love on me,  
Bids me a like repast provide!

He taught us how true Love and Self  
Cannot be treasured side by side;  
One must against the other strive,  
Till in the end but one abide.

He spent His all—Himself—His Life,  
To win the gift of Life for man;  
And Love that would be kin to His,  
Must make what sacrifice it can.

O LORD, how feeble is our aim !  
How endless our shortcomings are !  
Grant us Thy Grace to know Thee more,  
And follow, though behind Thee far.

HORBURY, 1st Sunday in Advent, 1878.

### DISTANT MUSIC.

SWEET the sounds of Music,  
Softly wafted o'er  
The face of waveless waters,  
From the distant shore.

In the evening silence,  
When all else is still,  
Come they then the clearer,  
As our ear they fill.

They charm away the sorrow  
That gathers round us here,  
And stay, while yet we listen,  
The ready starting tear.

They seem to tell of freedom,  
Rest from labour won—  
Of justly earn'd refreshment  
When the task is done.

And thus they draw us upward,  
While yet they steal along;  
And though our voice be silent,  
Our hearts are tuned to song.

'Tis thus when souls are waiting  
To pass across the stream,  
With eye and ear attentive  
To catch each sound or gleam:—

And chiefly when approaching  
The eventide of life—  
When earthly shadows lengthen,  
And passions cease their strife—

The sound of happy voices  
From that far-distant land,  
Is wafted o'er the waters  
Upon whose brink we stand.

Within the Holy Temple  
We sing with reverent mirth,  
And all the Chorus echoes  
With voices not of earth.

And chiefly when we offer  
The Sacrifice on High,  
They join our Benedictus  
And in our Sanctus cry.

And thus the Church's oneness  
Is bonded more and more,  
While saints in Earth and Heaven  
Their common LORD adore ;

Receiving each together  
The Food, that makes them meet  
To dwell with GOD for ever,  
And all His Love repeat.

They have not yet the fulness  
Of their eternal joy,  
Who rest as yet in Hades,  
Though safe from Earth's alloy :

The Saviour's Intercession,  
Pleaded within the veil,  
Alone sustains their resting  
In bliss which cannot fail.

And what the Saviour pleadeth,  
His Body pleadeth too,  
That His atoning mercy  
May all their sin undo,

And seal to them the fulness,  
In that final hour,  
Of what—their waiting ended—  
Shall be their certain dower.

Oh ! may our Loving FATHER  
Bring us with them to rest,  
Till we and they together  
Are number'd with the blest !

And if at times we loiter  
Along God's Heavenly way,  
May those who see Him clearer,  
In light of open day,—

Ask for us, that we fail not  
To win our crown at last,  
And plead for us the Victim,  
Till all life's snares are past.

HORBURY, *December 14th*, 1878.

### SELF-WILL OVERCOME.

I PASS'D along the Church's aisle,  
And a maiden was kneeling there ;  
Her brow was furrow'd with lines of woe,  
As she offer'd her silent prayer.

I saw, as I pass'd her with gentle tread,  
A warm and glistening tear,  
As down her cheek it made its way,  
Like a dew-drop bright and clear.

I could not venture to intrude  
Where away from the world she had crept,  
To the inner circle of her soul,  
And ask her why she wept.

But I long'd to help her, if it might be,  
And give her my sympathy;  
If perchance she should care to unburthen her  
soul,  
And tell out its grief to me.

Anon she pass'd through the Churchyard gate;  
I met her, and gently said,  
"You are sad, my child, can I lend a hand  
To lift up your mournful head?"

"Oh! I have been a wayward child,"  
She said with a sadden'd look;  
"And God has taught me how wrong I was  
When my way against Him I took."

"'Tis well," I replied, "we should yield to Him,  
Whatever may us betide;  
For He must know what is best for us,  
Far better than all beside."

"Most true," she said, "I have proved it so,  
Though the lesson has cost me dear:"  
And then she told me her tale of woe,  
With accent firm and clear.



“ A father I had, who loved me much,  
And I loved him dearly too ;  
My God was pleased to take him away,  
And I would not let him go.

“ I set my heart to resist God’s will,  
With all my might and main ;  
And when I was forced to submit to Him,  
I sullenly hugg’d my pain.

“ I felt myself wrong’d by all around,  
And I cast the blame on all ;  
I did not say it,—I did not dare,—  
But on God did my hard thoughts fall.

“ Thus moodily pass’d my weary life,  
Because my own will was cross’d ;  
I idly murmur’d the livelong day,  
And at night on my bed I toss’d.

“ I was angry with all, and from every friend  
I sullenly turn’d away ;—  
I could not, and would not come to God !  
I could not, and would not pray !

“ Thus my sorrow at length was so heavy a load  
That I could not endure it more ;  
So I look’d to God, and tried to pray,  
As in time past I pray’d before.

“ It was very hard to go back to Him,  
Whom I felt I had sorely wrong’d ;  
And when I tried to look through the past,  
My soul with sad thoughts was throng’d.

“ But though it was bitter to look at my sin,  
And bitter to tell the tale,—  
Yet it warm’d my heart to pour it forth,  
And soften’d its coat of mail.

“ And God, Who commission’d His Holy Church  
To act for our souls’ release,  
Has sent me through her, of His own great  
Love,  
His message of pardon and peace.

“ The tears which I shed are no longer now  
The gush of an angry heart :  
They flow from the fountain that Love has  
touch’d  
With the prick of its gentle dart.

“ And now I can see that it all was best  
Which my God ordain’d for me ;  
He has made me know what naught else before  
Had been able to make me see.

“ My father is gone, whom I loved so well,  
And dearly did he love me !

But Another I've found, Who with tenderest  
care,  
Has loved me more than he.

"I can look up now with adoring love,  
And utter my thankful prayer;  
And thus when I come to my God, I meet  
My earthly father there.

"And though I remember, with mournful  
thought,  
How sadly I went astray,—  
Yet I can come with abiding faith,  
And my 'Our Father' say."

HORBURY, *S. Thomas's Day*, 1878.

### WORK FOR GOD.

'TIS joy to do, for love of God,  
The works for which He gives us grace;  
To feel that we are call'd to do  
His Will in our appointed place.

But when it is His Blessèd choice  
In helplessness to lay us low,—  
To take away the gracious gifts  
Which He on us did once bestow,—

'Tis hard to feel our lack of power,  
And be content with His decree ;  
We long to be at work again,  
And from our bondage to be free.

It seems as if we had no gift  
To offer now to our dear LORD :  
We cannot work unless He wills,  
And He doth not the power afford.

Yet thinking so we deem not well ;  
There is the highest gift of all,—  
Above all deeds of active work,—  
Which we can render at His call.

He bids us learn the lesson true,  
That all our works to Him are naught ;  
And He would have our will to His  
In meek submission wholly brought.

If, then, in peace we meekly lie,  
Helpless, and waiting on His grace,—  
Content, in all He does to us,  
His holy discipline to trace,—

Then do we bring the holiest gift  
That human will to God can give,—  
Complete submission of itself,  
And trust in Him, for Whom we live.

No life is useless in His sight,  
If it be ruled by His decree;  
He measures not by more or less  
Of what our active work may be.

All work is useless in His view,  
Save only as His Holy Will  
Makes use of us, as instruments,  
His Blessed Counsels to fulfil.

And if He deem it best for us  
To lie down helpless at His Feet,  
Then is our work with loving heart  
In peaceful joy His Will to greet.

The will, that thus accepts its LORD,  
And owns Him Sovereign of its life,  
Has holier gift to bring to Him  
Than all the deeds of active strife.

It is the sum of all to say,  
Like JESUS—though the darkness fall—  
FATHER, to Thee in love I yield  
Myself, my will, my life, my all!

HORBURY, 4th Sunday in Advent, 1878.

## YOUTH'S BRIGHTNESS GONE.

THE flash of youthful light is past and gone;  
Not as of yore  
Earth's joys abound; but I am left alone  
Still more and more,  
As one by one the little sparks go out  
From this world's stubble, that lies round about.

And earth, view'd by itself, is drearier now;  
'Tis less a home,  
As all its treasures lose their former glow,  
And sorrows come  
To blight the hopes that once were bright and  
gay,  
And cheer'd us on throughout the livelong day.

One hope remains, and that, as others fade,  
Grows brighter still  
As shadows lengthen o'er this earthly glade,  
And up the hill  
We higher mount towards the final Home,  
To which in GOD's good time we hope to come.

There trials cannot come; the warfare done,  
All will be rest,  
And we shall know as we ourselves are known:  
Our service blest

With ceaseless streams of joy that have no end,  
Welling forth from the Throne, to which they  
tend.

And even here, where darkness gathers round,  
All is not dark,  
There is, 'midst all, one spot of holy ground  
Which bears Heaven's mark—  
The Place which GOD has chosen for His own,  
That He may come and make His Presence  
known.

To that I cling the more as eventide  
Creeps on and on,  
Scattering its sable shadows far and wide,  
And, one by one,  
Bidding the weary lay them down to rest,  
In trust and love upon their FATHER's Breast.

That Place, dear LORD, wherein Thine Honour  
dwells,—  
Thy Temple here—  
Where the great chorus of Thy Glory swells,  
And every ear  
Is filled with strains, which blessèd Angels sing  
Around the Throne, where burning censers  
swing:—

That Place is dearer, and its tapers cast  
A brighter ray,

As all without is dark, and the chill blast  
    Drives far away  
What solace earth can give amid the waste  
Of all its goods, which to their ruin haste.

The Cross stands firm, although the world be  
    hurl'd  
    On to its fall;  
And from its stem Love's banner is unfurl'd,  
    Pleading with all.  
LORD, keep my footsteps firm upon the Rock  
Whereon it stands, safe from each earthly  
    shock !

*HORBURY, 2nd Sunday in Lent, 1879.*

### GRATITUDE.

**W**HAT mean we when we speak of grati-  
tude?—

    In parlance crude  
And unconsider'd, words we often say,  
    Which, brought to light of day,  
And tested in the scales which all things try,  
Have little depth of meaning or reality.

'Tis not the pleasurable sense of gain,  
    Or ease of pain ;  
Nor yet the mere emotion that we feel,  
    In thought of our own weal,



Towards the giver of the welcome boon,  
Warm for a time and glowing, and yet passing  
soon.

In that the selfish thought of gain or cost  
Lies uppermost ;  
But gratitude looks out of self, nor yet  
Is the heart keenly set  
Upon the gift, save as the sign that brings  
Glad tidings of the hidden love from whence it  
springs.

'Tis that the gift has open'd out to view,  
In vision true,  
That which had erst been hid within the breast,  
As its abiding guest,—  
The love of others' good, ready to start  
Forth from its hiding-place to play the true  
friend's part.

Thus love reveals itself to human sight,  
In its true light ;  
Most beautiful, and with a winning grace  
Bidding each heart to trace  
The depth of that desire which there doth burn,  
And seeks to kindle love as love's desired  
return.

And gratitude is but the casting forth  
The bands of earth,—

The unsealing of the heart, that it may go,  
    In full and ready flow,  
Toward the heart that hath reveal'd its love,  
And thus in glad response its blessèd likeness  
    prove.

It is the voice of that divinity  
    Which, from on High,  
Was stamp'd upon man's being at its birth,  
    Ere man loved things of earth ;  
And which with natural longing would requite  
The good it has received with all its crippled  
    might.

'Tis love answering love, and seeking how  
    Itself may grow  
In depth and might, that it may meetly give,  
    And giving it may live.  
For life is action, and what acts not dies,  
And rusts away for lack of that which life  
    supplies.

“ If I be lifted up,” the Saviour said,  
    “ And freely shed  
My Life-Blood for the lost, Love, thus reveal'd,  
    And in death surely seal'd,  
Will draw man's grateful heart in love to Me,  
And make him strive with might to serve Me  
    lovingly.”

EARTH'S BLESSINGS TRIALS OF  
FAITH.

WALK gently as you tread earth's way,  
For dangers lie on every side;  
And soon our steps are led astray  
If we rush on in thoughtless pride.

'Tis not enough to shun the wrong,  
And only lawful pleasures choose;  
The purest things of earth, ere long  
Through over-use their pureness lose.

All good is from the Eternal Fount,  
And draws us towards its holy Spring;  
But if we will not upward mount,—  
Loving too well the earthly thing,—

Then all our good is turn'd to ill,  
And what, well used, was pure and blest,  
Is harmful when it tries to fill  
God's place, and be our cherish'd rest.

All that is good in earthly shell,—  
Our dearest friend, or pearls, or gold,—  
Is only what of grace doth dwell  
In vessels form'd its gifts to hold.

All blessings here are crosses too,  
For they are tests of faith and love ;  
They tell the goal towards which we go,  
And by their use our nature prove.

The body craves for food and rest :  
They are its life if measured well ;  
If wrongly used, no longer blest,  
But agents then of death and hell.

The soul must love ;—it cannot live  
Without an aim towards which it tends ;  
It craves for something that can give  
True rest, and fill its nature's ends.

But since it is of heavenly birth,—  
The image and the like of God,—  
What is there of availing worth,  
Save He, Who is essential good ?

GOD is His own blest fulness !—He  
Himself, Himself doth satisfy !  
And naught can in the creature be  
Its fulness, save its Like on High !

Then use earth's gifts but as the step  
By which you mount the heavenly stair ;  
Drink not too much, lest your foot slip,  
And all be lost beyond repair.

HORBURY, *2nd Sunday after Easter,*  
*April 27th, 1879.*

## DIVES AND LAZARUS.

A STATELY hall stood full in view,  
Rich in its own luxurious pride;  
Little its owner thought or knew  
Of woes outside.

He clothed himself in bright array,  
Such as became a rich man's heir,—  
His table laden every day  
With sumptuous fare.

And who could say he had no right  
To use the things which God had given?  
That surely could not bring a blight,  
Nor forfeit Heaven!

They were his own,—he injured none,—  
He did not use them to excess;  
'Twas not his fault, if some, alone,  
Sat comfortless!

He lived for self, and calmly sat  
Absorb'd in his luxurious greed:  
To the poor beggar at his gate  
He gave no heed.

The poor man lay with many a sore  
That rack'd his feeble frame with pain ;  
And craved the crumbs that strew'd the floor,  
But craved in vain !

Anon, as gazing there I stood,  
Bright angels came where he was laid,  
And, drawing near in reverent mood,  
Obeisance made.

And as I look'd upon the scars  
That fester'd in the beggar's frame,  
They seem'd to shine like living stars  
Sparkling with flame.

Each palm, each foot, was bleeding sore,  
And could not cease its flowing tide ;  
And beside these was one wound more  
Deep in his side.

And on his brow his matted hair  
Was like a gory circlet worn ;  
And though it sparkled bright and fair,  
'Twas mix'd with thorn.

Then while the Angels pour'd a ray,  
O'er all the scene, of glorious light,  
They bore their blessèd charge away,  
Far out of sight.

The air was radiant as they sped  
Beyond the reach of human eye,  
And o'er the spot was sweetly shed  
Light from the sky.

Not so around the stately pile  
Where sat the son of noble birth,  
Trying to sate himself the while  
With things of earth.

He knew not what had bless'd his life,  
And given him undeserved repose,  
That aided in each earthly strife  
As it arose.

A saint was long unheeded there,  
And coldly left to die alone ;  
And he, who, present, claim'd no care,  
Is miss'd when gone.

No prayers now offer'd at the gate !  
No voice is there to stay the doom !  
The sinner meets alone his fate,  
When Heaven's darts come !

All the rich things he loved so well  
Have lost their savour as he eats ;  
They taste to him like gall of hell,  
Not savoury meats.

And so he dies through lack of all  
For love of which he lived and strove ;  
Finding, as round Death's shadows fall,  
Nor hope nor love.

Oh ! that men would but try to ope  
The veil that hides eternal things !  
They would not then lose Christian hope,  
Which blessing brings !

*HORBURY, 1st Sunday after Trinity, 1879.*

“DEPART FROM ME, FOR I AM A SIN-  
FUL MAN, O LORD.”—S. LUKE V. 8.

WHEN Thou dost, LORD, Thyself reveal,  
In answer to our prayer,  
How should not then Thy creature feel  
A dread of GOD so near !

As Angels at Thy Glory-Seat  
In fear their faces veil,  
So saintliest hearts fall at Thy Feet,  
And in Thy Presence quail.

We know our need, and come to Thee,  
To bless our helpless toil ;  
But, when Thy Very Self we see,  
Our hearts from Thee recoil.



Sin cannot bear Thy piercing Eye,  
Which scans each guilty stain,  
And so in fear is fain to cry,  
“LORD, hide Thyself again.”

And yet if Thou shouldst fail to be  
Our soul's unceasing stay,  
How could we ever hope to see  
The Light of Endless Day?

Thou knowest all our weakness, LORD,  
Let that before Thee plead;  
And let Thy Love sure help afford,  
According to our need.

But when Thou dost Thyself display  
In Thy great deeds of power,  
Oh! then Thy Hand upon us lay,  
And shield us in that hour!

Lest we perchance should shrink through fear,  
And bid Thee to depart,  
Unskill'd as yet the sight to bear,  
That is an Angel's part.

Yet do not leave us all alone,  
Howe'er we shrink from Thee;  
We have no hope if Thou be gone,  
No rest our soul can see.

Buxton, 5th Sunday after Trinity, 1879.

“LORD, WHAT WILT THOU HAVE ME  
TO DO?”—ACTS IX. 6.

**T**HINK not, my son, that thou mayst dare  
To labour for another's weal,  
Until thou first of all dost share  
The blessing of My Pardon's seal.

Thou art a chosen vessel, call'd  
To do the work I bid thee do ;  
Yet thou shalt surely stand appall'd  
If thou uncleansed shouldst rashly go.

Wait yet a while in darkness,—mourn  
How erst thou persecutedst Me,  
And let thy heart in meekness learn  
To seek the good thou erst didst flee.

Go thou to him whom I ordain'd  
My minister on earth to be ;  
He shall make clean thy soul, sin-stain'd,  
And, as My agent, set thee free.

Then rise in might and forward go,  
Naught shall restrain thy deeds of power ;  
No let or hindrance thou shalt know,  
For I am with thee in thine hour.

The contrite soul is fain to ask,  
    “ What hast Thou, LORD, for me to do ? ”  
Thinking itself may do some task  
    Which can its former ills undo.

It does not know, till touch'd by Grace,  
    That it is naught in His blest Sight,  
Till He in Love has fixed its place,  
    And fill'd it with His wondrous Might :

But when it learns the blessed truth,  
    That He alone is all in all,  
Then it in safety goeth forth,  
    Obedient to His loving call.

Itself is lost in His dear Sight  
    Whom now it knows and deeply loves :  
It nothing sees but His great Might  
    Who its whole being sweetly moves.

CUDDESDON, *July 23rd*, 1879.

### GIDEON'S FLEECE.

I F God bestow high gifts on thee,  
    Let not thy pride be high ;  
Nor, should they be at times withheld,  
    Do thou as useless lie.

It may be that on Gideon's Fleece  
Alone the dew distils,  
While on the ground no dewdrops fall  
To feed its silent rills.

Or it may be, while on the Fleece  
No moisture can be found,  
The rain descends in bounteous flow  
Upon the parchèd ground.

'Tis as GOD wills, but all in love  
He measures out His Grace,  
As He sees best for each and all  
In their appointed place.

Or if the Fleece be wet, or dry,  
Each has its special task;  
The wet to yield its moisture up,  
The dry to wait and ask.

Then be not anxious overmuch,  
But keep the even line;  
If GOD exalts thee, boast thou not,  
Nor, if He fails, repine.

CUDDESDON, *July 22nd*, 1879.

## THE SOUL'S HOME.

THEY who know most of JESU'S loving care  
Can find no place of rest apart from  
Him ;

They tread the world to do their duty there,  
But it fills not their chalice to the brim,

Wherever they have found His dear, sweet Love,  
They long to come again to that blest home ;  
That they His constancy again may prove,  
Each time in answering love they meekly  
come.

As some worn bird comes back at eventide  
To the tall trees where it has made its nest,  
Sure in that shelter'd home, so often tried,  
To find again its blessed, long'd-for rest.

Hovering a while above the well-known spot,  
As if to make it sure that naught is there  
That may cause harm within the leafy grot  
Where it has made its high and peaceful lair :

Then, gently settling down with placid wing,  
Nestles within the old familiar place,  
Where it has found so oft the certain spring  
Of strength restored, its future toil to face.

So does the soul that most of JESUS knows  
Come to the place where it has found Him  
near,  
Sure that the more in trustful love it grows,  
He will unfold the Love that shuts out fear.

And there it rests in Him, drinking in peace  
From that great River, which will flow for aye,  
Renewing strength, till it shall find release  
From earthly weakness at the final day.

CUDDESDON, *July 23rd, 1879.* (Entering into Retreat.)

### RENEWAL OF PEACE.

AS showers upon the thirsty plain,  
And sunshine after storm and gloom,  
So comes Thy voice, dear LORD, again,  
That frees the sinner from sin's doom.

He comes to Thee with his dark load,  
And lays it sadly at Thy Feet,  
And drops of Blood from Thy dear Rood  
Fall on him at Thy Mercy Seat.

Then cleansed he rises, though subdued  
By fear lest he should fall again ;—  
Yet, by Thy precious Grace renew'd,  
He steers in hope through earth's rough main.

They only know the bliss and stay,  
The sweet unveiling of Thy face,  
Who seek in the appointed way  
The boundless riches of Thy Grace.

Oh ! help us, LORD, the more to know,  
As years pass onward more and more,  
The blessings Thou art wont to show  
To those who seek Thy Heavenly store !

We need them all, so frail we are,  
So faltering in our step toward Heaven,  
That, but for Thy sustaining care,  
All would be lost which Thou hadst given.

CUDDESDON, *July 24th*, 1879. (In Retreat.)

#### ON OUR WAY REJOICING.

DEAR FATHER, Thou hast greatly blest,  
And brought me near to Thy dear  
Side ;—

Oh ! that this blessed, glorious rest  
Might ever in my soul abide !

But I again earth's path must tread,  
And there lies scatter'd many a stain,  
And as, 'mid all, my way I thread,  
I know 'twill soil my feet again.

But yet I will rejoice to day  
In mercy given, dearest LORD ;  
Thou wouldst not have me sad, and say,  
I shun the bliss Thy gifts afford.

The joy that cometh after pain,  
The freedom from what bound us erst,  
Helps us in strength to meet again  
The foe to whom we bow'd at first

Thus I will go in Thy blest might,  
And fight more nobly, LORD, for Thee ;  
In faith that soon the blissful sight  
Of Thee in Heaven my joy shall be.

CUDDESDON, *July 24th*, 1879. (End of Retreat.)

### LOVE.

O H ! Blessed Unity ! which hast for ever  
bound

The FATHER and the SON in perfect bond  
Of oneness unalloy'd,—centre and ground  
Where They together meet and sweetly stand  
In mutual embrace,  
Each drinking sweetness from each other's Face !

SPIRIT of Love, proceeding from Them Both,  
And yet abiding in Them ever one,



Essence of GODHEAD—GOD in very troth,  
Yet in Thy Personality Alone ;—  
    Joying to carry on  
The Counsels of the FATHER and the SON !

Fountain of Bliss from the one only Source  
Of Spiritual Being,—issuing forth,  
Yet coming back for aye with ceaseless force.  
    To bless the Spring of Thine Eternal Birth,  
    And perfecting the joy  
Of the Eternal Three without alloy !

Oh ! that Thou wouldst through all creation  
    shine !  
And what Thyself in Thine own Being art,—  
Not merely, LORD, whatever gifts are Thine,—  
    Wouldst to us creatures in Thy Love impart !  
    That we thereby might be  
The more in our own being like to Thee !

Oh ! how unlike Thee now our spirits are !  
How hard to rid them of the earth-born  
    thought  
Which mars their oneness through the selfish  
    care  
    That counts too oft another's welfare naught,  
    When in the balance tried  
Against our private interest or pride !

And so we fail of bliss—that cannot be  
Where love is not ; in love alone is rest ;  
And rest is oneness—perfect harmony  
With all that lies around ;—enjoyment blest,  
That finds its perfect bliss  
In the glad thought that none hath aught amiss.

No other path to joy can be on earth  
Save that which leads the Eternal Three for  
aye  
To dwell in bliss that is of Heavenly birth,  
And through its oneness cannot pass away ;—  
The path of perfect Love  
In the embrace of the Eternal Dove.

Oh ! give us, LORD, that Love ! Thyself we ask,  
Not merely Thy best Gifts, for these may fail  
Through weakness of our nature for the task  
Which Thou hast given us here, when foes  
assail  
And tempt us to forsake  
The path which Thou commandest us to take !

As Thou hast all Thy bliss through being One  
In unity of GODHEAD, so do Thou impart,  
Through oneness in the One Eternal SON,  
To us Thy very Essence, that our heart  
May be drawn close in Love  
To that pure flame that greets it from above.

If through Thy blest Indwelling our whole will  
Unite itself with Thine, so that it have  
No thought or counsel of mere human skill,  
No longing out of Thee for which to crave,  
Then Peace must reign supreme,  
For Love has put to rest each wayward dream.

No disappointment nor dismay can reach  
The soul that is completely one with Love,  
For Love is Light, and in itself doth teach  
That all is best, though it at times may prove  
By discipline of fire  
The heart that foster'd long its own desire.

Earth cannot wholly reach that blest estate  
Where darkness cannot come, but all is Light:  
We cannot now the moment antedate  
When we shall see, and in the glorious sight  
Adore in perfect Love  
The God, in Whom alone we live and move:

That is reserved for Heaven, to see and know,  
As we are seen and known, to love indeed  
As we are loved, that we in likeness grow  
To Him, Who came on earth for us to bleed,  
Till naught of self remain,  
Naught that can mar God's Universal Reign.

But as we pass along through earth's dark  
night,

And Faith points onward to the Eternal Day,  
Hope trims her lamp, and keeps it clear and  
bright,

And kindles Love that reaches, as it may,  
Though all imperfect still,  
Towards the Fount whence it shall have its fill.

And as we onward press, and yield the more  
Our very being to the God within,  
He spreads within us His exhaustless store,  
And cleanses more and more the stain of sin ;  
Making us daily grow  
In likeness to the Love we long to know.

We gaze upon Love's Essence, and therein  
See of its loveliness what draws us near,  
And, as we feel its radiant glow within,  
Put off the trammels of all craven fear,  
Being transform'd by Love  
Into the Love that in our hearts doth move.

O Bond ineffable that sweetly binds  
Man to his God, in Whom is perfect joy !  
With Whom, who lives in oneness, ever finds  
All that can fill his soul without alloy,  
Making this death-bound earth  
Alive again with a new Heavenly birth !

Wrap me around, and thread me through and  
through

With Thine own Glorious Essence, that I  
come

With sure acceptance as I daily grow

In closer nearness to my longed-for Home,

Dropping off one by one

Earth's fetters as I seek for GOD alone !

And in the needful ties that bind me still

To earthly labour and its interest,

Oh ! do Thou so control my earthly will

That it, 'mid all, may ever love Thee best ;

Nor through imperfect sight

Fail to acknowledge Thine All-seeing Might !

So that one even purity of soul,

Like that which in Thy Very Self doth dwell,

May reign within, and make my being whole ;

Free from all other loves that else might  
swell

With bold, defiant tide

Against the Stream that flows from JESU'S Side.

Then shall I rest in that serenest air

Where storms of earth approach not, though  
they rage

And rend what else was only bright and fair,

Changing too oft youth's strength to crippled  
age ;

For though all round be ill,  
Who dwell in JESUS hear His "Peace, be still."

We long for life,—a life that hath no end,—  
That knows not sorrow, weakness, or decay ;  
And, while for others' weal our life we spend,  
We know that we have pass'd from death  
away,

And drunk of Life's pure Spring ;—  
The Life that is the Indwelling of our King.

Oh ! may that Life, as it expands within,  
Destroy all seeds of Death, that Love may  
reign

Supreme in all our ways, so that it win  
The Love of GOD, Who never will disdain  
A creature's love to bless,  
When 'tis the fruit of His own lovingness.

And with His Blessing what can be amiss ?  
It is an effluence from our Present GOD,  
That brightens all our path, and gives the kiss  
Of Everlasting Peace upon the sod  
Where love has buried deep  
All that can hinder as it mounts the steep.

The more we plunge, when fully stript of all,  
Into the ocean of GOD's Love, the more  
Do we e'en now in this frail life forestall  
The bliss our FATHER hath for us in store,

When we shall reach the end  
Of this brief life which here on earth we spend.

Our highest bliss on earth is that which  
springs—

Not from the drawing home to the one goal  
Of self the abundance of all joyous things—

But from the freely yielding up the whole  
For others' greater weal,  
And joying in the joys that o'er them steal.

And surely that is in its very kind

Likeness of that which shall hereafter be,  
When saints in cloudless sight their bliss shall  
find

In the pure bliss of the Eternal Three,—  
The bliss of Unity,  
Which wins all back to God, from frailty free.

It was the SAVIOUR'S bliss, while here below,  
(His meat and drink to do His FATHER'S  
will)

He pass'd His weary Life of daily woe,  
Returning love for hate, and good for ill,  
Giving His Life, His all,  
To save us sinners from our hopeless fall.

Who knows not here the joy that hath its fount  
In others' joy, and fails by deeds of love

To show his love, can never hope to mount  
To the abode of the Eternal Dove ;—  
He is unfit to share  
The bliss that is prepared for true love there.

Man, form'd in God's own Image, cannot have  
True joy, save in the proper exercise  
Of the pure nature, which doth ever crave  
Through sacrifice of self to win the prize  
Which selfish natures miss  
Through wrong-directed aim, which seeks amiss.

BEAUCHAMPTON, *Lammas Day*, 1879.

### ENDLESS PRAISE.

THEY who in love are wont to dwell  
With God, and wait His Holy Will,  
Are sure to find that all is well,  
Though all around may seem most ill.

'Tis not in man to guide aright  
The things which meet him day by day,  
But all will prove most good and right,  
If he but make the LORD his stay.

Amid the sounds that rage around  
And deafen with their ceaseless din,  
The Voice of God is ever found  
To make sweet harmony within ;



And naught can stay the ceaseless ring  
Of that pure song, serene and bright,  
Which souls that rest in JESUS sing,  
Basking in God's most Holy Light.

It overmasters all the pain  
And hindrance of this earthly strife,  
And aids the faithful soul to gain  
A foretaste of Eternal Life.

Naught can be ill but sin, which stays  
The soul's approach to its true love ;  
All other things are but the ways  
Which lead to endless rest above.

Love sanctifies their use, and brings  
True joy amid what else were gloom,  
And soars away on Angels' wings  
To that which is its final Home :

Rejoicing, as it speeds along,  
That God hath order'd all things well,  
And telling in its thankful song  
How He hath broken earth's dark spell.

Its endless Alleluia singing,  
Which antedates the final day  
When, freed from sin, earth shall be ringing  
With the praise of God for aye.

HORBURY, *August 22nd*, 1879.

## GOD'S PRESENCE.

'TIS hard for flesh and blood to realize  
God's actual Presence, though by faith  
we know  
That He is surely here, so great a prize  
The weakness of our nature is but slow  
To grasp in all its deep reality ;  
And while He hides Himself, we scarcely deem  
Him nigh.

Poor human nature fails to reach the thought  
Which so outstretches its capacity,  
And though the abstract truth be closely brought  
To the soul's threshold, and it meekly try  
To grasp the mystery, it scarce can tell  
How far it hath embraced the truth, and held  
it well.

It cannot but be true that God in all  
Is present always ; if it were not so,  
What had Him not would on the instant fall  
To nothingness, and in thick darkness go  
Into the deep abyss, whence it came forth  
When the Almighty Word first call'd it into  
birth.

There is one only Life, and that is God ;  
All else is Death ;—where Life has ceased  
to be  
Death reigns supreme, and no enchanter's rod  
Can there prolong the continuity  
Of being, which in haste must pass away,  
As if it had not been,—ending its little day.

'Tis easy thus to reason and believe ;  
But when we come to the particular  
And closer point, and would in truth receive  
The thought that God Himself is surely  
there,  
Wrapt in those earthly veils that mock the eye,  
And shroud from mortal sight His awful  
Majesty ;—

Then comes to mar our faith the tempting  
doubt  
That it is not perhaps in very deed  
God's Real Presence, and we search about  
For something short of that to suit our  
need :  
It is perhaps that He is working there,  
While He in actual Presence rests in Heaven  
afar.

Such misbelief doth contradict the truth  
Of Omnipresence,—God no longer fills

Heaven and earth, but, like the sons of earth,  
Is localized, so that in truth He wills  
To dwell in Actual Presence but in Heaven,  
While to the earth His Power, and not Himself,  
is given.

And this again endangers our belief  
In the essential GODHEAD of our LORD,  
Who came on earth to be man's sure relief,  
And to the dead in sin true Life afford.  
Did that Blest Form, which here earth's path-  
way trod,  
Shroud a mere effluence that was not truly God?  
When that sweet Babe lay on His Mother's  
knee,  
Like any other child of mortal man,  
Men scorn'd Him, and could there no Likeness  
see  
Of GODHEAD, nor through lack of faith could  
scan  
The mystery of His Being; yet there lay  
Almighty God Himself, enshrined in human  
clay!

His Presence was inactive and conceal'd,  
Yet really there, as in the boat He slept,  
Waiting the appointed hour to be reveal'd,  
As prayer should move Him, then in action  
kept,

Till, danger past and all their want supplied,  
He sat, His GODHEAD shrouded, at His children's side.

So does the mighty ocean, spreading wide,  
Resting in stillness, seem a lifeless thing,  
And while we wander by its drowsy side,  
There is scarce sound or motion that can  
bring  
Home to our mind the certain consciousness  
Of its great presence, while it rests so motionless:—

Yet ever and anon its mighty power,  
Moved by the breath that passes over it,  
Is stirr'd to action, and in its own hour  
It lifts itself, as Wisdom seeth fit,  
And fills some mighty reservoir, that feeds  
Through its appointed ministries a thousand  
needs.

Thus is the Holy Church the deep profound  
Within whose mighty basin rests for aye  
The Blessed Presence of the Eternal,—found  
By all who seek in the appointed way;—  
At times It seems to sleep, then lifts on high  
The forces of Its might, when winds of Heaven  
are nigh.

The Sacramental Wave, as need demands,  
Lifts its majestic store of endless grace,  
And fills the mighty reservoir that stands  
In its divinely constituted place,  
Ready to pour its flood in meet supply  
To satisfy the wants that man's weak nature  
try.

'Tis thus when in the Blessed Eucharist  
The words of JESUS, spoken as of old,  
(The Holy SPIRIT breathing as He list)  
Wake into act the forces manifold  
Of GODHEAD present there, transforming things  
Which else were but of earth, to be Heaven's  
Living Springs :

Then all is warmth, which erst was gloom and  
chill ;  
As by the use of some discover'd test,  
Working as GOD in love hath given it skill,  
A hidden force is stirr'd, which lay at rest ;  
So present, GOD unfolds His hidden store,  
And moves Himself that we may own Him and  
adore.

When Thou, dear JESU, didst come suddenly  
To visit Thine own Temple, meekly brought  
And offer'd there, none knew that GOD was nigh,  
Or of His Blessed Presence gain'd the  
thought,

Save only those, who had through fast and  
prayer  
Waited to see the hour which should reveal  
Him there.

Help us in faith to watch and wait, nor doubt  
Because as yet we do not see Thy Face ;  
We would not be of those who stand without,  
But daily in Thy Temple's Holy Place  
Our Home shall be, in patience resting near  
The Shrine where Thou dost make in Power  
Thy Presence clear.

*HORBURY, Nativity B. V. M., 1879.*

### INGRATITUDE.

**O**F all the ills to which man's race is heir,  
Ingratitude wounds deepest, for it  
pricks  
The tenderest part of Love,—the heart made  
bare  
By opening out itself ; the arrow sticks  
Within its inner circle, and the smart  
Strikes deeper as it wounds the open, trusting  
heart.

As when some lovely flower beneath the ray  
Of summer's sun, that bids it fear no ill,

Opening its tenderest petals to the day,  
Shrinks as it feels the unexpected chill  
Of cruel blasts, that wound its very life,  
And blight its hope of fruit, which it had  
deem'd so rife ;

So does the heart recoil, and wounded sore  
In its interior being, mourn the loss  
Of hoped-for good ; fearing so much the more  
To trust again, lest it should find a cross,  
And left in woe to heal, as best it may,  
The wound which it received from friends in  
open day.

Ingratitude intensifies a wrong :—

So that which lies across the boundary line  
Of God's pure Law is ever made more strong  
In its defiance, if it undermine  
The house of Love, and add to its own shame  
The sin which mocks at Love, and slights its  
Sacred Name.

'Tis thus a double sin, and while it mars  
The good which had already entrance found  
Into the soul, so too it also bars,  
With twofold bolt, admission to the ground  
Which God hath blessed, repelling far away  
The grace which He is wont to shower day by  
day.



While it remains the Hands of GOD are tied ;  
The Stream that flows from His exhaustless  
Love  
Is stifled at its Source by ingrate pride,  
And cannot on its wonted pathway move ;  
The soil is dry, and though it needs GOD's rain,  
Its very dryness drives the rain-cloud back  
again.

GOD's grace is ever good, and full of power,  
And He is ever ready to bestow  
Its richest, holiest gifts, in every hour  
Of human need, if only we can show  
A heart prepared His Blessing to receive :  
Else all He gives is vain, and can no want  
relieve.

'Tis not, dear LORD, till we have felt the sting  
Of that which wounded Thee, that we can  
know  
How our ingratitude doth often fling  
Thy Love back on Thyself, with cruel blow.  
Oh ! teach us to forgive what wrong there be,  
And help us to amend our lack of love for Thee !

HORBURY, *Holy Cross Day*, 1879.

## LIGHT IN THE WOOD.

WHAT is it that amid some earthly home,  
Where all have equal nurture, and  
the care

Of loving hearts forbids all harm to come

Within the limits of its sacred lair,  
Makes difference in those who dwell therein ;—  
Some unrefined by grace, while others bright-  
ness win ?

'Tis not through lack of outward privilege,

Or aught that can conduce to saintlier ways ;  
God gives alike to every rank and age

What is enough a tower of strength to raise ;  
And if some fail, 'tis that they used not well  
The rays of quickening Light, which on them  
heedless fell.

All seem alike within the sacred bound,

And freely blend throughout the livelong  
day ;

But ever and anon some traits are found

In one or other, which define the way  
Of closer walk with God well sought and found,  
While others linger more on lower earthly  
ground.

As 'mid the thickness of some leafy wood

The sunbeams find a passage here and there,  
And light some spot which erst in shadow  
stood,

Making each leaflet look more bright and fair,  
While other patches, that lie round it, miss  
The ray of radiant Light that fills itself with  
bliss,—

So is it in the tangled wood of life :

Some souls there are that keep the open way,  
Free from the boughs of earthly hindrance,  
rife

For every advent of the Heavenly ray ;—  
Ready to catch it as in love it comes  
To seek the loving souls that are its willing  
homes.

And as it shines it points them out to view

As diverse from the rest, then flits away,  
And leaves them each their duties to pursue,

Like other men, in common light of day ;—  
Lest they should think themselves so much  
God's choice

That they have only need to linger and rejoice.

Sunlight is good, and hastens to mature

The well-developed stature, if so be

The roots are deep, that they may well endure  
The warmth that sets their hidden virtue free  
To act as nature needs;—but overmuch  
Of what itself is good, kills, when we need not  
such.

Force not thy upward growth, but first of all  
Deepen thy roots, then mayst thou well  
sustain

The rays of sunlight that upon thee fall,  
And, without withering, all thy strength  
retain.

Plants that have little else but leaf and flower,  
However bright their hue, live but their little  
hour.

HORBURY, *October 26th*, 1879.

### ECHOES.

I WALK'D along when all was still,  
Upon a dull December day,  
And to my ear there came the sound  
Of rifle-shooters far away.

Closely they plied their measured task,  
Nor thought of aught that lay beyond  
The work on which they were intent,  
Within their usual practice-ground.

But when upon a certain spot  
I paused awhile, as each sound came  
To greet my ear, the echo quick  
Repeated there the very same.

And so methought while men pursue  
Their course of life for good or ill,  
Thinking no other soul concern'd  
In what they do to suit their will,

The echo of their deed is heard  
Far off beyond their heedless thought,  
And so some soul has learnt the lore  
Of good or ill thus closely brought.

We cannot tread this world alone !  
Around a thousand objects lie  
Ready to catch earth's varied sounds  
As to their destiny they fly.

And where each falls 'tis echoed back  
To greet afresh some passer-by,  
Who else had never caught the sound,  
Had not the echo brought it nigh.

Thus every deed of mortal men,  
Prolong'd till time shall be no more,  
Is echoed on from soul to soul,  
Gathering for Heaven or Hell its store.

When once sent forth into the world,  
Conceived, and done in very deed,  
It ends not there, but onward moves,  
The parent of an endless seed.

Each deed of ill, though from ourselves  
It may be wholly put away,  
Has issued forth a wingèd reed  
To make of other souls its prey.

We cannot call it back again ;—  
Once done it cannot be undone ;—  
Nor can it by itself remain,  
Remember'd for itself alone.

We may repent, and from ourselves  
Have all its guilt quite wash'd away,  
Still it remains for others' ill—  
We cannot all its mischief stay.

'Tis leaven cast into the lump,  
And works to make it wholly sour ;  
We cannot gather up again  
What now has pass'd beyond our power.

It must go on, as wave on wave  
Still presses onward more and more,  
Until at last it finds its end,  
And breaks on the Eternal shore.

There is a life that cannot die  
In all our deeds of good or ill ;  
They leaven earth for endless life,  
Or for its doom the measure fill.

Weigh well thy deeds, for thou shalt meet,  
Where saints abase themselves for fear,  
Not only all that thou hast done,  
But all its echoes far and near.

HORBURY, *Christmas Eve*, 1879.

“HE TOOK THEM UP IN HIS ARMS,  
PUT HIS HANDS UPON THEM, AND  
BLESSED THEM.”—S. MARK X. 16.

WHAT was this blessing which the  
Saviour gave

By laying on His Hands? Was it no more  
Than a mere outward sign to those around

Of goodwill, which to little ones He bore?  
An earnest to the loving parents' heart  
That He to little children would His Love im-  
part?

That were to bless the parent, not the child ;  
For though there might be to each little one

Promise of after blessing, yet not then

The present gift of blessing would be won :  
And yet, when JESUS drew them to His Breast,  
He gave His Blessing then to those whom He  
caress'd.

He took and bless'd them, and by His own  
sign ;—

The instrument, which He ordain'd to be  
The means of passing on His gifts of grace  
Throughout His Church in perpetuity ;—  
He gave them then and therefrom His rich store  
All that could fill them then, and give them  
pledge of more.

So when the Saviour lifted up His Hands,  
And bless'd the Eleven, who had faithful  
stood

To His first call,—by the same outward act  
He gave to them the powers which on the  
Rood

He won, that they in turn for others' weal  
Might so dispense His gifts, which would man's  
nature heal.<sup>1</sup>

And though the Saviour now is veil'd from  
sight,

His Holy Hands are with us still to bless ;

<sup>1</sup> S. Luke xxiv. 50, S. Matt. xxviii. 18 to end.



He lays them on in many a holy Rite,  
To cheer His people in their helplessness;<sup>1</sup>  
And as He promised to be with them still,  
So doth He keep His word, and all its truth  
fulfil.

Nor acts He through the Priestly line alone,  
For He can use even rude hands to bless;—  
Those who design us ill, and have their way,  
In all the fulness of their wickedness:—  
He can o'errule the deeds of earthly hate,  
And make them aids to speed His chosen to  
Heaven's Gate.

So was it with the children, who to-day  
Gather around the new-born Saviour King,  
Forming a blessed circlet round His Throne,  
Where, freed from sin, their holy voices ring!  
First of that holy band that should come  
nigh;—  
The closest drawn of all, who reign with Him  
on High!<sup>2</sup>

The drops of blood that stain'd their martyr  
palms  
Changed into rubies sparkling ever bright,  
As in triumphant joy they wave them high  
In all the fulness of the Heavenly Light!

<sup>1</sup> Acts viii. 17, xix. 6, xiii. 3.

<sup>2</sup> S. Matt. ii. 16.

Bless'd mothers! though ye knew not then  
their grace!

Bless'd children! snatch'd from sin to see your  
FATHER'S Face!

And is there not a word for mothers here,  
When they bemoan their loved ones snatch'd  
away?

Is it no joy to know that, saved from sin,  
Their babe has gain'd the Light of endless  
day?

The Saviour came, and took them in His Arms,  
And bless'd them with His Peace, rescued from  
earth's alarms.

And thus they form a part of that bless'd  
throng

Who never knew the stain of actual sin,  
Whose white baptismal robe retain'd the hue  
It gain'd when dipp'd the sacred Font within!  
The Saviour cleansed them, then He took them  
home,

In answer to our daily prayer "Thy Kingdom  
come."

Oh! that there were no Herods now on earth;  
E'en worse than he of whom 'tis told to-day!  
Parents, who by their own unholy lives,  
And ill example, their own children slay!

Who, not as he, who took their earthly life,  
Expose their helpless offspring to sin's fatal  
    strife!

What will they answer when 'tis ask'd at last,  
    "Where is the flock I gave thee,—thy bright  
    flock,  
And beautiful? Hast thou preserved its grace,  
    And watch'd it carefully, lest some rudeshock  
Should cause it harm, and mar, through lack  
    of care,  
The gifts I gave to each within home's sacred  
    lair?"

Oh! how will it appall them to behold  
    The souls, which they have ruin'd? which  
    shall there  
Curse them, as well the parents of their sin  
    As parents of their being,—which must bear  
The curse for ever of a wasted life,  
In the accursed home of endless woe and strife!

If prayer can aid them, ere it be too late,  
    Let us not cease to plead for them on High!  
Perchance some lost one may repent, and turn  
    To God with deep and penitential sigh!  
We know not whether God will hear our cry,  
But 'tis the road to blessing if in faith we try.

HORBURY, *Holy Innocents' Day*, 1879.

CHISWICK PRESS:—C. WHITTINGHAM AND CO. TOOKS COURT,  
CHANCERY LANE.

YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN,  
*February, 1880.*

SELECTED LIST OF  
THEOLOGICAL WORKS  
PUBLISHED BY  
GEORGE BELL & SONS.

---

**ALFORD (Dean).** The Greek Testament. With a critically revised Text ; a Digest of various Readings ; Marginal References to Verbal and Idiomatic Usage ; Prolegomena ; and a Critical and Exegetical Commentary. For the Use of Theological Students and Ministers. By the late Henry Alford, D.D., Dean of Canterbury. 4 vols. 8vo. 5*l.* 2*s.* Sold separately.

— The New Testament for English Readers. Containing the Authorised Version, with additional Corrections of Readings and Renderings, Marginal References, and a Critical and Explanatory Commentary. In 4 Parts. 2*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.* {Sold separately. }

**BARRETT (A. C.)** Companion to the Greek Testament. For the Use of Theological Students and the Upper Forms in Schools. By A. C. Barrett, M.A., Caius College. 3*rd* edition, enlarged and improved. Fcap. 8vo. 5*s.*

**BARRY (Dr.)** Notes on the Catechism. For the Use of Schools. By the Rev. Alfred Barry, D.D., Principal of King's College, London. 5*th* edition. Fcap. 2*s.*

**BLEEK (F.)** An Introduction to the Old Testament. By F. Bleek. 2 vols. 10*s.* See *Bohn's Libraries*. (*Catalogues free on application.*)

**BLENCOWE (E.)** Plain Sermons by the Rev. E. Blencowe. Vol. I. 6*th* edition. Fcap. 8vo. 6*s.*

**BLUNT (J. S.)** Readings on the Morning and Evening Prayer and the Litany. By J. S. Blunt. 3*rd* edition. Fcap. 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

— Life after Confirmation. *New edition.* 18mo. 1*s.*

**BOYCE (E. J.)** Examination Papers on Religious Instruction. By Rev. E. J. Boyce, M.A. Sewed. 1s. 6d.

— Catechetical Hints and Helps. A Manual for Parents and Teachers on giving Instruction in the Catechism of the Church of England. 3rd edition, revised and enlarged. Fcap. 2s. 6d.

'Perhaps the most thoroughly *practical* little book on its subject we have ever seen. Its explanations, its paraphrases, its questions, and the mass of information contained in its appendices, are not merely invaluable in themselves, but they are *the* information actually wanted for the purpose of the teaching contemplated. We do not wonder at its being in its third edition.'—*Literary Churchman*.

**BUTLER (Bp.)** Sermons and Remains. With Memoir by the Right Rev. E. Steere, LL.D., Missionary Bishop in Central Africa. 6s.

\* \* This volume contains some additional remains, which are copyright, and render it the most complete edition extant.

**CARTER (T. T.)** The Devout Christian's Help to Meditation on the Life of Our Lord Jesus Christ. Containing Meditations and Prayers for every day in the year. Edited by the Rev. T. T. Carter, Rector of Clewer. 2 vols. Fcap. 8vo. 12s. Or in five Parts. Part I. 2s. 6d.; Part II. 2s.; Part III. 2s.; Part IV. 2s. 6d.; Part V. 2s. 6d.

**COSTLESS CHOIR (A) of 'VOLUNTEERS,'** and How it was Made and Kept. Royal 16mo. 1s. 6d.

**DAVIES (T. L. O.)** Bible-English. Chapters on Words and Phrases in the Authorized Version of the Holy Scriptures and the Book of Common Prayer, no longer in common use; illustrated from contemporaneous writers. By the Rev. T. Lewis O. Davies, M.A., Vicar of St. Mary-extra, Southampton. Small crown 8vo. 5s.

'We can heartily commend this book.'—*Saturday Review*.

'Every one who takes an interest in the history of the English language, and indeed every one who is not absolutely inattentive to the words spoken around him, may turn to Mr. Davies's little book with the certainty of finding both useful information and agreeable entertainment in its pages.'—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

**DENTON (W.)** A Commentary on the Gospels for the Sundays and other Holy Days of the Christian Year. By the Rev. W. Denton, M.A., Worcester College, Oxford, and Incumbent of St. Bartholomew's, Cripplegate. Vol. I. Advent to Easter. 3rd edition. 18s. Vol. II. Easter to the Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity. 3rd edition. 18s. Vol. III. Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity to Advent; and Holy Days. 2nd edition. 18s.

**DENTON (W.)** Commentary on the Epistles for the Sundays and other Holy Days of the Christian Year. By the Rev. W. Denton, M.A. Vol. I. Advent to Trinity. 8vo. *2nd edition.* 18s. Vol. II. *2nd edition.* 18s.

These Commentaries originated in Notes collected by the compiler to aid in the composition of expository sermons. They are derived from all available sources, and especially from the wide but little known field of theological comment found in the 'Schoolmen' of the Middle Ages. They are recommended to the notice of all young Clergymen, who frequently, while inexperienced, are called upon to preach to educated and intelligent congregations. The special nature of the sources from which they have been derived ought to make them indispensable to all who wish to expound the Holy Scriptures with the same understanding as may be obtained by extraneous help.

— A Commentary on the Acts of the Apostles. Vol. I. 18s. Vol. II., completing the work, 14s.

**EUSEBIUS.** Ecclesiastical History. 5s. *See Bohn's Libraries. (Catalogues free on application.)*

**GOODWIN (Bp.)** A Guide to the Parish Church. By the Right Rev. Harvey Goodwin, Bishop of Carlisle. *New edition, revised and rewritten.* Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

— Plain Sermons on Ordination and the Ministry of the Church. Preached on divers occasions. Crown 8vo. 6s.

— Parish Sermons. First Series. *3rd edition.* 12mo. 6s. Second Series (*out of print*). Third Series. *3rd edition.* 12mo. 7s. Fourth Series. 12mo. 7s. Fifth Series, with Preface on Sermons and Sermon-writing. 7s.

— Sermons Preached before the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Crown 8vo. 6s.

— Lectures upon the Church Catechism. 12mo. 4s.

— Plain Thoughts concerning the Meaning of Holy Baptism. *2nd edition.* 2d., or 25 for 3s. 6d.

— Confirmation Day. A Book of Instruction for Young Persons how to spend that day. *8th thousand.* 2d., or 25 for 3s. 6d.

— The Worthy Communicant; or, 'Who may come to the Supper of the Lord?' *2nd edition.* 2d., or 25 for 3s. 6d.

**HARDWICK (C. H.)** History of the Articles of Religion. 5s. *See Bohn's Libraries. (Catalogues free on application.)*

**HAWKINS (Canon).** Family Prayers :—Containing Psalms, Lessons, and Prayers, for every Morning and Evening in the Week. By the late Rev. Ernest Hawkins, B.D., Prebendary of St. Paul's. 18th edition. Fcap. 8vo. 1s.

**HOOK (W. F.)** Short Meditations for Every Day in the Year. Edited by the late Very Rev. W. F. Hook, D.D., Dean of Chichester. *New edition, carefully revised.* 2 vols. Fcap. 8vo. Large type. 14s. Also 2 vols. 32mo. Cloth, 5s. ; calf, gilt edges, 9s.

— The Christian Taught by the Church's Services. *A new edition, revised and altered to accord with the New Lectionary.* 1 vol. Fcap. 8vo. Large type. 6s. 6d. Also 1 vol. Royal 32mo. Cloth, 2s. 6d. ; calf, gilt edges, 4s. 6d.

— Holy Thoughts and Prayers, arranged for Daily Use on each Day of the Week, according to the stated Hours of Prayer. 5th edition, with additions. 16mo. Cloth, red edges, 2s. ; calf, gilt edges, 3s. *Cheap edition, 3d.*

— Verses for Holy Seasons. By C. F. Alexander. Edited by the late Very Rev. W. F. Hook, D.D. 5th edition. Fcap. 3s. 6d.

**HUMPHRY (W. G.)** An Historical and Explanatory Treatise on the Book of Common Prayer. By W. G. Humphry, B.D., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Prebendary of St. Paul's, and Vicar of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. 5th edition, revised and enlarged. Fcap. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

— The New Table of Lessons Explained, with the Table of Lessons and a Tabular Comparison of the Old and New Proper Lessons for Sundays and Holy Days. By W. G. Humphry, B.D. Fcap. 1s. 6d.

**LEWIN (T.)** The Life and Epistles of St. Paul. By the late Thomas Lewin, M.A., F.S.A., Trinity College, Oxford, Barrister-at-Law, Author of 'Fasti Sacri,' 'Siege of Jerusalem,' 'Cæsar's Invasion,' 'Treatise on Trusts,' &c. With upwards of 350 Illustrations finely engraved on Wood ; Maps, Plans, &c. In 2 vols. 4th edition. Demy 4to. 2l. 2s.

— Fasti Sacri ; or, a Key to the Chronology of the New Testament. 4to. 21s.



**LUMBY (J. R.)** History of the Creeds. By J. Rawson Lumby, M.A., Tyrwhitt's Hebrew Scholar, Crosse Divinity Scholar, Classical Lecturer of Queens', and late Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

**MILL (Dr.)** Lectures on the Catechism. Delivered in the Parish Church of Brasted, in the Diocese of Canterbury. By W. H. Mill, D.D., formerly Regius Professor of Hebrew in the University of Cambridge. Edited by the Rev. B. Webb, M.A. Fcap. 8vo. 6s. 6d.

— Observations on the attempted Application of Pantheistic Principles to the Theory and Historic Criticism of the Gospels. By W. H. Mill, D.D. *2nd edition, with the Author's latest notes and additions.* Edited by his Son-in-law, the Rev. B. Webb, M.A. 8vo. 14s.

— Five Sermons on the Temptation of Christ our Lord in the Wilderness. Preached before the University of Cambridge in Lent, 1844. By W. H. Mill, D.D. *New edition.* 8vo. 6s.

**MONSELL (Dr.)** Simon the Cyrenian, and other Poems. By the late Rev. J. S. B. Monsell, LL.D., Vicar of St. Nicholas, Guildford. *2nd thousand.* 32mo. 5s.

— Watches by the Cross. Short Meditations, Hymns and Litanies on the Last Seven Words of our Lord. *3rd edition.* Cloth, red edges, 1s.

— Near Home at Last. A Poem. *5th thousand.* Cloth, red edges. Imp. 32mo. 2s. 6d.

— Hymns of Love and Praise for the Church's Year. *2nd thousand.* Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

— The Parish Hymnal; after the Order of the Book of Common Prayer. Cloth, 32mo. 1s. 4d.

— Our New Vicar; or, Plain Words about Ritual and Parish Work. Fcap. 8vo. *7th edition.* 5s.

— The Winton Church Catechism. Questions and Answers on the Teaching of the Church Catechism. *3rd edition.* 32mo. cloth, 3s. Also in Four Parts. Part I. 6d.; Parts II. III. and IV. 9d. each.

**PARISH PRIEST'S (The)** Book of Offices and Instructions for the Sick. Compiled by a Priest of the Diocese of Sarum. Post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

**PEARSON (Bp.)** The Creed. 5s. See *Bohn's Libraries*. (*Catalogues free on application.*)

**PEROWNE (Dean)**. The Book of Psalms; a New Translation, with Introductions and Notes, Critical and Explanatory. By the Very Rev. J. J. Stewart Perowne, D.D., Dean of Peterborough. 8vo. Vol. I. 4th edition. 18s. Vol. II. 4th edition. 16s.

— The Book of Psalms. An abridged Edition for Schools and Private Students. Crown 8vo. 3rd edition. 10s. 6d.

**PHILO-JUDAEUS**. Works. 4 vols. 5s. each. See *Bohn's Libraries*. (*Catalogues free on application.*)

**SADLER (M. F.)** Church Doctrine—Bible Truth. By the Rev. M. F. Sadler, Rector of Honiton and Prebendary of Wells. 22nd thousand. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

'Mr. Sadler takes Church Doctrine, specifically so-called, subject by subject, and elaborately shows its specially marked Scripturalness. The objective nature of the faith, the Athanasian Creed, the Baptismal Services, the Holy Eucharist, Absolution and the Priesthood, Church Government and Confirmation, are some of the more prominent subjects treated. And Mr. Sadler handles each with a marked degree of sound sense, and with a thorough mastery of his subject.'—*Guardian*.

We know of no recent work professing to cover the same ground in which the agreement of our Church Services with the Scriptures is more amply vindicated.'—From an adverse review in the *Christian Observer*.

— The Church Teacher's Manual of Christian Instruction. Being the Church Catechism expanded and explained in Question and Answer, for the use of Clergymen, Parents, and Teachers. 19th thousand. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

'Far the best book of the kind we have ever seen. It is arranged in two portions; a longer and more thorough Catechism, and then, along with each section thereof, a shorter and more elementary set of questions on the same subject, suited for less advanced pupils. . . . Its thoroughness, its careful explanation of words, its citation and exposition of Scripture passages and their full meaning, in cases where that full meaning is so often explained away, make it a most valuable handbook.'—*Literary Churchman*.

— Justification of Life. Its Nature, Antecedents, and Results. Fcap. 8vo. 4s. Written with special reference to Plymouth Brethrenism and Revivalism.

— Emmanuel; or, The Incarnation of the Son of God, the Foundation of Immutable Truth. Revised and Cheaper edition. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

**SADLER (M. F.)** The One Offering. A Treatise on the Sacrificial Nature of the Eucharist. Fcap. 6th thousand. 2s. 6d.

'There cannot be a more grave and religious objection to the doctrine of an Eucharistic Sacrifice than the belief that it in some way militates against the completeness of the sublime satisfaction once for all made upon Mount Calvary. . . . Mr. Sadler points out with force and discrimination how mistaken an accusation it is when it is brought against the teaching of the Fathers and of Anglican divines, or even against the more moderate school of Roman Catholics. Its quotations are most apt and pertinent.'—*Church Quarterly*.

— The Second Adam and the New Birth; or, the Doctrine of Baptism as contained in Holy Scripture. 7th edition, greatly enlarged. Fcap. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

'The most striking peculiarity of this useful little work is that its author argues almost exclusively from the Bible. We commend it most earnestly to clergy and laity, as containing in a small compass, and at a trifling cost, a body of sound and Scriptural doctrine respecting the New Birth, which cannot be too widely circulated.'—*Guardian*.

— The Sacrament of Responsibility; or, Testimony of the Scripture to the Teaching of the Church on Holy Baptism, with especial reference to the Cases of Infants; and Answers to Objections. 6th edition. 6d.

— The Sacrament of Responsibility. With the addition of an Introduction, in which the religious speculations of the last twenty years are considered in their bearings on the Church doctrine of Holy Baptism; and an Appendix, giving the testimony of writers of all ages and schools of thought in the Church. On fine paper, and neatly bound in cloth. 2nd edition. 2s. 6d.

— Sermons. Plain Speaking on Deep Truths. 4th edition. 6s. Abundant Life, and other Sermons. 6s. Parish Sermons. 2nd edition. 6s.

— Scripture Truths. A Series of Ten Tracts on Holy Baptism, The Holy Communion, Ordination, &c. 9d. per set. Sold separately.

— The Communicant's Manual; being a Book of Self-examination, Prayer, Praise, and Thanksgiving. Royal 32mo. 12th thousand. Roan, 2s.; cloth, 1s. 6d. In best morocco, 7s.

\* \* A Cheap Edition in limp cloth. 25th thousand. 8d.

— A Larger Edition on fine paper, red rubrics. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.; roan, 5s. 6d.; morocco, 7s.

— The Lost Gospel and its Contents; or, the Author of 'Supernatural Religion' refuted by himself. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d.

**SCRIVENER (Dr.)** Novum Testamentum Græcum, Textus Stephanici, 1550. Accedunt variæ lectiones editionum Bezæ, Elzeviri, Lachmanni, Tischendorfii, et Tregellesii. Curante F. H. Scrivener, M.A., LL.D. 16mo. 4s. 6d.

*New Edition, with 3500 Alterations and Additions, giving for the first time all the Readings of Tregelles and of Tischendorf's eighth edition.*

An Edition with wide Margin for Notes. 4to. half bound, 12s.

— Codex Bezæ Cantabrigiensis. Edited, with Prolegomena, Notes and Facsimiles, by F. H. Scrivener, M.A., LL.D., Prebendary of Exeter. 4to. 26s.

— A Full Collation of the Codex Sinaiticus with the Received Text of the New Testament; to which is prefixed a Critical Introduction. 2nd edition, revised. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

— A Plain Introduction to the Criticism of the New Testament. With Forty Facsimiles from Ancient Manuscripts. Containing also an Account of the Egyptian Versions by Canon Lightfoot, D.D. For the Use of Biblical Students. *New edition.* Demy 8vo. 16s.

— Six Lectures on the Text of the New Testament and the ancient Manuscripts which contain it. Chiefly addressed to those who do not read Greek. With Facsimiles from MSS. &c. Crown 8vo. 6s.

**SOCRATES'S and SOZOMEN'S** Ecclesiastical Histories. 5s. each. *See Bohn's Libraries. (Catalogues free on application.)*

**THOMAS A KEMPIS.** On the Imitation of Christ. A New Translation. By the Rt. Rev. H. Goodwin, D.D. 3rd edition. With fine Steel Engraving after Guido, 5s.; without the Engraving, 3s. 6d. Cheap edition, 1s. cloth; 6d. sewed.

**WIESELER.** Chronological Synopsis of the Gospels. 5s. *See Bohn's Libraries. (Catalogues free.)*

**YOUNG (Rev. P.)** Daily Readings for a Year on the Life of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. By the Rev. Peter Young, M.A. 4th edition. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 1s.

— Lessons on Confirmation. *Revised edition.* Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

Robert E. Hoffman  
L. H. H.  
July, 1923.





